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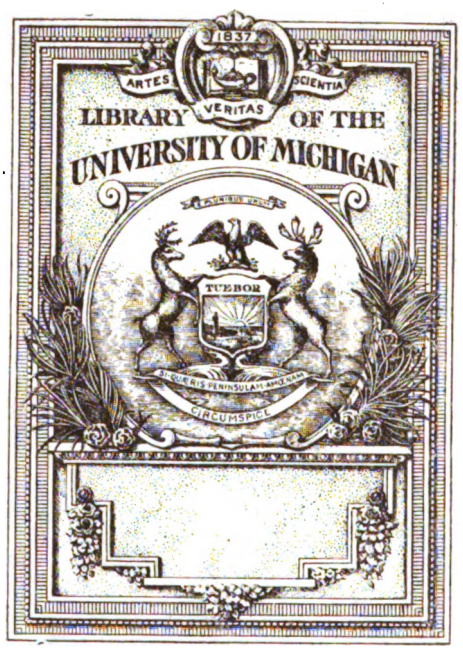

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LITERARY WORKERS

VOLUME XXVII

JANUARY - DECEMBER, 1915

BOSTON:
THE WRITER PUBLISHING COMPANY
88 BROAD STREET
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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1915. No. 1.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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THE CREATION OF POTASH & PERLMUTTER.

Of the innumerable inquiries with which I have been bombarded ever since the Potash & Perlmutter stories first saw the light of print the one oftenest repeated is whether Montague Glass is my right name or another bit of fiction. My father, James D. Glass, was a linen merchant in Manchester, England, where I was born thirty-seven years ago. As for the name Montague, I need hardly tell you Mortimers, Miltons, and Maxwells that the "Christian" name of my grandfather selig was just plain "Moses."

Let us pass on to the next inquiry: "Was I ever in the cloak and suit business?" I will not deny it further than to say that I have never been in any business but the law business, which in New York City is the trouble department of every other business in the directory from "Architectural Iron Work" down to "Yarns, Cottons, and Woolens." I was associated with a firm whose practice was largely of the kind called "commercial," and many of their clients were engaged in the manufacture of women's outer-garments. From this source I derived some knowledge of the cloak and suit business.

Many readers have asked: "Who are the originals of Potash & Perlmutter, Henry D. Feldman, Sammet Brothers, Klinger & Klein, etc., etc?" To all of which I make reply that there are n't any. Abe and Morris are composite characters, as is Henry D. Feldman. His habit of quoting law Latin to his impressionable clients is not foreign to numberless practitioners in New York City, and as for his reputed infallibility, there are few business men who do not regard one particular lawyer as a veritable phenomenon. "If Henry D. Feldman could n't do it, Abe, nobody could," Morris declares, and with the substitution of a different name for Henry D. Feldman, the phrase will not be unfamiliar to many readers.

Of course, Potash & Perlmutter's adventures are pure fiction, but their speech, thought, and action are not. I mean by this that for ten years I was present almost daily at bankruptcy meetings,

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closing of title to real property, and conferences with reference to the entering into or dissolution of co-partnerships. There I had an opportunity to see many Potashes & Perlmutters stripped to the skin, for there is nothing that more effectually peels off a man's jacket of acquired politeness and manners than a good old-fashioned scrap over a real estate or co-partnership difficulty.

On many of these occasions I'm afraid I fell short of the correct legal attitude, for I was always much more interested in the manner than the matter of the dispute, and I'm obliged to admit that, if the argument grew spirited, I sometimes egged it on for purposes of literary observation.

The fruits of this experience are the Potash & Perlmutter stories, which by the way, are not dialect stories in the editorial sense. The latter class of storries comprises the narratives in which "Hoot mon" and "Ah'm gwine, suh," are sprinkled as liberally as caraway seeds in rye bread, but it will be noticed that with few exceptions, when Abe and Morris speak, they utter words which conform strictly to the spelling in the dictionary.

The reason for this is that the speech of Potash & Perlmutter differs so subtly from the vernacular of the ignorant New Yorker as to evade a phonetic spelling, more especially as it is not so much mispronunciation of words as it is their inversion in sentences which stamp Abe's and Morris's dialect as foreign. They continually utter such introductory phrases as "Take it from me, Mawruss," or "Look-y here, Abe, I want to tell you something," and there are a hundred and one different mannerisms in their conversation which can be faithfully reproduced without misspelling a single word. Of course it is true that some Perlmutters use V for W, but there are very few of them who habitually confound B with P, or D with T. According to the American comic papers, Abe ought to say: "Dayg id from me, Mawruss," and Morris would reply: "Look-y here, Ape, I vond do dell you someding." This approaches the vernacular of Potash & Perlmutter as nearly as would the dialectic convention which in the London comic papers demands that all Jews, no matter of what nativity, speak English with a lisp.

Now let us take up the next query: "How did these stories originate?" I don't know exactly what this query means, but it is the precise wording of the question put by many readers. Answering it as best I can, let me say first that they originated in the desire to give a good-humored portrait of one phase of business life in New York. Secondly, I just could n't help putting on paper all that I had seen and heard of Abe's and Morris's pleasant eccentricities. Thirdly, short stories had been a source of income to me for many years, and I thought I saw a marketable commodity in these Potash & Perlmutter stories. I was not mistaken, even though at first I grew somewhat discouraged. Three of them were written before any sales were made and I was beginning to think they were as bad stickers as Mr. Rabinowitz possessed. The three Potash & Perlmutter stories went the rounds of the magazines and were much too radical for acceptance by the editors, for most editors are conservative buyers and mistrust new styles of stories. At length I sold two of them to a magazine proprietor in Detroit, and he promptly "busted up" on me. His magazine continued under new management, however, and after a correspondence which bade fair to eat up all the profits in postage stamps, the new proprietor compromised for a ridiculously low figure. The third story appeared in the Scrap Book and the fourth in Munsey's. Then came "Taking It Easy" in the Saturday Evening Post, followed by "The Arverne

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Sacque," and with that the season opened.

And now, gentlemen, you got to excuse me, as Morris would say; I would like nothing better as to sit here and talk to you all day. But I got it also a partner, gentlemen, and you got no idea what a crank she is. If I make this article much longer, she'll refuse to typewrite it and correct all errors of punctuation and rhetoric. In thus bidding you farewell, I pay a final tribute to Potash & Perlmutter's cashier, bookkeeper, secretary, treasurer and inspiration, MY WIFE.

Montague Glass.

The Chicago Tribune.

COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED.—XXXIII.

"I am above grammar," replied Frederick the Great, when Voltaire pointed out to him some blunders he had made. He was only repeating the retort of the Emperor Sigismund to the Council of Constance in 1414. "Caesar is superior to grammar," declared the Emperor, when corrected by a delegate for using the wrong gender in a Latin sentence. The arrogance of kings and kaisers, however, is not so readily accepted in these modern times, and even a president of the United States is subject to criticism when in a state paper he uses a split infinitive.

Strictly speaking, an *audience* is an assembly of people gathered to *hear*, as at a lecture or an opera, and so the word is not properly applied to the crowd at a baseball game, or a football game, or a moving-picture show, which is gathered primarily to see. "Spectators" is technically the right word in such cases. Still by extension the word "audience" may be used where it does not strictly apply, as in the phrase "an author's audience."

It is best to speak of going to *hear* an opera, and going to *see* a play. In the case of burlesque, latitude of judgment is allowed.

An illustration of the awful possibilities of the misuse of "gotten" for "got" is given by the story of the man who telegraphed to his wife: "Have gotten tickets for the opera to-night. Meet me there at 7.45." She met him there at 7.45, with eight friends, for the telegram when it reached her read: "Have got ten tickets." The use of "gotten" for "got" is a mark of ignorance, rather than refinement. "Gotten" is used by those who desire to be thought "genteel."

Perhaps it may help some people to remember not to use "balance" where "remainder" is the proper word if they know the story of the millionaire who bought a newspaper and in his zeal to improve "newspaper English" put on the bulletin board a notice that under no circumstances should the word "balance" be used. "Use 'remainder' instead," he ordered. That afternoon a cleaner fell out of the tenth-story window of the building and the next morning the paper had the story: "John Jones, a window-cleaner, lost his remainder and was dashed to death by falling out of a tenth-story window."

"First" is an adverb as well as an adjective, so that to begin with "firstly," as some speakers and writers do, is wrong. It is all right for a preacher to roll out. "Secondly, my brethern," and "thirdly," and so on, although it is prudent for him to quit long before he gets up to sixteenthly, even with a very patient audience.

Edward B. Hughes.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

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THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XXVII. JANUARY, 1915. NO. 1.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Since Anatole France is recognized as a great stylist — it has been said of him that he is perhaps the greatest artist in words now living — his denunciation of the superornate has more than ordinary interest. In his volume of criticisms, "On Life and Letters," he says: —

"The language is not the personal property of the lettered people. It is not a property which they can dispose of as they like. The language is everybody's. The most skillful artist is bound to keep its national and popular character; he ought to speak the public language.

"If he wants to carve for himself a special idiom out of the idiom of his fellow-citizens; if he thinks he can at his fancy change the meaning and relations of words, he will be punished for his pride and his impiety; like the workmen at Babel, that bad artisan of the mother tongue will be understood by nobody, and only an unintelligible murmur will issue from his lips.

"Let us take care not to write too well. It is the worst manner of writing that there is. Languages are spontaneous creations; they are the work of the peoples. They should not be employed with too great refinement. They have in them a robust savor of the soil; we gain nothing by perfuming them."

* * *

Noting that Mr. Munsey, on his recent trip to London, offered to certain English writers sums varying from $2,500 to $3,000 for the right to publish "complete novels" in his American magazines, J. Walter Smith, London correspondent of the Boston Transcript, says: —

"I hope it is not unfriendly to Mr. Munsey to state that English authors would be very foolish to accept his tempting offers, for by so doing they would interfere with the book royalties which in course of time would come to them. My own experience has been that, in the United States, the publication of an ordinary length novel in a single number of a magazine damages its chance of sale in book form, simply because the average novel reader will not

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pay a dollar or more for a story that he can first buy for fifteen cents."

* * *

An example of the great opportunities offered now and then to publishers is given in the following letter:—

Dear Sirs—I have just finish writing a book entitled :

"The tree of life"

of the highest scientific value. It consists of two Parts, four ch.s of straight scientific style, in all about one hundred pages like the enclosed index.

I would sell the manuscript to you for an adequate price : and I enclose herein its index, for to know anticipately whether you are disposed to pay it in cash. Then, accordingly, I will come in and show it to you.

This work will resolve—at last!—the occult mining of Sphinx's face ; and it will orientate all our advanced knowledges in sciences' intricate labyrinth.

It is the rising of the sea of truth ; it is the philosophical stone—so long searched in vain!—able to change in gold all our base metals : it is

life's discovery!

On earth's reportory of sciences and knowledges knitted up in the ages "the Science" will shine in her divine countenance.

—What price then?

—Its treasures are divine ; and they will gild and adorn this age.

I offer it to your distinguished intellectuality for a modest compensation to my long fatigues.

very truly

———

Here is the Index :—

"The tree of life."

Part I.—GENESIS.

Preliminary—Unification of chemical elements' theory.

Ch.r 1st—Cosmogony.
1. Astrogeny.
2. Continuation.

Ch.r 2nd—Lower cosmogony.
1. Fluidic cosmos.
2. Matter and power. "The potential light"—the light of thought.

Part II.—CREATION.

Ch.r 1st—Life in the planets.
1. Intelligent creatures.
2. Planets' constructions.

Ch.r 2nd—Life in the planets (continuation)
1. Humanity's destiny.
2. Eternal life. End.

* * *

Just how much is there in a name from the manuscript buyer's point of view? Bailey Millard, writing of Ambrose Bierce, who has disappeared in Mexico, not having been heard from since the battle of Torreon, says :—

"As he grew older his essays became more ironical and satirical, perhaps a little more crabbed, and his tales more fantastic and gruesome. As editor of the Cosmopolitan I published a number of these, and for sheer audacity and harrowing detail they outclassed anything offered to that magazine during my regime, and I am free to confess that I never would have accepted them had they borne the name of any other author besides that of Ambrose Bierce."

* * *

The trademark of a good editor is a well-filled waste-basket. W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Samuel A. Derieux, who wrote the story "The Yankee at Ridgeland," printed in the Youth's Companion for November 28, was born in Virginia in 1882. In 1904 he graduated from Richmond College, and after teaching for a year in the mountains of Virginia went to Johns Hopkins University as a student in history and political science. Here he had a serious nervous breakdown and was forced to give up his studies. Sufficiently restored in health, he taught English in a high school, and then went to the University of Chicago, where he received his master's degree in English. While at the University, Mr. Derieux took a course in novel writing under Robert Herrick, and partly completed a novel. He next secured a position at Richmond College, and, while teaching there, attempted to complete his novel, but a second breakdown followed, more serious than the first. Recovered from this, the next summer he married Miss Mary Wiley, of Grinnell, Iowa, whom he had met at Chicago, and accepted a position to teach English in the Missouri State Normal

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School, at Warrensburg, but in a year he was forced on account of his health to leave. Then Mrs. Derieux and he fitted up an old house in the country in South Carolina, where they have lived ever since. His health has been restored, but unable to carry out such prolonged labor as the completion of a novel, he has turned to the short story. His first published work in a magazine was an article, entitled "Eight Months as a Boss," in the Outlook, and his second, the story, "The Yankee at Ridgeland Club." The Youth's Companion has accepted another story, and still another won a prize in a newspaper contest.

"Atkinson Kimball," the name signed to the story, "Delia Burke," in Women's Stories for October, is a pen name under which write Richard Bowland Kimball and his wife, Grace Atkinson Kimball. Mrs. Kimball, who was Grace L. Atkinson, was born in Honesdale, Penn., removing later to Albany, N. Y., where she lived until her marriage. Richard Bowland Kimball was born in Brooklyn. He was graduated from the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, and then went into the banking business, which he gladly abandoned, to take up writing with his wife. For several years they have spent most of their time in the country, near Adamsville, Rhode Island, on the coast about twenty miles east of Newport. Their work has consisted of short stories and sketches of country life, which have appeared in the Atlantic, the Bellman, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, Good Housekeeping, Women's Stories, the Forum, the Smart Set, Lippincott's, the Metropolitan, Scribner's and other magazines. Their first book, "The Price of Mercuria," published by Hearst's International Library, appeared this fall.

Berthe Knatvold Mellett, author of the story, "A White Woman," in the Red Book for December, is the wife of Lowell Mellett, a Seattle newspaper man. "The Woman from Three Above," in the October Red Book, was the first fiction Mrs. Mellett had ever written, although she served an apprenticeship to authorship when, as Berthe Knatvold, she wrote "features" for the Tacoma newspapers. Her first story was followed by "The Man Who Was Afraid" in the November Red Book, and her third story is the "White Woman." More are coming, but they won't all be "blood and thunder," Mrs. Mellett says. Her knowledge of the North is a first-hand knowledge, as she lived in Nome for some time, and was associated with the pioneers of that country. She was in Alaska in 1900-01, when masked vigilantes went out at night and shot down claim jumpers. "When great things are happening, they don't seem great," she says. "You must get a perspective to see clearly their significance." She says she wrote "A White Woman," not so much because the plot appealed to her as because the condition on which the story is based is one that she feels is not known generally.

Olive Higgins Prouty, who had a story, "Mother Harvey's Strategy," in the December Delineator, is Mrs. Lewis I. Prouty, of Brookline, Mass. Mrs. Prouty is New England born and bred, and is a graduate of Smith College. She says that household duties occupy as prominent a position in her scheme of life as writing, but writing is her delight—her stolen joy, to which she runs away for a little while each day. She is the author of one book, "Bobbie, General-Manager," published in 1912, by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York. Several of her short stories have been published in the American Magazine.

William Merriam Rouse, who wrote the story, "Little Pig Pork," printed in the Century for December, was born in 1884,

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and has been writing ever since he can remember. He was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1909, and for five years has been engaged in active newspaper work. At present he is doing editorial work and writing short stories, of which several have been published in the past two years. One will appear soon in Lippincott's.

Gordon Arthur Smith, whose story, "City of Lights," was published in the December Scribner's, is a son of Arthur Cosslett Smith, author of "The Monk and the Dancer," and "The Turquoise Cup." Mr. Smith is a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1908. After graduation he lived in Paris for a time, studying architecture, and returning to this country in 1912, he practised architecture for a year. He is the author of one book, "Mascarose," which was brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons, who have also published several of his short stories.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Connor.—It is told in a recent issue of the Book News Monthly how Rev. Charles W. Gordon, pastor of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg, Manitoba, became "Ralph Connor." Back in 1896, Mr. MacDonald, now editor of the Toronto Globe, was the proprietor of a little paper called the Westminster, devoted to Canadian Presbyterianism. A young clergyman named Gordon, a classmate of MacDonald's, came in. "Charlie" Gordon he had been called in his college, where he had run and sung, played football and studied and loafed with the best of them. Young Gordon was on the trail of lots of money—not for himself, but for missions in the foothills and mountain camps of the Canadian Rockies. He was burning with the desire to write an article about it, to tell the world of the great harvest for Christ waiting in the land of pines and upland lakes. He was crammed with facts and figures. But Mr. MacDonald persuaded the young missionary to tell his story not with dull figures, but with warm human life, and the young man went home to write a tale of Christmas eve among the lumbermen in the Selkirk mountains. Young Gordon was no staid, stiff, conventional clergyman, and some of the good ringing expressions which he put into the mouths of his characters might worry his brother clergymen. It was decided not to sign the story with his name—but what name should be used? Such was the question sent to Mr. Gordon at Winnipeg. The author picked out "Cannor" for a name—a sort of literary pun with pleasant associations, for "Can" stood for "Canada," and "nor" for "Northwest." "'Cannor'—what sort of a name is that!" sniffed Mr. MacDonald, when the telegram came in. "I'll make it 'Connor.' And what about his first name? Frank? Fred? Chris? No. Ralph? Yes, we'll make it that." So in the busy office of a young editor were born "Ralph Connor" and his first book.

Hagedorn.—An entertaining view of Hermann Hagedorn, his personality, his home, his family, is given by Edith Wilds, in a recent number of Christian Work. "On one of the highest hills of Fairfield, Conn.," she writes, "stands a two-story cottage,—artistic in every line, angle and curve, with a pergola and sunken garden,—which is appropriately called Sunnytop, and is the home of the author of 'Faces in the Dawn,' his charming wife, and their two rosy-cheeked children. Mr. Hagedorn's work table is so placed that he can look across mile after mile of valley to the blue stretch of the Sound. The story of his life is interesting. "After he left school," Mrs. Wild says, "he experimented with a commercial career, but developed no enthusiasm for commerce. It was at this time, at the age of twenty,

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that he first began to write verse. A long illness terminated Mr. Hagedorn's business career and inaugurated his real career in the world of letters. He became manuscript critic and general office assistant on the Reader, a magazine now defunct, publishing in it some of his own early attempts in prose and verse. He realized speedily, however, that he lacked background, for his standards of form were nebulous and his knowledge of literature was 'porous as chickenwire.' He entered Harvard, therefore, with the intention of staying a year, and stayed four—'four years of reading and writing and study and talk and friendly intercourse in the stimulating atmosphere of Cambridge'—editing the Harvard Monthly his senior year and graduating with honors in philosophy and literature. It was for his graduation that, as class poet of 1907, he wrote 'A Troop of the Guard,' the best known, perhaps, of his poems, which was widely reprinted and commented upon at the time. He planned a further period of study abroad and spent a winter in Berlin, ostensibly attending the university, but actually studying the theatres. On his return to America he married." "Of course I am an American, a born and bred American," Mr. Hagedorn remarked in answer to a question from Mrs. Wilds, "an American in heart and soul! But my parents were both German, my father is living in Germany now, and I have lived and travelled there a good deal at different times." On Mr. Hagedorn's return from Germany he became an instructor in English and comparative literature at Harvard. "But I found that I was not worth much as a teacher," he confessed. "During my two years in Cambridge I was neither a good teacher nor a good writer of plays and verse. Perhaps a college environment leads a man to think more of how he says a thing than of what he says. Possibly I had not the slightest notion of what life really was. I know only that two-thirds of my work was hollow as a drum. I resigned my instructorship, and with my wife and little girl went West again, this time to Santa Barbara. I wrote a lot of verse there, but it proved as unattached to life as Santa Barbara itself—a Lotusland if there ever was one. We came to the conclusion that it was a splendid place gracefully to dry-rot in, and came East again. We bought a farm and have had our troubles since, but I think I have found out more about the relationship of literature to life, digging ditches and making roads and weeding onions with Hungarians and Polacks, than I ever found out from books."

Strunsky.—"S. S."—Simeon Strunsky—within a few years has placed himself among the leading practitioners of the essay, the new, humorous essay that does not bore. Mr. Strunsky's prose style is a wonderful thing. It is as simple as the first reader and as subtle as psychology. It is clear, perfectly clear, all the time. His sentences are not of one dimension; all the meaning is not on the top; but, however deep down some of it is, in whatever corner it pretends to be hiding, the reader sees it all so easily that he does n't realize that he is looking below surfaces. The pellucid prose of Mr. Strunsky would lead you to think that he was born and educated in France. Not at all; he was born in Russia, and educated for the most part in one of New York's public schools and at Columbia. Leaving college he went into an encyclopedia office in 1900 and remained there for six years. From there he went to the Evening Post as an editorial writer. Last year he was promoted to be literary editor. Besides "Belshazzar Court," he is the author of "The Patient Observer" and "Post-Impressions." He is also often in Harper's Magazine, the Atlantic Monthly, the Bookman and other magazines.—"B. B.," in the New York Sun.

Terhune.—Albert Payson Terhune, author of "Dad," "Caleb Conover," and

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dozens of other books, is one of the most prolific writers of light fiction in America. In addition to being a newspaper man eight hours a day Mr. Terhune manages to turn out fiction copy at the rate of rather more than 500,000 words a year, for all of which he finds a market. His intimates look at him in awe, but Mr. Terhune himself considers that there is nothing out-of-the-way in the enormous amount of work he succeeds in ploughing through.

"I am a craftsman," he says. "I am just as much of a craftsman as a shoemaker. I make stories; a shoemaker makes shoes. If I am conscientious about my work, I shall make good stories, just as a conscientious shoemaker will make good shoes. But I am not, in any respect, a genius, and if I followed the methods of alleged geniuses, I should never be able to keep my family in bread and butter—which, after all, is the principal object of the literary craftsman, as of the shoemaker. I try to work hard and honestly. That is the whole secret. Then, too, I am physically a big man. I have a chest and shoulders. They do my work. My chest and shoulders help me in writing stories just as they would help me in puddling steel. They give me a natural primitive advantage over the little shaver. After writing 4,000 or 5,000 words straightaway, he is worn out, wilted. I am tired, but a brisk walk in the open air clears my brain, and if necessary I can sit down and write several thousand more.

"The secret of any prolific pen is hard work. Dumas wrote the closing sentences of 'The Three Musketeers,' drew a line under it, and then, without pausing to dip his pen in the ink, wrote across the lower half of the sheet 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' There you are. That's my idea of work. Being gifted with a good physique and an industrious turn of mind, I can peg away at my job without prolonged intervals of rest. I make a point of working at least three evenings a week, and each evening I aim to turn out 6,000 words. Most weeks I suppose I average 20,000 words in this way, although I have speeded up to a much higher figure, when the circumstances demanded that a story be finished within a short time."

"Where do you do your work?"

"Almost anywhere," returned Mr. Terhune, after a moment's reflection. "Most of the year, eight or nine months, say, I spend at my country place at Pompton Lakes, N. J. I can work better out there. The air is better; I have opportunity to tramp with my dogs over the hills, or fish if I feel like it. Working in the country like that is infinitely preferable to working in the city. But while I am living at Pompton, I have to commute to the city, and that means spending two hours a day on the cars. I could never waste this much time, so I make a point of writing 1,200 words each way."

"Do you use a typewriter?"

"No," said Mr. Terhune, with a laugh, and he held up a huge hand for inspection. "I never have been able to school my enormous fingers to the use of a keyboard, and I question whether a machine would stand the pounding I should probably subject it to. As a matter of fact, I can turn out in long-hand an average of 1,200 words an hour, for four or five hours running, and I don't believe I could do any faster than this, if as fast, on a typewriter. But I have writer's cramp at intervals, and my handwriting is intelligible only to myself and my stenographer. If anything should happen to her, I can't imagine what I should do. So I sometimes think I shall be driven to acquiring a typewriter."

The interviewer had been doing some calculating. "Did I understand you to say that you averaged 20,000 words of fiction a week?" he ventured, finally. "I

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should say so," Mr. Terhune responded casually. "Except that I always take at least two weeks off to lazy 'round in."

The interviewer coughed apologetically. "Fifty weeks at 20,000 words a week would make a million words a year," he said suggestively.

Mr. Terhune bounded from his chair.

"That can't be true," he cried. "I'm pretty sure of my figures, but, if fifty times 20,000 works out that way, then I must be lying—or else the editors have been cutting my word-rate. Let's be conservative and say 500,000, although I really think it would be closer to 600,000. The truth is, you see, I've never actually counted. I just work as fast as I can—not for speed's sake, but because I do my best work when I work fast. I can always tell whether I'm doing as much work as I should by the number of yarns I find in the magazines every month. This month, and for several months past, I've averaged five. I generally have three or four a month, anyhow. I remember I once wrote three short stores in four days, and sold them all profitably—but that was most unusual good-fortune."

"And how long do you take to write a book?"

"Well, that depends. If I have nothing else to do, I figure that I ought to be able to write a book in a month. I wrote 'Dad' in a month, with an extra week of idleness sandwiched in between; but then 'Dad' was scarcely a fair test, as I was sick in bed part of the time, and had to write with a pad on my knee, propped up in pillows."

"But why be a newspaper man, when you can write books and short stories offhand?"

"Ah," returned Mr. Terhune. "Now, as they say, you are asking me a question. Why, indeed? I don't know, unless it's because I've always been a newspaper man, and I've sort of come to consider eight hours a day as belonging to newspaper work. I'm not sure I'd know what to do with those eight hours if they were on my hands unencumbered."—New York Evening Post.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Protection of Copyright.—The copyright law of the United States protects an author who has complied with its provisions, and does not leave him helpless against those who use his copyrighted matter without permission because some unauthorized person has seized and published it without indication that it is private property. Rudyard Kipling's publishers recently have been demanding payment from newspapers, which, without permission, have reprinted poems from his copyrighted books, and the payment has been made, because there was no recourse but an appeal to law which would be expensive however it eventuated, and in which the newspapers would have no stronger ground to stand upon than the man in possession of a stolen horse. The law is very strict, and assumes that it is the duty of publishers to investigate regarding the ownership of matter which they desire to reprint and not use protected matter without first securing permission. The statement by a publisher who has reproduced copyrighted matter without permission that he had seen it published without copyright notice does not relieve him from obligation.—Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

Writing Mystery Stories.—"I had mystery stories wished on me," remarked Mary Roberts Rinehart to a Sun reporter in New York the other day. "And they were so remarkably easy to do, once I had learned the formula."

"What's the formula?" the questioner put in quickly.

"Simply to keep two stories running simultaneously, one put down on paper and the other kept in the author's head. Now and then a bit of the latter is al-

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lowed to crop out in the written story: it is a 'clew.' The two threads spin out, running closer and closer together until they finally touch. That is the denouement, and the story must end quickly. There — isn't that simple?"

Making a "Complete" Book. — Some forty years ago the New York Tribune printed these directions for the making of a "thorough" book: —

In the first place, the titlepage ought to contain a perfectly intelligible title, giving comprehensively the subject of the book; the author's name should be followed by such works of his own as are related to this one; the reverse of the titlepage may well contain a statement as to the number of copies disposed of, and the dates of the several editions, if these editions have been materially changed. There should be a preface giving so far a history of the book that follows as the work may demand. That is the private explanation which every one has a right to ask of the author. The table of contents should be analytical, so that one could determine quickly the scope of the book, and should be followed by a list of illustrations and maps, giving the name of the draughtsman. The headlines should, if possible, give the contents of the page below, and if the work is a history or biography, the current date should be supplied in the headline. Side notes to historical works and to logical treatises are real additions. Small clew maps let into the text are very serviceable, and ought to be repeated whenever reference is required, instead of being used once only, forcing the reader to turn back. Then notes ought to be so divided between mere references and annotations that the former should be given at the foot of the page, and the latter at the end of the volume. Tables, charts and all such furniture as serve to render the work clearer should be used freely, but one of the most useful appendices is to be found in a bibliographical list. This, we contend, ought to be as regular a part of the book as the index. Every work which the author has consulted in preparing his book should be duly entered, especially the magazine articles for which he has had to hunt; then, if the work is a biography of a literary man, all his writings should be duly noted, with their dates, and the pages of reference to the biography itself. The topical index is so generally regarded as a necessary part of a book that reference to it would seem superfluous, yet it is frequently omitted, to the great disadvantage of the reader. In a word, we think it is not only a matter of justice to the reader, but should be one of professional pride to the publisher, that every book dealing with facts should be thoroughly furnished, so far as its scope permits, with such apparatus as may make it at once independent of other books and an index to other books.

Rules Governing the Sonnet. — The sonnet has been called the diamond of literature because of its brilliancy, which is enhanced by polishing, and because the more it is perfected by art the more valuable it becomes. In allusion to its fourteen-lined structure it has also been called the gem of fourteen facets.

Referring strictly to form, a sonnet might be described as a poem of fourteen decasyllabic lines (iambic pentameter), comprising two quatrains and a sestet, or three quatrains and a couplet, and employing four, five, or seven rhymes, arranged in a prescribed but not invariable order. These requirements of structure are not artificial; they have their meaning as rules of art. To ignore them is to make the sonnet merely what Lamb called it, a fourteen-liner.

Three classes of sonnets are generally recognized — the Petrarchan, or Guittonian, the Shaksperean, and the irregular. The Petrarchan is the purest form and is upheld by many critics as the only true sonnet. In it the octave formed by the two quatrains contains but two rhymes, the sestet

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two or at most three, and these arranged by rule. That is, the octave has the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines rhyming, and the second, third, sixth, and seventh rhyming, and the sestet has the first, third, and fifth rhyming and the second, fourth, and sixth rhyming; or, in the case of three rhymes in the sestet, the first and fourth, the second and fifth, the third and sixth rhyming with each other. This is more easily remembered by means of the formula 12211221 for the octave and 343434 or 345345 for the sestet. Longfellow's sonnet "The Old Bridge at Florence" is a good example with which to illustrate the Petrarchan sonnet of five rhymes.

Less than one-half of Petrarch's wonderful sonnets conform to this rule in all particulars, but it received its form from his hands. The Shaksperean sonnet consists of three quatrains of alternate rhymed lines — 1212 3434 5656 — and a concluding rhymed couplet — 77 — making seven rhymes in all. Other forms, some of which have been used in single sonnets of great beauty, are classed as irregular.

In subject a sonnet may be either grave or gay, pathetic, romantic, serene or stern; it may be delicate or sublime; it may be whimsical, but it must not be funny. A comical situation, except in some deplorable parody, it is not possible to embody in sonnet form. The sonnet is pre-eminently the form in which passion expresses itself, using the term in the sense explained by one writer as "comprising all intense and fervid outgoings of our nature toward God or country or our human fellows, or those aspects of nature which rouse within us love or awe, wonder or hushed delight."

The octave sometimes states the theme, which is then brought to a culmination in the sestet, or the theme may pass on into the sestet with only such modification as might be termed a change of key. Whatever idea the sonnet expresses there must be concentration and unity; there must be one motif only or one set against one other. It must be not only compact, but must have every part fitly joined. Its brevity must have no hint of fragmentariness; whatever the theme, the presentment must be complete. Moreover, when completed, the true sonnet leaves an impression of inevitability, as if in moods, phrases, or arrangement it could have been no different. Neither will there be the least doubt as to its point. The sonnet that has to be studied before it yields up its meaning has fallen short of its high calling.

To this unity of theme and perfection of structure the true sonnet adds a species of rhythmic progression that differentiates it again from other forms. The progression may take the form of a metrical climax and recession, as if a wave of sound broke on the shore and drew murmuringly away, as in the Petrarchan form; or, the culmination may be reserved for the final couplet as in the Shaksperean form, when the sonnet seems to end in a trumpet blast. This, of course, must not be mere sound. Quite otherwise, the sound, whether soft or ringing, must be the fit vehicle of impassioned hope, joy, felicitation, or some other deep and moving emotion.

Notwithstanding stringency of structure and requirements of polish the true sonnet retains fluency. It proceeds without jar, and leaves upon the reader the same sense of being surrounded by melody that ensues upon the ceasing of exquisite music.—Christian Science Monitor.

BOOK REVIEWS.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. By John Bartlett. Tenth edition, revised and enlarged by Nathan Haskell Dole. 1,454 pp. Cloth, $3.00, net. Boston: Little Brown, & Co. 1914.

Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" is a book that is indispensable in a writer's library, and now that so much new matter has been added to it by Nathan Haskell Dole, even those who have copies of earlier editions cannot afford not to buy a copy of this new one. Not only has Mr. Dole revised Mr. Bartlett's work, largely increasing the number of quotations from

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Poe, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, and other American classic writers, but he has added quotations from nearly two hundred of the more important writers of the last few decades, among them Swinburne, Stevenson, Mark Twain, and Kipling. Familiar passages, proverbial phrases, and constantly recurring quotations are cited from nearly one thousand authors. The work is arranged chronologically according to authors, and therefore forms a handbook of specimens of literature as well as a Dictionary of Quotations. Besides quotations from the Bible, Shakspere, and authors representing the whole range of English and American literature, it includes selections from French and German writers and from the wit and wisdom of the ancients. In the three hundred and fifty pages of index, quotations are indexed and cross-indexed under their various words, the references numbering nearly fifty thousand. Every effort has been made to secure accuracy, and the only error noted in a careful examination is the giving to Joseph Quinlan Murphy of the credit of the authorship of "Casey at the Bat," which was written by Ernest Lawrence Thayer. "Who's Who in America," by the way, wrongly gives the credit for writing "Casey at the Bat" to George Whitefield D'Vys. Mr. Thayer's authorship of the verses is indisputable. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" is now more than ever the standard book of quotations, and no library is complete without it.

LITTLE WOMEN LETTERS FROM THE HOUSE OF ALCOTT. Selected by Jessie Bonstelle and Marian de Forest. 197 pp. Cloth, $1.25, net. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1914.

The collaborators in the dramatization of "Little Women" in the course of their work came upon a quantity of interesting literary material in the form of unedited journals and letters of Bronson Alcott and his family, and this book is one result. They say: "The Alcott children were brought up to think for themselves, to reflect and to give expression to their thoughts. Never laughed at, they were not afraid to speak or write of what was in their minds. Each kept a diary, and no incident that concerned the little girls was too trivial for mention in the record of the day. These incidents, collected, give a more comprehensive view of the Alcotts as a family than the father's voluminous journals." The letters and the extracts from the journals are full of intimate passages which cannot fail to interest all who have ever read "Little Women," and Miss Alcott's other books. She had many difficulties to contend with in her early writing. Her day was filled with other tasks, housework, sewing, teaching, nursing — yet her pen was never idle. "My methods of work," she later wrote, "are very simple and soon told. My head is my study, and there I keep the various plans of stories for years sometimes, letting them grow for years till I am ready to put them down on paper. Then it is quick work, as chapters go down word for word in my mind, and need no alteration. I never copy, since I find by experience that the work I spend the least time upon is best liked by critics and speakers. While a story is under way I live in it, see the people more plainly than real ones around me, hear them talk, and am much interested, surprised, and provoked at their actions, for I seem to have no power to rule them, and can simply record their experiences and performances. Materials for the children's tales I find in the lives of the little people about me, for no one can invent anything so droll, pretty, or pathetic as the sayings and doings of these small actors, poets and martyrs.

MAY IVERSON'S CAREER. By Elizabeth Jordan. 278 pp. Cloth, $1.25, net. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1914.

Leaving the calm quiet of a convent school May Iverson, whose girlhood Miss Jordan has pictured in her previous books, becomes a reporter on a sensational New York paper, and in this story some of her experiences are described. The book is really not so much a story as a series of chapters showing a woman reporter at her work, although a slender thread of romance runs through the narrative, and there is a love scene in the final chapter. The tales of the heroine's assignments are rather highly colored — but so is life in the service of a New York yellow journal. Girls who enter journalism must not expect to have such phenomenal success as the convent-bred maiden whose first "big story" won the unqualified admiration of her paper's "star reporter," who produced at the end of three weeks a "model story" which the city editor posted on the bulletin board to inspire his staff, and who won immediate and magnificent success when she undertook magazine work, novel writing, and playwriting, but the

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tale of her adventures is full of interest, and the reader who begins it will continue with enjoyment to the end.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

[THE WRITER is pleased to receive for review any books about authors, authorship, language, or literary topics, or any books that would be of real value in a writer's library, such as works of reference, history, biography, or travel. There is no space in the magazine for the review of fiction, poetry, etc. All books received will be acknowledged under this heading. Selections will be made for review in the interest of THE WRITER's readers.]

THE SHORT STORY. A Technical and Literary Study. By Ethan Allen Cross, Ph. M. 495 pp. Cloth, $1.50, net. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1914.

THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. By Frank Preston Stearns. 463 pp. Cloth, $2.00, net. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

THE SPELL OF SPAIN. By Keith Clark. Illustrated. 439 pp. Cloth, in box, $2.50, net. Boston: The Page Company. 1914.

ALL SPANISH METHOD. By Guillermo Hall. Illustrated. First Book, 280 pp. Second Book, 300 pp. Cloth. Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Company. 1914.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodicals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

FIFTY YEARS OF HAWTHORNE. Henry A. Beers. *Yale Review* for January.

THE LITERATURE OF THE BELGIANS. Charles C. Clarke. *Yale Review* for January.

SOUTHEY AS POET AND HISTORIAN. Thomas R. Lounsbury. *Yale Review* for January.

OUR COMMERCIAL DRAMA. William C. deMille. *Yale Review* for January.

THE WORST EDITION OF SHAKESPERE. Charles S. Brooks. *Yale Review* for January.

SELECTIONS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF EMILY DICKINSON TO HER BROTHER'S FAMILY. Chosen and arranged by her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi. *Atlantic* for January.

THE POPULARITY OF HAROLD BELL WRIGHT. Frederic Taber Cooper. *Bookman* for January.

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON. — IV. Illustrated. Clayton Hamilton. *Bookman* for January.

WILL HUBBARD KERNAN: AN APPRECIATION. Harris Dickson. *Bookman* for January.

WANTED: AN AMERICAN SALON OF HUMORISTS. Illustrated. Louis Baury. *Bookman* for January.

THE IRISH LITERARY MOVEMENT. Padraic Colum. *Forum* for January.

LITERARY NECROLOGY FOR 1914. Warwick James Price. *Book News Monthly* for January.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, NEWSPAPER REFORMER. With portraits. Montrose J. Moses. *Book News Monthly* for January.

"SAM" ADAMS AS HIS ASSOCIATES KNOW HIM. With portrait. Jesse Lynch Williams. *Book News Monthly* for January.

ADAMS THE NEWSPAPER MAN. An appreciation. H. H. Bishop. *Book News Monthly* for January.

THE PRESS AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR. Oswald Garrison Villard. *American Review of Reviews* for January.

HOW THEY BROKE INTO PRINT. — VI. With portraits of Elbert Hubbard, George Gibbs, Mme. E. Maria Albanesi, Percy J. Brebner, H. DeVere Stacpoole, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, Horace Annesley Vachell, Mary Heaton Vorse, John Fleming Wilson, Samuel Merwin, Jeffery Farnol, and E. Temple Thurston. Francis Arthur Jones. *Strand* for January.

A NUMBER OF INTERESTING NOVELS. (By Archibald Marshall, Kathleen Norris, Robert Herrick, Arnold Bennett, Basil King, and Will N. Harben.) W. D. Howells. *North American Review* for December.

THE PRESS IN WAR TIME. Sydney Brooks. *North American Review* for December.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF MACBETH. — III. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. *North American Review* for December.

GERMANY'S GREATEST WOMAN NOVELIST (Ricarda Huch — Mrs. Cecconi). With portrait. *American Review of Reviews* for December.

ALICE HEGAN RICE. With portraits. Margaret Steele Anderson. *Book News Monthly* for December.

THE NOVELS OF ROBERT HERRICK. With portraits. William Dean Howells. *Book News Monthly* for December.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF ROBERT HERRICK. Frederic Taber Cooper. *Book News Monthly* for December.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTISAN. Arthur Compton-Rickett, LL. D. *Contemporary Review* for December.

ON UNBENDING OVER A NOVEL. S. Squire Spriggs, M. D. *Cornhill Magazine* for December.

THE ORIGINAL OF "AMERICA." With fac-simile and portrait of Dr. Samuel Francis Smith. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December.

SENTIMENTAL SHAW AND PHONETICS. Montrose J. Moses. *Bellman* for November 28.

POETRY IN THE BELLMAN. *Bellman* for December 12.

A MASTER OF DECORATION (Ludvig Sandöe Ipsen). Illustrated. Arthur Adams. *Bellman* for December 19.

THE OLD QUESTION: WHAT IS POETRY? Richard Burton. *Bellman* for December 26.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE. *Outlook* for December 2.

FREEDOM OF PRESS VS. FREEDOM OF PULPIT. Guy Emery Shipler. *Outlook* for December 2.

ARE SERIOUS BOOKS NEGLECTED? *Outlook* for December 16.

REMINISCENCES. — XII. Illustrated. *Outlook* for December 23.

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AMERICAN CRITICISM AND AMERICAN FICTION. *Outlook* for December 30.

MADISON CAWEIN. *Outlook* for December 30.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A course in dramatic composition is to be given at Dartmouth College by Professor Fred Parker Emory, Professor Curtis Hidden Page, and Assistant Professor Francis Lane Childs.

The John Hubbard Curtis prize at Yale will be awarded this year for the best essay on "The Novels and Tales of Joseph Conrad."

Illinois authors are forming a state league, as the result of a movement started by John M. Stahl, master of the Chicago Writers' Guild. The first meeting was attended by nearly fifty authors, mostly from Chicago.

Jerome K. Jerome pronounces his name with the accent of the first "Jerome" on the last syllable, and that of the second "Jerome" on the first syllable.

Theodore Roosevelt has signed a three-years' contract with the Metropolitan Magazine, under which he will write for it exclusively articles on political and economic subjects.

Verne H. Porter, formerly a newspaper man of Salt Lake City, has been appointed associate editor of the Green Book, the Red Book, and the Blue Book magazines of Chicago.

"William Morris and His Circle," by A. C. Brock, is published in the Home University Library by Henry C. Holt & Co.

"An Outline of Russian Literature," by Maurice Baring is to be added to the Home University Library, published by Henry Holt & Co.

"Henri Bergson: An Account of His Life and Philosophy," by Algot Ruhe and Nancy Margaret Paul, is published in London by Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

"Henri Bergson: A Study in Radical Evolution," by Emil Carl Wilm, is published by Sturgis & Walton, New York.

"Increasing Your Mental Efficiency," by E. H. Williams, is published by Hearst's International Library Co., New York.

"Short Stories in the Making," by Robert Wilson Neal, is published by the Oxford University Press.

"The Life and Adventures of a Free Lance," by S. G. W. Benjamin, is published by the Free Press Company, Burlington, Vt.

"The Life of Sir John Lubbock, Lord Avebury," by Horace G. Hutchinson, is published by the Macmillan Company.

The third volume of "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," begun by William Flavelle Monypenny, and finished by George Earle Buckle, is published by the Macmillan Company.

"The Story of Wendell Phillips," by Charles E. Russell, published by the Charles H. Kerr Company, Chicago, is a biography, with special reference to Phillips as a Socialist.

"The Study and Practice of Writing English," by Gerhard H. Lomer and Margaret Ashmun, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is a manual of English composition, including the principles both of grammar and of rhetoric.

"Essays on Milton," by Elbert N. S. Thompson, is published by the Yale University Press.

"Iowa Authors and Their Works," by Alice Marpe, is published at Des Moines, by the Historical Department of Iowa.

Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Church of the Messiah, New York, has undertaken to write the authorized biography of Robert Collyer.

The Chicago Tribune is conducting two photo-play contests, in one offering $500 in prizes for the best two-reel scenarios and in the other a $10,000 prize for the best original idea for a serial photo-play.

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"What a Girl Should Contribute as Her Share of the Marriage Partnership" is the subject to be treated in a prize essay contest for women announced by the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, who will exhibit the manuscripts at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. There are also prizes of $100 and $50 each for plays, short stories, Bible stories, articles, songs, and hymns, with or without music. The national headquarters of the Association are at 600 Lexington avenue, New York.

The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, which is just completing its thirtieth year, has been bought by the Critic and Guide Company, and beginning with January will be consolidated with the Critic and Guide. The combined journals will be under the editorship of Dr. William J. Robinson. The offices of publication are at 12 Mount Morris Park, West, New York City.

Beginning with the January issue, the name of Popular Electricity and Modern Mechanics Magazine is changed to Modern Mechanics.

Truth, published weekly in Boston for the last two years, is dead.

Among the creditors of Harrison Grey Fiske, the New York theatre manager, who has gone into bankruptcy, are Edward Sheldon, to whom are due royalties of $4,335 on "Salvation Nell" and $2,955 on "The High Road," and Ethel Watts Mumford, to whom are due royalties of $254 on "Just Herself."

The bankruptcy of the Liebler Company, in New York, has brought out the fact that the company bought the dramatic right of "Pollyanna" for $600.

The Nation, the oldest and most renowned of the literary weeklies of the country, now edited by Harold de Wolf Fuller, announces a circulation of 9,702 copies, 7,458 of which go to paid subscribers.

The North American Review begins the full-year celebration of its centenary with the January number.

The estate left by Mrs. Frank Leslie, who was known later as the Baroness of Bazus, is worth $1,800,000, and she was eighty-six years old when she died, instead of sixty-three as her obituaries said.

Joaquin Miller left real estate valued at $41,996, besides cash and other assets.

The estate of Jacob A. Riis is valued at $1,400. The total royalties on his books were fixed at $1,750 a year.

Rear Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan died in Washington, December 1, aged seventy-four.

Madison J. Cawein died at Louisville, Ky., December 7, aged forty-nine.

Mrs. Lucy Randall Comfort died at Pleasantville, N. Y., December 11, aged seventy-nine.

Elizabeth Lincoln Gould died in Boston, December 13.

Bertram Dobell died in London, December 14, aged seventy-three.

Edwin Atwill died in New York, December 17, aged fifty-four.

Archibald Ross Colquhoun died in London, December 18, aged sixty-six.

Rev. Dr. Richard Heber Newton died at Scarborough, N. Y., December 20, aged seventy-four.

General John Beatty died at Columbus, O., December 21, aged eighty-six.

Alfred Henry Lewis died in New York, December 23, aged fifty-six.

Mrs. Isabel Gordon Curtis died at Binghamton, N. Y., December 23, aged fifty-one.

John Muir died at Los Angeles, December 24, aged seventy-six.

Thomas Whittaker died in New York, December 24, aged seventy-three.

Miss Margaret Lee died in Brooklyn, December 24, aged seventy-three.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1915. No. 2.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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WRITING TO SELL.

The first object of every writer should be to produce something worth while for its own sake, something worth doing just for the satisfaction of doing it, even if there be no further reward. This applies particularly to creative work, but it applies also to what is commonly called hack work, or even to trivial reporting of the most ordinary kind. A thing that is not worth doing for its own sake is certainly not worth doing at all, even though money may be got for it, and writing done only for the sake of money is likely to do the world — and perhaps the writer himself — more harm than good. Writing something worth while, therefore, and not writing to sell, should be the chief aim of every writer; at the same time, good work should be salable, so that the writer whose first aim is to do good work should be able to get money for it, too.

Writing and selling are the two branches of the work of one who takes up writing either wholly or partly for a livelihood. To win satisfactory and remunerative success, one must first learn to do good work and then learn to place it where it will bring the best returns. Advice that will tend to help inexperienced writers to do good work is given by Edwin Wildman, in his little book, "Writing to Sell,"* in which there are some suggestions that will be useful also to writers who have had experience. Mr. Wildman has been active in literary work for twenty years as a newspaper reporter, a war correspondent, a magazine writer and editor, an author, and for the last seven years editor-in-chief of the Wildman Magazine and News Service. His book is intended to tell others what he has learned himself. He looks at writing from the practical side — that is to say, with a view to getting money for it — but at the same time he makes it plain that in order to get money for writing one must do good work. In his first chapter he establishes the three great principles of remunerative literary work: The writer must study to observe, he must learn to write, and he must know the markets. First of all, a writer must give due regard to the structure of his work, for structure in writing is all important. In considering the structure of an article he intends to write, he must

*WRITING TO SELL. A textbook of literary craftsmanship. By Edwin Wildman 111 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Wildman Magazine and News Service. 1914.

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first consider the character of the people he is going to address, for a writer must write for a definite audience, he must write for some one, or for some understood and defined level of intelligence. Obviously, to get the largest audience, he must seek to interest people of the so-called middle classes, and he will find that the newspapers and the popular magazines will be the best market for most of what he writes. In writing for people of the middle classes, the writer should be careful not to write "over their heads." Plain-spoken, straight-forward, well-chosen English is the common vehicle of their thoughts. The writer should adopt it and stick to it with grim determination.

Having gathered his material by personal investigation and observation, by talking with others who can give useful help, and by getting information and ideas, when available, from other sources, such as books and newspapers, the writer should plan the structure of the article that he is going to write. Having considered the character of the people he is going to address, he should first determine what of the data he has gathered will interest them and what he should discard — for knowing what to discard is quite as important as knowing what to retain in the story. The writer should beware of prologues, and begin to tell his story in the opening sentence. His opening should be of a nature to arouse the reader's interest at once. A striking phrase, an unusual fact, a bit of startling dialogue, will be a great help to this end. "Start out with an attention arrester," says Mr. Wildman. "Present, in phrase, in dialogue, or by description, the point of interest upon which the story revolves, hen go on with your story, drawing from your facts and data at hand to make it continuous and to sustain the story interest." Structure means method, the thinking out of a consistent plan for an article with a beginning and an end, in which every line shall lead to another, in which every sentence shall be an essential part of the story, maintaining the reader's interest throughout.

Speaking of themes for articles, Mr. Wildman notes that there are the "How" articles, the "Who" articles, and the "Where" articles. "How to make small, handy objects for the house," he says, "is a subject that appeals to millions of girls and women. How to plant and raise flowers, care for the garden, furnish and decorate the various rooms of the house, its kitchen, for instance (which opens up the subject of cookery, a prolific and perennial subject in all its phases); how to rear and care for children, to amuse, instruct, and play helpfully with them; how to develop home clubs, the social spirit and organization; reading and 'culture' circles, church entertainments, vocational diversions. There are the lawn and its care, hedges, shrubbery, walks, and the stable, which lead to animals, horses, dogs and cats, their care and training. These illustrate some of the helpful kinds of articles always in demand.

"Then there is the 'Who' article. Men and women who are doing things of fresh interest, if written about in an interesting way, make articles that are always welcomed by the editor. Such articles may be written around either the individual or the thing he or she is doing. The stories of human activity are always read with interest, particularly if the story is inspirational to like activity and suggests, 'What he can do I can do.' A girl who raised butterflies for a living in California became a national figure because she did something unique and something others might do.

"The 'Who' article borders closely upon the 'Where' article. The 'Where' article partakes of the news quality. Groups of men and women in action, reforming a town, crusading against pests,

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uplifting a working centre, organizing for a reduction of costs, developing better conditions in any phase of life, or going backward in groups, as the pine folks of New Jersey, the 'Crackers' of Georgia, gypsies, outlaws, etc. In this category comes the story of an odd freak of nature, an historic landmark, a quaint fishing village, a pageant, a picturesque river, a mountain-climbing expedition, an exploration, a conflict, a catastrophe, a war."

Mr. Wildman devotes a chapter to the subject of Making the Popular Appeal, showing how facts may be made interesting by colorful treatment, and another chapter to Imagination in Writing, explaining that by imagination in writing he does not mean faking, padding, or drawing from the realms of fairy tales. Imagination for the writer, he says, means the ability intelligently to interpret the meaning of things, and fill in the lights of a picture. As for popular appeal, he says it means that the reading masses must be addressed in a form of expression and a method of writing that will at once whet their interest, arouse their desire for more, and satisfy their ambition to increase their fund of knowledge, or take them into lands and among peoples beyond their reach.

Discussing the writing of the "feature story," Mr. Wildman says: "A 'feature story' is an article written about a feature or phase of something of current interest. Feature stories are much in demand, as they form the main portion of the magazine section of the Sunday newspapers. They differ essentially from the magazine article in that a Sunday newspaper feature story usually takes for its subject a person, place, or happening in or of the news of the day. The subject may be a man or woman 'in the news'; a place or building, a phase of war, or a catastrophe 'in the news'; a city improvement, the story of a commodity, such as sugar, coffee or oil, when 'in the news,' because of government investigation, regulation, a strike, or an industrial upheaval. Whatever it may be, by the very nature of its name it is a Feature with a Story. It is something out of the ordinary; an innovation; a new twist upon an old subject.

"The feature story may be divided into classifications. First, a wonder story which arouses the reader's wonderment because of the startling nature of facts or figures. Second: The oddest and most unique story. This kind of story treats of a subject or person because out of the usual, apparently out of place, or something one would not expect to find in the environment in which it is found. Women performing the work that a man has hitherto done would come under this class; also a freak of nature, an odd residence, such as an octagon-shaped house, the smallest watch in existence, the tallest man, the biggest oil well. Third: The love-theme-romance, where the proprietor's son runs away with and marries the mill girl; the millionaire's daughter who elopes with the chauffeur, the Enoch Arden story, the shipwreck story, where romance is predominant. Fourth: The millionaire story, the story of extravagance, luxury, gorgeous living appurtenances, millionaires' hobbies, whims, philanthropies, yachts — stories where outlays of fabulous sums are involved to gratify vanity, cupidity, or revenge. Fifth: The constructive story: the story of facts and figures, or the upbuilding of cities or civic welfare, co-operative schemes, vocational organizations, public buildings and works, canals, costs of big enterprises; the business of the moving pictures, of staging a melodrama, an opera, a circus, of conducting a campaign, a war, a warfare against sickness and plague. Sixth: The historical story; an anniversary of Lincoln, of Poe, a peace treaty, a battle, a fire, a public building. The oldest survivor, the oldest resident, the General in command, or the valet of

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the General, tells this story. Old prints, pictures, trophies are produced in illustration. Seventh : The 'craze' story ; The story of any hysteria that sweeps the country ; a new dance, spiritualism, a disease cure, a moral crusade, pure food reforms, pro and anti propaganda, a new sect leader, a Coxey army, a Mafia outburst."

Taking up the subject of magazine special articles, Mr. Wildman points out that the subject of the special article for the magazine must be one of national (human) interest, and that the article must be timely, which means really that it must be written ahead of time, since the magazine editor is laying out his work for six months or a year ahead, and must gauge public interest far in advance, in order to be timely. Chapters follow on "Dialogue," "Choice of Words and Phrases," and "The Story from Institutional Work," and then Mr. Wildman takes up the subject of interviewing, in a chapter which is the best part of his book. He points out that it requires some manoeuvring and diplomacy, letters of introduction, or a direct appointment to get to the prominent person whom it is desired to interview. Not only must the big feature interview be arranged for in advance, but it must be prepared for in advance by the interviewer. "If you contemplate doing an interview 'upon your own hook'," says Mr. Wildman, "with a view to selling it to a newspaper or magazine, you must make your connection with the person to be interviewed through written permission gained in advance, through the good offices of a friend, or by the consent and approval of an editor who may accept your suggestion. You hereby establish yourself as a credited and responsible person, so that the personage will trust you and talk with you, feeling that you will not betray a confidence he may find necessary to repose in you to explain a point, or a position he may take in the interview. Men of importance often trust a representative of the press to a considerable extent. They sometimes give him a glimpse of inside history, not for purposes of publication. Such confidences must be held inviolable. Upon them are often built the future of the writer, surely so far as the personage is concerned. No writer should ever betray confidence, no matter how strong may be the pressure from the editor, or how salable the material. To do so is professional suicide.

"After the appointment is made and the subject selected or assigned, the interviewer must, if not well informed, study his subject and his man. A public man is not going to talk to an ignoramus. Furthermore, it vastly assists in the intelligent direction of questioning to know the subject and know the personal traits and achievements of the man interviewed. It is folly to hope to secure a clear and interesting interview upon a vital subject when you know nothing about the subject. I want to impress upon the young interviewer the importance of preparation. In order to be prepared for an interview with the Premier of Japan, the late Marquis Ito, after the American Ambassador had made the appointment for me, I studied for several days the conditions of Japanese politics, talking informally to several men nearly as important as Ito himself. Then I reduced my prospective interview to eighteen questions, wrote them in very fine script on a card, and went to my interview. My most important questions were the last nine ; the first were harmless enough. There were no notes taken, but it was easy to recall exactly the answers, I was so primed on the subject. That interview for the first time defined Japan's policy toward Secretary Hay's declaration of the 'open door' in China. It committed Japan to the withdrawal of her twenty-five thousand troops in China. It cost my paper nearly a thousand dollars in cable tolls. It was widely commented

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upon, was recabled to Japan the next day, and not a word was repudiated.

"Of course, when the interview is also a character delineation, it takes a different form. In that case it is better to arrange for an evening with the subject, so that many views and opinions may be discussed—the man's fads, personal interests, diversions, sports, hobbies, early beginnings, etc. But in the case of a character delineation interview the arrangement must be understood and arranged accordingly. The 'sitter' must subject himself to such an arrangement. This sort of arrangement is designed to 'reveal the man' as well as his ideas.

"In writing an interview, great skill is required, for accuracy is of vital significance and it is unsafe to take any liberties with the words of a public man, without his consent. If you feel justified in amplifying his thought, the manuscript should be submitted for his correction and approval. In all important interviews this is much the safest rule."

Mr. Wildman's book is written in rather sketchy style, and does not go deeply into the subjects of which it treats, but it makes practical suggestions, and almost any writer will get something of value from it. *Henry B. Morris.*

BOSTON, MASS.

WRITING AS A SIDE LINE.

Every man and woman should have some hobby to be carried on as a side line. It not only provides recreation from the grind and routine of regular employment, but also can often be made to prove very profitable.

There is no more congenial or fascinating business than the business of writing for publication. It is a perfect joy to see our ideas forming themselves together on the typewriter until the article is complete, and then watching to see our opinions in print. Not the least of the joy comes in having good-sized checks made to one's name.

Not everybody is in a position to give his entire time to writing, and to those who are not the writing of manuscripts in spare time should appeal especially. I am one of these. Although unable to give my entire time to writing, I find the writing of articles in my spare time a very lucrative practice. Every one knows more about some special subject than the majority of people do. This is the subject one should write on. There is a market for articles on any subject, provided, of course, they are submitted to the right publishers. When I started writing I found that the subject that I knew the most of was agriculture and poultry raising. I wrote several articles on this subject and had no trouble disposing of them to farm papers. Encouraged by my success, I imagined I must be a genius, and started writing articles and even short stories for high-class general magazines. They all came back, and I have yet to sell my first one of them. I soon found that the farm journals were the only publications I could make a success writing for, simply because I knew more about farming than anything else. I am now devoting my entire spare time to writing for the farm journals, and my earnings from my side line frequently exceed twenty-five dollars a month.

MILLERSBURG, PENN. *J. A. Reid.*

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THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XXVII. FEBRUARY, 1915. No. 2.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Asked by a Boston Traveler reporter for three rules which the girl who wants to write should follow, Norman Hapgood thought a minute, then replied:—

(1) She should cultivate a constant habit of reading good books—great poets and imaginative writers.

(2) She should study English composition by studying a book of rhetoric and the simple, direct style of such writers as Swift and De Foe.

(3) She should write, rewrite, then write again—and never be discouraged by rejection slips.

If Mr. Hapgood had thought another minute he might have added a rule about thinking to his list.

* * *

According to Charles Garvice, who has had great popular success in England in writing serials, afterward published in book form, it is absolutely necessary that the writer of a serial should hold the unflagging interest of his readers. "You cannot drop your readers for a week or two and hope to pick them up again," he says. "Once dropped, they are lost forever and your career is ended. The school through which the serial writer passes is one of the hardest in the world; but it is a fine school, and the qualities acquired in it can be obtained in no other. It is this power of avoiding dullness and maintaining the interest which makes the good serial as successful in book form as it was when it was running its course in a magazine or periodical. The finer your style, the closer your characterization, the more consistent and convincing your plot, the better the great public will like your story."

* * *

An unflattering appreciation of current fiction from the library point of view is given in a paragraph of the report of the Examining Committee of the Boston Public Library, which reads: "The Boston Public Library deserves the praise of all lovers of good books for standing firmly by its deliberately assumed deter-

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mination not to buy current fiction with the money of the taxpayers until time has winnowed the chaff from the wheat. If the library bought the necessary thirty copies of every new novel, it would have at the end of each year an accumulation of useless and undesired literary rubbish which would clog and retard the proper use of the library, and appall the educator and the economist alike."

* * *

Clearness and simplicity are the first essentials of a good style. The Boston Herald justly complained that even when Henry James wants to thank America in terms that she can understand, he still writes like a kitten in a spool bag.

W. H. H.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Cobb.—When Irvin Cobb was questioned regarding his methods the other day he made the following admissions:—

"I plug away at the machine about four hours a day. If I turn out 2,500 words in that time I feel good about it. I can't dash off stuff. I guess the guys who talk about dashing off a masterpiece don't dash more than an inch at a time.

"Newspaper training is good in one way—it brings experience to a fiction writer better and quicker than any other occupation. It's bad in another way, for it tends to too much speed in writing and too much carelessness of the finer points.

"I was once a 5,000-word man. I could write 5,000 words about a cat fight, but I couldn't write more than 5,000 words about the combined tragedies of all the various worlds. No subject or plot could wring more than 5,000 words out of me. Then it happened that Dire Circumstances forced me to write a page story about the development of a mining camp in Kentucky. It had to be 10,000 words long—just had to be. So I wrote 10,000 words, and now I could write 10,000 words about eating a bag of peanuts—but I won't."—New York Sun.

Harris.—Frank Harris, the short story writer and critic, told an amusing story last evening about himself and his effort to make a living by writing. Arnold Bennett had a part in the tale. "I had brought out a book of American short stories," said Mr. Harris to an audience that had gathered to hear him lecture on the short story, "and Macmillan had been the publisher. They were the fruit of a five-year residence in America and fully a year and a half of good hard work had been devoted to the writing. What was my edification then, some time after the book had appeared, to receive from Macmillan a check for twelve shillings and sixpence, the total receipt for my laborious efforts."

There was a titter of appreciation as Mr. Harris told this story. The titter increased to a laugh as he concluded with the part about Arnold Bennett. "Later I was talking to Arnold Bennett one day in London and recounted this experience to him. 'But the trouble with you, Harris,' he said, 'is that you write one book and then wait five years before bringing out another. In the meantime the public has forgotten about you.' 'Suppose, though,' I replied, 'that the stories would not be good if they were written more hastily?' 'But the public does not know that, so what is the difference,' said Mr. Bennett, and I know of no answer to his words."

For the best short story Mr. Harris has scanned the productions in that line of a good many thousand years past and finally selected one from the Bible, "The Woman Taken in Adultery." "It is the greatest short story," said he, and there was no hesitancy in his words and no room left for qualification. "There are only 350 words in it, but what has been the result? Judges have been made

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ridiculous by it and hospitals have been placed in prisons."—New York Sun.

Noyes.—Alfred Noyes, who is now thirty-five years old, wrote his first poem when he was only nine. It is not included in his collected works. As a boy he liked to read poetry and at sixteen had read about all the English poets. "I was influenced, of course," he says, "but I don't think I ever played the sedulous ape, as Stevenson would say." Mr. Noyes was fourteen when he wrote his first epic. "It was in rhymed verse," he says, "and composed of thousands of lines. It was an allegory, describing the voyage through life as on a ship, from infancy to old age. I sent it to James Payn, the novelist. He sent it back with an encouraging letter but advising me to read more and not to try to publish anything for years." Mr. Noyes did wait a few years—five, for he was all of nineteen when his first poem was printed. This was "The Symbolist," which appeared in the weekly supplement of the London Times. At that time he was in Exeter College, Oxford, and achieving such a reputation for his prowess as an athlete, especially in rowing on the class crew, that his literary tendencies were regarded by his classmates as a joke. Nevertheless as soon as he left college he went to London and began to devote all his time and energy to writing poetry, though when he wrote his great epic, "Drake," he dedicated it to his rowing coach instead of to any of his celebrated literary friends. In ten years Mr. Noyes published ten volumes of verse. When his poems were collected in a two-volume edition, between 7,000 and 8,000 copies were sold the first year. Mr. Noyes is to deliver a number of lectures in the United States before assuming his duties as visiting professor of English at Princeton February 15.

Poe.—One of the many interesting letters in the sale of the literary properties of the late Adrian H. Joline, is the original draft of a letter to Professor Charles Anthon, all in the handwriting of Edgar Allan Poe, showing his methods of constructing an important letter, with its many changes of words, phrases, and even paragraphs. In this letter Poe writes:—

"Before quitting the Messenger I saw, or fancied I saw, through a long and dim vista the brilliant field for ambition which a magazine of bold and noble aims presented to him who should successfully establish it in America. I perceived that the country, from its very constitution, could not fail of affording in a few years a larger proportionate amount of readers than any upon earth. I perceived that the whole energetic busy spirit of the age tended wholly to magazine literature—to the curt, the terse; the well timed and the readily diffused, in preference to the old forms of verbose and ponderous and the inaccessible. . . .

"Holding steadily in view my ultimate purpose—to found a magazine of my own, or in which at least I might have a proprietary right—it has been my constant endeavor in the mean time, not so much to establish a reputation great in itself as one of that particular character which should best further my special objects and draw attention to my exertions as editor of a magazine. Thus I have written no books, and have been so far essentially a magazinist, bearing not only willingly but cheerfully sad poverty and the thousand consequent contumelies and other ills which the condition of the mere magazinist entails upon him in America, where, more than in any other region upon the face of the globe, to be poor is to be despised. . . .

"Setting aside, for the present, my criticisms, poems, and miscellanies (sufficiently numerous), my tales, a great number of which might be termed fantasy pieces, are in number sixty-six. They would make perhaps five of the ordinary novel volumes. I have them prepared in every respect for the press; but, alas, I

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have no money, nor that influence which would enable me to get a publisher—although I seek no pecuniary remuneration . . . I know that you have unbounded influence with the Harpers, and I know that if you would exert it in my behalf you could procure me the publication I desire."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Magazines and the War.—It is interesting to read in The Bookman of the attitude of the American magazines toward the war. One all-fiction periodical advertises itself as "a magazine to make you forget the war"; another "bristles with armament, like a well-equipped arsenal." A monthly magazine cancelled an order for a series of art papers, with the excuse: "The only illustrations we shall run for the next six months will be war maps." One editor said he was printing "nothing but stories made and laid in America," while another wanted "anything dealing with crowned heads." And here is a little episode of the present situation:—

One of the best known American women novelists, who has never before written a short story, broke her rule the other day, and her agent, realizing the occurrence to be something of a literary event, hastened to offer the story by telephone to an editor known to be a particular admirer of the work of the author in question. "Send it over at once," anwered the editor, "we will pay almost any sum within reason for the first chance at it." But the manuscript came back by the next mail, with the brief lamentation, "Oh, why did she do it? It is a war story, and of course we cannot use it."

The Duty of the Novelist.—Mrs. Barclay, the author of "The Rosary," is a writer with a theory of fiction, a theory which she has put into the mouth of one of her characters in "The Wall of Partition." The discussion is with Rodney concerning his anonymous novel. "The artistic point of view," she says, "is important to a novelist, I grant. But it is not the most important thing of all. The thing of first importance is to uplift your readers; to raise their ideals; to leave them with a sense of hopefulness, which shall arouse within them a brave optimism. A great French savant has said: 'The only excuse for fiction is if it be more beautiful than fact. And a great English statesman has said: 'One of the chief functions of literature, is a world which is full of sadness and difficulty, is to cheer.'"

Dissecting a Poem.—Attention, class! We will now read and discuss George Sylvester Viereck's poem, "Huerta."

A man of destiny. A sword.
  No old maid's morals dulled his aim.
He nailed the cheat upon the board,
  Then, stolid Indian, quit the game.

Nursed in men's blood by iron years,
  Though red his hands, though short his span,
We raise our glass in silence: Here's
  No text-book pedant, but a man.

—The International.

First, define the sentimental phrase, "a man of destiny." Then, explain how a four-flusher like Victoriano got into that class. Take the passage: "A sword. No old maids' morals dulled his aim." What is an aim? How could it be dulled, even by old maids' morals? Incidentally, does one "aim" a sword? Now the passage: "He nailed the cheat upon the board." What happened—did he nail the cheater, or the cheating cards, or the act of cheating in the abstract? Why? "Then, stolid Indian, quite the game." Does it take a stolid Indian to quit a game? How does a stolid Indian differ from any other kind of quitter? Parse: "Nursed in men's blood by iron years, though red his hands, though short his span." Explain the meaning of the two "thoughs." What kind of nurse does an iron year make? "We raise our glass in silence." Where is the silence? "Here's." Does the poet mean "here's

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to," or "here is?" Illustrate the meaning of "textbook pedant" by contrast—as "dancing-pump pedant." Note the originality of the final phrase—its stark simplicity, its quotidian grandeur: "but a man!"

That will do for to-day. Pass out without crowding. Thanks!—"F. D.," in the New York Tribune.

Terms Used in Film Production.—Now that so many people are writing scenarios for moving pictures, this list of some of the more important technical terms used in the moving-picture business will be of interest:—

Business—The detailed action of the actors in the scenes.

Close Up—Action taken with the performers about eight feet from the lens, that being the minimum distance for successful photography.

Commercial—An American photoplay of the regular service more than thirty days old.

Cut—Ending a scene sharply by a change to a leader or to another scene.

Cut Back—The change from one scene to another having to do with the same action, as from one end of a telephone line to another. Also the change to a past scene, such as a memory that comes to an actor's mental vision.

Director—The equivalent of a stage manager in a theatre.

Dissolve—The running of one scene into another by a gradual cutting off of one and sharpening of the other. It is done by running the film twice through the camera; the first time gradually closing the shutter on the first scene, and the second time starting with a closed shutter and gradually opening it on the new scene. It is most often used to suggest memories of the past or visions seen by characters in the play. The scenes which appear to their mental vision are gradually brought on the screen and are gradually dissolved away as they end.

Double exposure—Used where the visions are seen by characters in the play or for trick photography, as that in which one actor takes two parts in the same scene. In this case again the film is run twice through the camera. The first time the section of the picture which is to show a vision is cut out with a shade over that section of the lens, and the second time only the vision section is permitted to let light through. In cases where one actor is playing two parts the two characters are kept in different parts of the scene, one part being photographed on each run and the other part shut off.

Exterior—A view apparently of outdoors, whether taken indoors or not.

Fade Out—Somewhat similar to dissolve, except that instead of having the entire picture fade away evenly it is steadily reduced in size until it vanishes in the center.

Feature—A play of two or more reels.

First Run—A play shown by a theatre on the day of its release from the manufacturer. Second, third, and fourth runs come consecutively after it.

Flash—A brief glimpse of a scene, just enough to account for the presence of some character in a particular place.

Footage—The number of feet of film used.

Heavy—The villain's role.

Insert or Cut In—Similar to leader, except that it is usually a section of the dialogue of the play, and is most used in a scene and not between scenes.

Interior—A setting showing the inside of any structure.

Lead—An important character assigned to the players who usually play heroes or heroines.

Leader—A sub-title or chapter heading thrown on the screen in text, usually between two scenes, but sometimes in the middle of a scene.

One Reel—A thousand feet of film running from fifteen to twenty minutes, taking sixteen pictures in a second and averaging about fifty feet of film to the minute.

Pan or Panorama—To turn or swing the camera in any direction so as to change its field. Much used in following a moving object.

Practicable—A piece of scenery, furniture or props that is real ,or sufficiently so to

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undergo the use that the real piece would have to stand.

Register — A word used to indicate that an actor must show plainly by his action or facial expression that he is experiencing a certain emotion, seeing a certain thing or saying a specific thing.

Scene — That part of the action of a photo-play which takes place in one location without a break in the action.

Scenario — A description of the action in a photo-play, scene by scene, giving the entrance of each player and occasionally some of the more emphatic dialogue.

Set — A scene setting prepared for photographing.— New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sincerity in Story Writing. — Sincerity is at once the most precious quality of any piece of writing and the most difficult to define. Sincerity may be of all sorts of degrees of intensity ; it may even become very faint and still be sufficient to serve the purpose of the tale. The most intensely sincere, and the greatest novelist who ever lived, Tolstoy, said that no writer was sincere who just sat down and wrote a story merely for the sake of writing a story. You must have something to disclose to your fellow human beings, some message which you have either to deliver or suffer the consequences to your own soul — the process of writing a story must have something personally inevitable about it. This was all very well for Tolstoy, tragic and ever serious giant that he was, but as a dictum it amounts to nothing more than a statement of his own noble feeling about his works. And it was not only personal, but racial, for the great Russian to work in that spirit. The writers of other nations and races seldom reach any such pitch of pure sincerity, and when they seem to do so it is usually by dint of so much self-conscious effort and strain that the quality itself is lost. The younger novelists in England are to-day perpetuating all sorts of monstrosities of realism under a Continental influence which is too strong for their native gifts. There are many writers in England, and in America also, who feel forced by their admiration of the profound and passionate Continental realism to imitate it in their own work, and so throw away their own gift of sincerity in the attempt to reproduce the quality of another. The same process obtains throughout the entire field of fiction writing, with the difference merely that whereas an ambitious young novelist effaces himself and clouds his talent by producing strained imitations of famous masters of the art of fiction, the writer for the magazines simply tries to imitate all of the successful magazine stories he has ever read. Perhaps he does it so well that the editor buys and prints his story — magazines must be issued on their regular day, and there are not always enough really good stories to go around. But no one feels very happy over such a story, and the search for genuinely good ones goes on all the harder. — Editorial by Carl Hovey, in the Metropolitan.

Effect of Moving Pictures on the Novel. — James Oppenheim thinks that the moving pictures are going to have a big influence upon novel writing, that already they have had. At any rate they have had in his case.

"I know," says Mr. Oppenheim "that the moving pictures have influenced my technique. My first stories had very little plot, as that term is understood. They were based on some dramatic struggle in the lives of of the characters, but carried no action leading to a climax ; the struggle was merely carried past some turning point.

"Then something I wrote was taken and converted into a motion-picture scenario, and then I got interested in the process and tried my hand at it. I found I had to develop a sense of plot, which I almost lacked, for a motion-picture scenario must be good for plot or nothing. I found I had to show development of character and plot through physical action. And then when I went back to novel writing and my old style I discovered myself in a plot-making habit. I wanted to get my characters over through

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action instead of through discussion. And then I saw that much more could be given through that method.

"In the first place there was the matter of technique. By building a book on the basis of a scenario, several succeeding small scenes, discussion is reduced to a minimum and the big idea is shown through the action and can reach a much wider audience. Then, too, by these quick changes of scene-telling contrasts can be presented and the total effect makes for terseness, sharpness, vividness, and speed. Shakspere's idea was not dissimilar; he unrolled scene after scene in which the characters had to show themselves instead of being made the objects of prolonged discussion.

"And of course, such a method helps the writer. It helps him as working from models helps the painter. I used to think it a pity writers could n't work from models as painters do; and then I saw that the writer actually could go to life and see his raw plots bodied forth into expression instead of having mentally to go through all the actions of his characters and could have a constant illustration of what people do and look natural. For these moving-picture actors must look natural if nothing else; the camera registers more pitilessly than stage accessories.

"But the greatest effect of the motion-picture drama on the novel is not on its technique; it is influencing a return to the primitive. Our fiction has been tending toward politeness, toward the rejection of many themes. Magazines did n't want stories of tragedy, or of crime except in relation to mystery; they wanted little about sex relations except in a polite, artificial strain, and nothing on labor, politics, or religion. The first impression I received when I began writing scenarios was one of escape from restrictions.

"Of course an artist cherishes a sense of freedom. He wants to express life as he knows it — and he knows that the conventional part of himself is the smallest part. We are all composed of two selves, a big, primitive background and a little civilized crust. The classics seem sane to us, and the Bible, because they include so much that is vulgar, because they express our whole natures. And the moving pictures are widening the realm in which the writer may hope to work — tragedy, comedy, farce; all dealing more freely with life.

"So I think that the moving pictures are tending to have a democratic effect on the novel. The 'popular' novel will have to adopt some of the tactics of the scenario if it intends to stay in the race; and the writer who regards his writing as an art will find a great deal in the methods of the scenario to help him and to gain him more freedom in expression." — New York Sun.

Poets and Palaces. — Bertram P. Friedman having said in a letter to the New York World that "poetry shows palaces," Ira Chamberlain wrote: "It is not necesssary that one reside in a hut or be a beggar to write poetry. Lord Byron, Lord Bacon, Lord Jeffrey, and a host of others who lived most of the time in palaces managed to leave to the world a pretty good legacy in poetry. Lord Surrey — beheaded by the brutal Henry VIII — was the first to write in the iambic measure; and his poetry is good, though written in a palace. There is Ganganelli — Clement XIV — who, while reigning Pope, wrote some eloquent poetry. Also Leo XIII left the world some poetry as a proof of his genius. Both wrote poetry in the Vatican. Shelley, Pope, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, and Thomas Gray were comfortably housed, and at least three of them sumptuously accommodated. Poets have come from palaces as well as from huts. The poetic gift is born, and whether a palace or a hovel be the better environment to develop genius we are at a loss to determine. Poets come from all the walks, degrees, and situations of life — from affluent surroundings and from poverty's shacks and huts. But let it be remembered that the great poets are dead."

To this Mr. Friedman has replied: "Lord Jeffrey was born the son of a Scottish lawyer in ordinary circumstances. The Earl of Surrey, who I presume is meant by "Lord"

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Surrey, is merely remembered by his innovations in the form of poetry which he adapted from the Italian, not for anything he created. In fact, Colley Cibber could have done as much. Charles Lamb was educated, in company with Coleridge, at a charity school (Christ's Hospital), and Thomas Gray's father was a money scrivener. Scott, Byron, and Shelley are undoubtedly the exceptions that prove the rule. Mr. Chamberlain speaks of Frederick the Great's lines. Was this work perpetuated because it was poetry or because he was Frederick the Great? Poetry is born in sorrow, in passion and pain. To write poetry, one must suffer. What can one accustomed to the luxury of a court know of life? One must not only read life but live life to know life."

Editing for Publication.—Few people realize how much editing is generally necessary before material submitted for publication, either in book or periodical form, is ready for the compositor. Nine-tenths of the matter received by every periodical suffers revision, correction, and pruning—especially the latter—before publication. Yet so cleverly does the real editor edit that his or her work is generally not suspected.

"Very frequently, when the theme of a story or the subject of an article sent in appeals to an editor, the matter will be purchased, frequently at the full rate, and turned over to a professional writer to be rewritten. The writer knows of a story submitted to the Sunday editor of one of the big New York newspapers by a woman stenographer in a local law office, for which she was paid full space rates, that was turned over to three different professional writers for rewriting before it was finally printed.

"Nearly everything submitted for publication, even by the experienced writers, must be cut before it is printed. Richard Spillane, a very widely known newspaper writer, now Sunday editor of the New York Press, once called in person and submitted a story to the Sunday editor of the New York Herald, who accepted it and immediately started to edit it in the presence of Spillane. He slashed into it with a big fence post of a pencil, cutting out word after word, line after line, and paragraph after paragraph. Spillane mildly protested, but the editor gave him the cold stare and said: 'When this is printed you can't tell where it has been cut.' This was absolutely true; for Spillane tried to locate the cuts and failed.

"'When Knighthood Was in Flower' was a 'best seller' ten years ago. It was written by Charles Major, an educated lawyer with a successful probate practice in Shelbyville, Indiana. The Readers for the publishers to whom it was submitted found it amateurish, but seeing possibilities in it turned it over to an experienced newspaper woman, who practically rewrote and cut the story, as originally submitted, from 300,000 to 19,000 words."

Dictating a Novel.—William Le Queux dictates the seventeenth chapter of his novel, "Looney With Love," to a new stenographer, and this is the result:—

Sylvia rushed into the arms of Armand, A-r-m-a-n-d, comma, the wild cry of a primitive woman issuing from her warm, comma, red lips, period.

New paragraph. Clinging to his stout, comma, manly shoulder dash— in an ecstasy of relief dash—she sobbed out her pitiful story period. New sentence, quotes, "Armand!" exclamation point!" she cried in a convulsive sob, comma, quotes again," "I ruined three men and a roue with an acute accent over the e. In giving one of them his conge, always underline foreign words, Miss Smithers, so the typesetter will put them in italics, I spoke to him of you and all that you had had meant to me, period. He said you were a capital H, and G, Human Gorilla and I had best be on my guard semi-solon; but now I know the true man behind your mask, comma, Armand, and don't forget to captalize it."—London Opinion.

The Historian an Artist.—Francis Parkman, himself an historian, who has been called a romancer, for the charm or even the poetry and dramatic power with which he invests his records, emphasizes in a paragraph in "The Pioneers of New France" the historian's need to vitalize

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his facts if they are to speak true to readers of a later day.

"Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than a research," says Parkman, "however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. Such facts may be detailed with the most minute exactness and yet the narrative, taken as a whole, may be unmeaning or untrue. The narrator must seek to imbue himself with the life and spirit of the time. He must study events in their bearings, near and remote; in the character, habits, and manners of those who took part in them. He must himself be, as it were, a sharer or spectator of the action he describes."

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodcals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

THE LASTING PROSPERITY OF LITERATURE. Editor's Study, in *Harper's Magazine* for February.

THE FRANCE OF BALZAC. Drawings by Charles Huard, with explanatory text. *Century* for February.

HY MAYER. Interesting facts about a world-famous cartoonist and his work. Illustrated. Francis Arthur Jones. *Strand* for February.

PARABLES OF THE DRAMATIC MOB. *Unpopular Review* for January-March.

WHITMAN IN WHITMAN'S LAND. Hermann Scheffauer. *Fortnightly Review* for January. *North American Review* for February.

SHAKSPERE'S WARRIORS. Arthur Waugh. *Fortnightly Review* for January.

HISTORY OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. Julius H. Ward. PART OF WHICH I WAS. William Dean Howells. *North American Review* for January.

DISRAELI THE THIRD. Walter Sichel. *Nineteenth Century and After* for January.

PAUL FORT, THE "PRINCE OF POETS." James Elroy Flecker. *Nineteenth Century and After* for January.

SOME MEN OF LETTERS. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Thomas Hardy, Lucas Malet, Owen Wister, Mrs. Craigie, Clark Russell, Robert Buchanan, Sir Henry Lucy. *Cornhill Magazine* for January.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Some Reminiscences, 1865-62. Sir Edward T. Thackeray, V. C. K. C. B. *Cornhill Magazine* for January.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH AND THE STUDY OF THE CLASSICS. Lane Cooper. *Educational Review* for January.

DROPPED STITCHES IN DISRAELIAN BIOGRAPHY. T. H. S. Escott. *Contemporary Review* for January.

THE TYPEWRITING OF A SCENARIO. Forrest Clark. *Phonographic Magazine* for January.

HOW FRENCH WRITERS THINK. Ernest Dimnet. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* for January 2.

ON UNBENDING OVER A NOVEL. S. Squire Sprigge. Reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* in the *Living Age* for January 23.

JOHN MUIR: AN APPRECIATION. With portrait. Theodore Roosevelt. *Outlook* for January 6.

JOHN MUIR: NATURALIST. *Outlook* for January 6.

JOHN MUIR. *Dial* for January 16.

AN AMERICAN LITERATURE. *Dial* for January 16.

A TYRANNY OF TERMS. Do editors know what the public wants? Stanley West. *Bellman* for January 16.

THE LETTERS OF DOSTOEVSKY. With portrait. Richard Burton. *Bellman* for January 16.

MISAPPRECIATING STEVENSON. Richard Burton. *Bellman* for January 23.

A SHAKSPEREAN GARDEN. Illustrated. A. Speirs Mosher. *Bellman* for January 23.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Chicago will be the headquarters of the new Society of Midland Authors, now being organized. The draft of a constitution prepared by a committee, of which Hobart Chatfield Taylor is chairman, Douglas Mallock, secretary, and John M. Stahl, treasurer, will be submitted to the membership this month.

Irene Osgood has secured in London a divorce from Robert Harborough Sherard.

Franklin Welles Calkins, for a generation contributor of short stories to the Youth's Companion, says that he has already begun that book of juvenile fiction which literary editors have been suggesting.

The Wren's Nest, the home of Joel Chandler Harris at Atlanta, is now wholly free of debt. The property is owned by the Uncle Remus Memorial Association, and is a mecca for lovers of Uncle Remus, of whom 4,000 have visited it during the twenty months it has been open to the public.

Rev. Basil King has resigned as pastor of All Saints' Episcopal Church, Belmont, Massachusetts, on account of ill-health.

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The copyright office of the Library of Congress is going to publish a list of all dramas copyrighted in the United States from 1870 to the present time—about 53,000 in all. Estimates show that fewer than one in fifty of these dramas have been produced on the stage. The list will give in addition to the names of dramas and authors, the names of copyright proprietors, translators, and adapters, and the names of original authors in the cases of adaptations.

The copyright office at Washington has sent forth a circular letter calling attention to the fact that certificates of copyright are taxed under the new revenue law, so that all applicants for copyright should enclose a ten-cent revenue stamp.

Professor Richard Burton, head of the department of English literature in the University of Minnesota, writing in the Bellman, on the old question, "What Is Poetry?" uses the verse of Miss Harriet Monroe and Miss Amy Lowell, with its evident imitation of the Whitman model of verse, as the text for a homily in which to say that too often "the material is not made molten by the imagination into the magic of song. . . . A great man who is a poet despite his theory, not because of it, has bestowed a most dangerous inheritance upon sundry ambitious persons who fail to see that the quiet creation of beauty that obeys laws and that has the distinction of personality is the onlv safe way up Mt. Parnassus."

It has been shown by a contributor to the Nation that Count von Bernstorff, German ambassador to the United States, in an address on "The Development of Germany as a World Power," delivered before the American Academy of Political Science in 1909, was guilty of plagiarism from William Harbutt Dawson's book, "The Evolution of Modern Germany," published the year before.

The Green Bag (Boston) has discontinued publication.

Frank Allen of Plainfield, N. J., has been reappointed as the American agent of the Société des Gens de Lettres and the Société des Auteurs Dramatiques of France, a post which he has held for a number of years.

"A Book of Short Stories," selected and edited by Stuart P. Sherman, and published by Henry Holt & Co., includes selections from Dickens, Poe, Hardy, Stevenson, and others, with a prefatory account of the technique of the short story.

"Paul Laurence Dunbar: Poet Laureate of the Negro Race," by Mrs. Paul Laurence Dunbar, Professor W. S. Scarborough, and Reverdy C. Ransom, is published in pamphlet form by Reverdy C. Ransom, Philadelphia.

"Ernest Dowson, 1888-1897. Reminiscenses, Unpublished Letters, and Marginalia," by Victor Plarr, is published by Longmans, Green, & Co., London.

A new edition of "The Life of Friedrich Nietzsche," by Daniel Halevy, with introduction by T. M. Rettle, is published by the Macmillan Company.

An authorized biography of the late Monsignor Benson is already in course of preparation and Arthur C. Benson asks all persons who have letters from his brother to lend them to him for this purpose addressing him in care of Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co., London.

The Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration offers a prize of $100 for the best essay written by an undergraduate male student of any college or university in the United States or Canada. Particulars of the contest can be had from H. C. Phillips, 3531 Fourteenth street, Washington, D. C. The contest will close March 15.

The Carnegie Church Peace Union has appointed Robert Underwood Johnson, Rev. Washington Gladden, and Canon William Douglas of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine as judges in the essay-writing contest which has just closed.

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The Midland is a new "literary magazine of the Middle West" to be published monthly at Iowa City. John Frederick is the managing editor.

Something to Do is a prosaic new magazine for children, published by the School Arts Publishing Company, Boston, of which Henry Turner Bailey is president. It discusses the esthetic and cultural phases of child development.

The first number of School and Society, a new weekly educational magazine edited by Professor J. McKeen Cattell of Columbia, has appeared in New York. Dr. Cattell is also the editor of Science, the popular Science Monthly, and the American Naturalist.

A new magazine, to be devoted entirely to the interest of school children, is to be published by the Mayflower Publishing Company, Floral Park, N. Y. John Lewis Childs, seedman and florist, is behind the publication.

The Red Cross Magazine (Washington), which has been published quarterly, has now been made a monthly, and is to be rapidly pushed forward as a popular magazine, having for its policy the humanitarian spirit, which is the broadest sort of patriotism.

Forest and Stream (New York) is now published monthly, instead of weekly. There is no change of editorial policy.

The Poetry Review (London), edited by Stephen Phillips for the Poetry Society, is enlarged to ninety-six pages with the January number. Hereafter it will be published as a bi-monthly.

McClure's Magazine has a new editor, Charles Hanson Towne, who has resigned as editor of the Delineator. George Cram Cook says: "Mr. Towne is the only known editor who has a tender heart. He is famous for having held up a batch of rejected manuscripts which would have reached their owners just in time to darken Christmas for them."

Robert H. Dodd, successor to Dodd & Livingston, the New York rare book dealers, has taken over the publication of "America Book Prices Current," which was edited for many years by Luther S. Livingston. Since the death of Mr. Livingston the work of editing has been assumed by Victor Hugo Paltsits of the manuscript department of the New York Public Library and an expert bibliographer. The new volume will be issued shortly.

The Century Company, after making its home for some thirty years in Union Square, New York, is removing, and its new address beginning February, will be 353 Fourth avenue, at Twenty-sixth street.

The terms of Theodore Watts-Dunton's will, it is said, will make impossible the writing of any authoritative biography of either himself or Swinburne, whose papers he inherited.

John Muir's estate is valued at $250,000.

Rev. Emory J. Haynes, D.D., died at Poughkeepsie December 29, aged sixty-seven.

James Elroy Flecker died at Davos Platz, Switzerland, January 3.

Mrs. James T. Fields died in Boston January 5, aged eighty years.

Clarence Stetson died at Noisy-le-Sac, France, January 6, aged fifty-six.

John D. Champlin died in New York January 8, aged eighty years.

Marshall P. Wilder died at St. Paul January 10, aged fifty-five.

Miss Katharine Coman died at Wellesley, Mass., January 11, aged fifty-seven.

Colonel John A. Joyce died in Washington January 18, aged seventy-two.

Miss Anne Warner died at Highland Falls, N. Y., January 22, aged ninety-five.

Miss Anna Whitney died in Boston January 23, aged ninety-three.

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"RUDYARD KIPLING, MAKER OF MAGIC" . . Hildegarde Hawthorne
"COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED" . Edward B. Hughes

"PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS."

"Prizes Offered for Manuscripts," "Wholesale Collaboration in Writing Plays,"
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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR LITERARY WORKERS

BOSTON, MASS.:

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has never let him go. With this went the familiar view of the English soldier on his round of duties, naturally a delightful interest for the boy, strong, sturdy, and patriotic. Between the two influences arose an intense appreciation of England's work and responsibilities, of her larger aspects, her world character. This, too, has remained with him.

Next came the experience of school life, and this must have been a big experience to the quick, sensitive, and yet somewhat rough nature of the lad. The story of "Stalky & Co." tells us what this English school-life was, or, at least, what it was to the writer. It is not a pleasant story; the boys are a lot of young savages, the rules and ethics of their contact with each other being such as would shock a clan of Aborigines, but there is nothing half-alive or weakly about the story. Hard knocks and swift reprisals, fierce enmities and passionate friendships, woke all there was in the boys. So far as actual learning went, the young Kipling could n't have acquired any vast amount; his education has been a thing of his own doing, not of other persons'.

Kipling's father, John Lockwood Kipling, who died in 1911, was an artist of considerable charm, for almost twenty years curator of the Central Museum at Lahore, in India. There were two other artists in the family, for one of Kipling's mother's sisters was married to Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the great pre-Raphaelite painter, and another to Sir Edward Poynter, who followed Sir John Millais as president of the Royal Academy of Art; but there seems to have been no writer before Rudyard.

There never was any one more difficult to classify. As soon as people had him labeled as doing one thing, he would begin another. First he wrote sarcastic, cynical tales of the English in India. Then he became the poet of his beloved Tommy Atkins. Then he started in to interpret the native life of India as no one had ever done. Then he revealed himself as a supreme writer for children. Suddenly he sent a thrill through all the British empire with his "White Man's Burden" and "The Recessional." Next he became intensely modern in his poems and stories of the mechanical achievements of our age, a prophet of yet greater achievements.

He is a man who is at home anywhere in the world. East was East and West was West to him from childhood, both familiar, each clearly defined. Since then he has traveled far and wide, living several years in the United States before at length settling in England. He stirred up all America with his notes on our ways and peculiarities in "From Sea to Sea," yet, when he lay ill here, the very newsboys were interested in his condition, calling out that "Kipling's better; here y' are, extry, one cent!" The man is so big, so real, so intensely sincere, that he takes the heart of the world much as Mark Twain takes it. Yet both these men could and did slash at faults and weakness and pretense with a terrible fierceness.

One day my father took me into the editorial offices of the Century for a chat with Mr. Gilder. One of the first things he said to us was: "Kipling's around here somewhere; don't you want to meet him?" My father had met him before, but I was tremendously excited. I had read everything of his I could get hold of since Mr. Stoddard's remark to me, and I was having all the fun of real hero-worship for the author.

We went into Mr. Gilder's own office and met Kipling there. I looked at him hard. I wanted to be sure of him. He was broad and short and big-headed, with eyes that glowed, a brownish skin, and black hair already graying slightly. I was not disappointed in him. He gave you the feeling that here was force, power, control, and a something genial and warm that I had not looked for. I expected to

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be afraid of him, and instead I felt perfectly at home and at ease with him. He sat down by me and talked and laughed, made fun of several things, though now I cannot remember what they were, and praised the American offices. "Nothing like this sort of thing in England," he said, waving an arm round in a short, quick gesture. "There you have to scramble along narrow dark halls, open doors, fall downstairs, kick some one who has preceded you, and finally reach an ill-lighted, chilly, barren little room with two or three miserable clerks writing at desks."

The contrast between this picture and the beautiful room in which we sat was so great that I have never forgotten that description, nor yet the slight horror with which I heard that he kicked the unfortunate creature who had preceded him. For I believed every word.

It was not until 1894 that Kipling published in St. Nicholas his first "Jungle Stories," revealing a whole new expanse of his genius, and suddenly turning to the young folk from the older readers, who had been his public till then. Nothing like these stories had ever been done. They are magic, fairy, full of a wondrous make-believe. Yet they are amazing in their knowledge of animal facts, of natural history, of the forest life of the tropics. They are absolutely true and absolutely imaginary at the same time. And that is just the kind of story-magic that a child wants and understands.

After that came the second book about the jungle and then the fascinating Just So Stories, meant for the younger children. But do we ever grow too big to delight in them, I wonder? Some of us don't, I know. That's one of the main things about this Kipling; he tells you his stories in such a way that you enjoy them at whatever age. After all, a child or a boy, or a man, looking through a window at a street full of crowded life, where things were happening all the time, odd people and creatures passing, fights going on, songs being sung, soldiers arm in arm, elephants carrying mysterious burdens, all this and much, much more — man, boy, child, would n't each of them be tremendously interested, though possibly in different aspects of the show? Of course! And Kipling is such a window. Through him you see into the street that has neither beginning nor end, that leads out on the seven seas and back again, and that is constantly thronged with life. And you don't see only the outside of this life. He shows you what is going on in the minds and hearts of that motley train, even into the feelings of a tiger or an ape. When he tells you about boys, you know he tells the truth because you are one yourself. And if you are a man or a woman, you know too, that he is telling the truth. So when he tells you of things you do not know, you don't bother to wonder and doubt; you know those things are true, too.

The two Jungle Books were about animals, the Just So Stories were fanciful conceptions. When Rudyard Kipling turned to write "Puck of Pook's Hill," he went to history.

But have you ever known history to be so up and doing as that book? Here is nothing dry and faded. It is all full of color, movement, the very thrill of life. And such good stories! For though the people are in, the story is never left out, as will sometimes happen with writers who are not born to the true romance, as this man surely is.

Kipling is essentially a man of our own generation, and it is the thing that is happening now that most deeply interests him. But he knows that a man is a man, whether it be to-day or a thousand years ago, even as he writes in the ballad I spoke of at the beginning of this article: —

"But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth
When two strong men stand face to face,
Tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"

— or the ends of time. That is why he

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makes history as real as it was, as alive as it was. While he writes about it, it is to-day, not yesterday. Then in his "Captains Courageous" he shows how he grasped the Yankee character, writing a story as American as the Cape Cod drawl. Is not such a man a master of magic?

Kipling is the kind of man who has all sorts of strong opinions on a great many subjects. It does not matter whether or not you agree with all of them. The important point is that he believes them earnestly, and is willing to say so clearly. That is a rare trait, as I think you'll find, and it is a splendid help in getting ideas settled. When one side is honestly and definitely set forth, why, then, the opposing side can be as thoroughly stated, even if only in your own mind. To know what you believe on many subjects, and why you believe it, is worth a good deal. And to realize that there are things you will not be able to understand, because you are so entirely honest in your mind, is another important thing.

In stories like "They" and "The Brushwood Boy" Kipling confesses the things, or some of them, which he does not understand, and yet which he feels exist. Reading them, and reading the "Barrack Room Ballads," and the machine stories and songs, and the Mulvaney stories, with the others I have been talking about, we, too, find it difficult to understand that they can be the work of one man. That he could write such a book as "Kim," which every one must read some day (because not to do it would be to miss traveling through a whole world of wonder — a world entirely removed from ours of America or Europe), and also "McAndrew's Hymn," seems impossible. But there it is!

In 1907 Kipling was presented by the Stockholm Academy with the greatest reward in literature, the Nobel prize.

There's another thing about Kipling, and that is the spirit of manliness, devotion to duty, law, and order, clean sanity, and serene courage which you get from all he writes. That does n't mean that he leaves all bad men and women and deeds out of his books. He could not do that and tell the truth. But, like all the really big writers, it is goodness and strength and honor and self-denial that reach out to you from all he writes.

St. Nicholas. *Hildegarde Hawthorne.*

COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED. — XXXIV.

Lloyd George writes his name without the hyphen that American papers generally use.

The Louisville Courier-Journal advises a writer who speaks of a society woman as a "veteran horsewoman" that a woman is an experienced, or accomplished, equestrienne, but never, never a "veteran" anything.

Criticism need not be unfavorable, even if it generally is. To criticise is to examine with reference to an established standard, so that the word can be used in connection with a favorable judgment, as in the sentence, "The dramatic editor, having had supper with the star the night before, wrote a favorable criticism of the play."

A good many people do not know whether or not to say "whether or not" or simply say "whether." The reason for their ignorance is that it does not make much difference. It is perfectly

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right to say either "I don't know whether he is there," or "I don't know whether he is there or not." The words "or not" in the latter case are unnecessary, but they do no harm, and in some cases they seem to strengthen the expression of the idea. Shakspere says: "And now who knows but you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?" and again: "You have said; but whether wisely or not let the forest judge." Milton says: "But whether thus these things, or whether not," etc.

The phrase "whether or no" is equivalent to "in any case," as "He would go, whether or no."

In speaking of transcontinental travel now that the big fairs in California are open, care should be taken in using the phrase "transcontinental roads." There are no transcontinental railways in the United States — that is, no railway systems that run completely across the continent — though there is one in Canada.

Now that the jitney 'bus is coming into fashion it will be well to note that "'bus" should be written with an apostrophe, and that the plural "'buses" should not be spelled with an extra "s." "Busses," as Potash might say to Perlmutter, is something else yet again.

The proper title of William II is "the German Emperor," not "the Emperor of Germany."

Women in England have long been divided into three classes, — ladies, women, and persons, — but the definitions have not been satisfactory. Sir R. Baden-Powell, addressing the pupils at a girls' school, undertook to define the distinctions thus: "The term 'lady' does not necessarily mean the same ideal of character as the term 'gentleman.' A 'lady' is one of those who wear silk, and have kid gloves, and mind their p's and q's, but if one wears cotton gloves and bombazine, or whatever it is, and eats with a knife, she is a 'woman.' If she does not wear gloves and uses bad language, or at least drops her h's and wears printed calico, she is a 'person.'" The tendency among writers nowadays, by the way, is to discard the word "lady" altogether and use the word "woman" in all cases, a practice which is quite as objectionable in some cases as that of speaking of a "washerlady" or a "saleslady." The word "lady" has a definite meaning, and there are cases where "woman" is not a proper substitute. This, of course, does not apply to this notice: "Ladies without escorts must not loiter in Chicago saloons."

It is better to say "He is ill," than to say "He is sick," but instead of saying "He is an ill man," it is better to say "He is a sick man."

"English" is properly applied to an inhabitant of England. "British" is the word that should be used in speaking of one belonging to Great Britain. The British army, for instance, is made up of English, Irish, Welsh, and Scottish troops, together with the men from India.

"Prior to this time" is a long-winded way of saying "Before this time," or "Up to now."

"Not long ago" is better than "not long since." It is right to say "It is not long since he came," and "It happened not long ago."

When a reporter speaks of the "demise" of a prominent citizen, the assumption is that he means his death.

"Might have" in careless speech sounds so much like "might of" that ignorant people sometimes write "I might of gone," but it seems strange to read in the "Play Book" of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society: "Walking down the dark street in the chill fog of a February night, I passed a semi-circle of ragged children, which Rembrandt *might of* etched, their faces glowing with the light from a basement window."

Edward B. Hughes.

CAMBRIDGE MASS.

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THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XXVII. MARCH, 1915. No. 3.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Henry Holt & Co., have done THE WRITER the honor of adopting one of its department headings as the title of a new Writers of the Day Series, the volumes of which "are to be brief, comprehensive estimates of famous authors written while they are yet alive, and done, not by literary hacks, but by fellow-craftsmen of a younger generation distinguished for imaginative work." "Each of the volumes will be about 20,000 words in length, will be devoted to a succinct survey of the subject's career and place in modern literature, and will have a frontispiece portrait, an accurate list of the writer's works, and an index." "The reading public," the publishers say, "has long been lukewarm to the old custom of waiting until a writer was in his grave before printing an authoritative biography of him." That is the theory of THE WRITER'S Writers of the Day department. Its purpose is to give information, without laudation, about the writers who are doing good work in current periodicals, and the information is authentic, because it is obtained, by inquiry, direct from the writers themselves. The sketches of writers that have been printed in THE WRITER'S Writers of the Day department have proved to be interesting both to editors and to readers, and they give information that can be found nowhere else. Incidentally they give a general view of the manuscript market, since the publications mentioned in them include practically all of those with which it is worth while for a writer who is making his way to deal.

* * *

The members of the Society of American Dramatists and Composers, which includes about half the working dramatists in America, are going to try the experiment of writing plays by the collaboration of all the members. The plan is to have the plot suggested and worked out step by step at meetings of the society, every member having a voice in shaping it. When the scenario has been fully sketched five playwrights will be chosen to fill in the

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dialogue and then the finished play will be marketed. The five collaborators will share the profits, if there are any, a percentage going to the society. When the Great American Play has been written in this manner perhaps the members of the Society of Authors will collaborate and write the Great American Novel. The Great American Poem, however, can't be written in that way.

* * *

Authors who are discouraged because they have to write more checks than they receive may take heart again, perhaps, reading that at a recent New York sale seventy-five cancelled checks signed by R. L. Stevenson sold for two hundred and four dollars. W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Emily Calvin Blake, who is writing a series of stories for the Ladies' World, the latest being "The Gulf," in the February number, is an Englishwoman, now living in Chicago, who came to this country when a child. Mrs. Blake devotes four hours a day to writing, whether she makes use of the material or not. She has to her credit four books, besides being a contributor to most of the leading magazines. Her story, "The Original Six," printed in the Delineator a year ago, was what might be termed an inspirational story, and has been immensely popular, calling forth many letters from submerged fathers all over the country.

M. E. Bühler (Mary Edith Bühler), whose poem, "Mona Lisa's Smile," was printed in the Bellman for January 23, is the daughter of John R. Bühler, and a granddaughter of John Christian Bühler, a Louisiana sugar planter of ante-bellum days. She was born in Mississippi on the old family estate, "Mt. Independence," near Natchez. Her childhood was passed chiefly at Orange Grove plantation, the Louisiana estate of her father and grandfather, which was wrecked by the Civil War. She was educated in New Orleans, where she lived for many years, coming in 1893 to New York, where she has since resided. Miss Bühler is a writer of verse and sketches, and has contributed to the Century, the Outlook, the Bellman, and other magazines, as well as to the various New Orleans and New York newspapers, including the New York Times and especially the New York Sun.

Mabel Dill, author of the story, "Every-Mother," in the Woman's Home Companion for February, is a Missouri girl, who has lived the last fourteen years in Washington, playing a pipe-organ in church and teaching piano until this year, when she has given it up to have more time for writing. She has never done anything in the line of writing until about three years ago, when she began to study the art of writing the short story by correspondence. Since then she has sold fourteen of the twenty-nine stories she has written, and she is now selling nearly every one she writes. She has also placed a few articles — ranging in subjects from music-teaching to platonic friendship. Her work has appeared in the Farmer's Wife, Comfort, Town and Farm, McCall's, the Pictorial Review, the Mothers' Magazine, the Woman's Home Companion, the Etude, the Musician, the Editor, and the Magazine Maker. "Every Mother" is the second one of a series of "Billy" stories that Miss Dill is now writing. Her first story in the Woman's Home Companion was called "Those Funny Little Pigtails," and was printed in March, 1914. Stories of hers will appear in the Mothers' Magazine, the Pictorial Review, and the Woman's Home Companion during the year. Miss Dill says that she writes very slowly and does not seem to be able to finish more than one story a month, and can do nothing during the summer. She dislikes the first writing of a story, but

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enjoys revising it. She attributes her success to hard, regular work, intuition, and a stern refusal to be discouraged. She spends much time on revision, and it often amuses her to note that the passages in her stories which are spoken of as being most spontaneous are the very ones which have come hardest. She writes now mostly what are called "human-interest" stories, as she says that stories that show "a feelin' for folks" are always in demand.

Helen E. Haskell, whose story, "His Wife's Love Affair," appeared in Munsey's Magazine for February, was born in Ripon, a college town in the lake region of Wisconsin. She is the wife of W. E. Haskell, a well-known newspaper man. It was in 1907, while living in Concord, Massachusetts, that Mrs. Haskell did her first serious writing, a juvenile book, "Billy's Princess," which was published by L. C. Page & Co., (now the Page Company), of Boston, the first publishers to whom the book was submitted. The story of 45,000 words was written in just ten days. The book appeared in the late fall, and its first edition was sold out by Christmas. Since that time Mrs. Haskell has written three other juveniles. The latest of these, "Jana," will be published next fall by E. P. Dutton & Company. About two years ago Mrs. Haskell began writing for grown-ups, her first novelette, "The Catspaw," appearing in the Cavalier. Since then she has written several novelettes for the All-Story Magazine and the Cavalier, as well as short stories for Munsey's, the People's Magazine, and the Black Cat. She is now living in Larchmont, N. Y.

Evelyn Gill Klahr, whose story, "Love Everlasting," was printed in the Woman's Home Companion for February, has been writing for publication for more than two years, and has placed between twenty-five and thirty stories in that time, in Collier's, the Pictorial Review, the Country Gentleman, the Smart Set, and other magazines. Miss Klahr is a graduate of Vassar College, and was born in Clarion, Penn., which is now her home. She says that the story, "Love Everlasting," has aroused more comment and discussion than any other story of hers yet published, but that she does not regard it as her best work. Her best story, she thinks, is one yet unpublished, which Collier's has, and she says it was bowed out of at least six editorial offices before it was finally placed.

Samuel J. Lewis, whose story, "Women and Children Last," based on thoughts growing out of the European war, was printed in Munsey's for February, was born in Cleveland, Ohio. He is a nephew of the late Alfred Henry Lewis ("Dan Quin"). Mr. Lewis's first work was done on the Kansas City Star. From Kansas City he went to El Paso, St. Paul, Chicago, New York, and then to Denver, where he is now a member of the Denver Post staff. He declares he has done everything around a newspaper office, from carrying a route to producing a ten-pound editorial. He has contributed to Munsey's Magazine, the Popular, Adventure, Top-Notch, the Cavalier, Short Stories, and other publications.

Robert W. Sneddon, who had a story, "A Book of Verse," in the Bellman for January 23, and a Parisian study, "Act 1," in Snappy Stories, for March, studied arts and law in Glasgow University, Scotland, and lived in Edinburgh, London, and Paris before coming to New York five years ago. The first work of his to be published in this country was a series, "The Cynic's Examination Papers," which came out in Judge. His first short story, "Little Golden Shoes," a story of Russian New York, was printed in the Forum, and is included in "Forum Stories," a collection of sixteen best short

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stories in modern American literature, published by Mitchell Kennerley, in 1914. Mr. Sneddon has contributed fiction to the Smart Set, Young's Magazine, the Bellman, the Black Cat, the International, Life, Puck, Collier's Weekly, and Harper's Weekly, with special European and war articles to Harper's Weekly. Other publications which have used his work are the Dramatic Mirror, the Independent, the Literary Digest, and many English magazines and leading London newspapers. He is now being "featured" monthly by Snappy Stories, for which he wrote a series of intimate studies of French Life, entitled "Paris in Profile." He has written several one-act plays, notably "Mother of Fairies," now in preparation for production in New York. Mr. Sneddon prefers simplicity and directness in writing, and is inclined to rely on character and dialogue to tell his story. He has a special liking for French subjects, and two of these articles will appear soon in Harper's Weekly and the Bellman.

Leon Rutledge Whipple, who wrote the story "Peter Winchester, Star Maker," printed in Everybody's for January, is a Virginian by adoption, having gone to Virginia to school after graduating from the St. Louis public high school in 1900. After two years as alumni scholar at the University of Virginia, he taught composition and writing at the University of Missouri for three years, and then returned to the University of Virginia, as instructor in journalism. In 1909 he went to Washington as an editorial writer and book reviewer for the Washington Times, and for several years after that was engaged in newspaper work and story writing. His fiction has appeared in Everybody's, Adventure, Leslie's, the St. Louis Mirror, the Black Cat, and other periodicals. For two years Mr. Whipple did the editorial work formerly done by Henry Sydnor Harrison, on the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch. All these years of life in Virginia have given him a love for the country, and he has chosen it as his literary field.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Braddon.—The death a few days ago of Mary Elizabeth Braddon marks the passing of a novelist who is to be regarded as the typical representative of a popular school of Victorian fiction. Her style was lacking in literary charm. Her views of life were conventional. But by mingling sentimentalism and sensation in novelized melodrama, and skilfully weaving plots that held the reader in suspense, she achieved an almost unprecedented popularity. "Lady Audley's Secret," with its golden-haired siren—a bigamist or a murderess—was published in 1860. It probably had a hundred readers for every one who was attracted by "Adam Bede," which George Eliot published in the following year.

Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne," a novel of the same class, is the only piece of English fiction to rank with "Lady Audley's Secret," as a continuous "best seller" for fully forty years. "East Lynne" was also published in the same year with "Adam Bede." Another of the notable novels by women in that period was "John Halifax, Gentleman," by Dinah Muloch Craik (1857.) Its merits have insured it a longer life than the books of her sensational sisters of the pen, because it is distinguished by sentiment as against sentimentality, and a sane view of life and its responsibilities as against the melodramatic manipulation of character and their actions.

"Miss Braddon," as she continued to be known, wrote seventy long novels. Her earnings from them are said to have exceeded a million dollars. The secret of her unexampled hold on readers for more than half a century is to be found in the robust quality of her absorbing stories

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and their full-blooded characters. The craft of writing such stories as roused the readers of fifty years ago seems to have passed with changing taste. But were the same sort of an appeal attempted in the fiction of to-day the response would be just as eager. The fact has been demonstrated by the success of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, who have in a measure adapted the mid-Victorian principles to the novel of a later date.

"East Lynne" and "Lady Audley's Secret" have been already coupled. For half a century both have shared the favor of popular audiences in the playhouses of England and America. "East Lynne" is always playing somewhere in America. That Miss Braddon's books were easily dramatized was not surprising in view of the fact that she frequently derived her plot from an old play. This accounts, too, for the marvelous fertility of invention which appeared in her long series of novels. For instance, her first story, "The Trail of the Serpent," was inspired by a melodrama founded on Hood's poem, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," but Miss Braddon transferred the scene to Victorian England, making the villain a private tutor. "Sir Jasper's Tenant" was derived from Kotzebue's old play, "The Stranger." Several of Shakspere's plots were utilized by her in the same way.

But when all deductions are made it will be found that Miss Braddon's popularity rested on her extraordinary story-telling power. She aimed entirely at holding the reader's rapt attention. In this she succeeded to an amazing degree, and her reward was commensurate. Let it not be supposed that Miss Braddon's multitude of readers belong entirely to the unsophisticated past. At seventy and beyond she was still a favorite writer of serials, and her books have been sold by the million and are still selling in the many paper-covered "libraries" of the past thirty years. One who picks up "Lady Audley's Secret" or "Aurora Floyd" to-day will get back into the novel atmosphere of early Victorian England as interpreted through a medium of romance, but there may be a gratifying sense of surprise in finding a note of sincerity in Miss Braddon's writings that is absent from much of the pretentious "realism" in contemporary fiction.—Philadelphia Press.

Warner.—Anna Bartlett Warner's death a few days ago at the age of eighty-five has passed virtually without comment in the press. Yet the grandmothers must surely have sighed wistfully when they recalled the days of tearful enjoyment which attended the publication of "The Wide, Wide World," and "Queechy," and the many other sentimental novels produced in the fifties by the sisters Anna and Susan Warner. Susan was alone the author of "The Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy." But she and Anna collaborated in several others of the "best sellers" which wrung tears from the eyes of millions of women in America and still remain favorites among simple-minded readers in England.

French, German, and Swedish translations of these books were made. The best among them, however, was "The Wide, Wide World," which has been more widely circulated than any other novel of American authorship, excepting only "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Not women alone were affected by the books of the two secluded gentlewomen. Men responded to their sentimental appeal, though perhaps without the abundance of tears which was the feminine tribute of the Warner novels. Hawthorne's delicate art could make no such impression on the public as that recorded by the straightforward stories of the Warner sisters.

One looking to the books now will value them as documents having an important bearing on the social history of the United States in the middle of the last century, particularly in the rural dis-

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tricts. The women who appeal in their pages are of the old school, before anybody had dreamed of the "new woman." They weep freely and faint in moments of emotion. They shrink from men, who as a sex are objects of fascinating terror. Unfortunately one cannot regard the men in these old novels as typical examples of American manhood at that period, being chiefly stiff and priggish with what is well described as "an intolerable loftiness of bearing."

Apart from this defect the atmosphere of the Warner novels is refined and well bred from the point of view proper to an old-fashioned gentlewoman. There were no sex problems in these novels, in the modern sense of the term, and their tone was more wholesome than that of much popular fiction in our own day. Fashions in literature have changed and the tide has swept onward, but it is unlikely that there has been any essential change in the real standard of popular literary taste since "The Wide, Wide World" was published more than sixty years ago. Another story as good as "The Wide, Wide World," but written from the viewpoint of our contemporary conditions, would be read just as eagerly as Susan Warner's book was read before the Civil War. — Philadelphia Press.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Manuscripts Converse. — A bundle of well-worn manuscripts lay in a pigeonhole of an author's desk. One night they began to talk softly together.

"What do the editors say, brothers," said one, "when they read you, and send you back?"

"Chestnut!" sighed the Spring Poem. "Cold and artificial!" groaned the Sonnet. "Hackneyed!" hissed the Comic Sketch. "Cribbed!" moaned the Practical Essay. "Bosh!" whispered the Sentimental Lyric. "Wordy!" confessed the Timely Article. "Unreal!" quavered the Love Story. "Preposterous!" exclaimed the Mystery Story.

"Alas!" said the first manuscript; "if only our author could hear what the editors say!" But the author was sound asleep and snoring. — Æsop Jones, in the Christian Endeavor World.

Writing Stories of College Life. — Anybody can write a story about college life. If he has not attended a college, so much the better. His imagination is less trammeled. A few simple rules must be observed, however.

1. All heroes are named Jack, Stanley, or Dick.
2. All college men wear sweaters *always* and smoke short, fat-bowled pipes.
3. There is always a "Fatty," who is a funny fellow.
4. Any four college men make up a quartet which can sing "Merhileeee we ro-hull alonnng" at any time.
5. All college men are wooing a girl named Dorothy or Betty, who is "sweet and pure as an angel."
6. All college men address each other as "old hoss."
7. College men never study, but spend their time in tossing repartee back and forth.
8. All college rooms are adorned with pennants.
9. All college men call their fathers "Pater" and speak of the "honor of the dear old school" in a husky voice. — Harvard Lampoon.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ROUTLEDGE'S NEW DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Edited by Cecil Weatherby, B. A. Second edition, twentieth thousand. 1,039 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1914.

Routledge's Dictionary, now presented in a new edition, is based partly on Webster, but is written from the English point of view, which makes it particularly valuable for Americans, since it gives information about usage on both sides of the Atlantic. The type is small, but excep-

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THE BELGIAN LITERARY REVIVAL. William Aspenwall Bradley. *Bookman* for February.

THE LORE OF THE LATE JOHN MUIR. With portrait. *Bookman* for February.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD — AN APPRECIATION. With portrait. Grace Isabel Colbron. *Bookman* for February.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA. I. — Eighteenth Century Magazines. Algernon Tassin. *Bookman* for February.

SOCIAL RELATIONS IN THE MODERN NOVEL. Louise Maunsell Field. *Forum* for February.

AMERICAN POETRY. Dorothea Lawrance Mann. *Forum* for February.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL DRAMATIST: FRANÇOIS DE CUREL. Ernest A. Boyd. *Forum* for February.

THE LONG ISLAND HOME OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Illustrated. Edward Hale Brush. *Book News Monthly* for February.

IN AND OUT OF ERIN'S LITERARY BYWAYS. Illustrated. Elizabeth Clendenning Ring. *Book News Monthly* for February.

W. L. GEORGE. Frontispiece portrait. Herbert F. Jenkins. *Book News Monthly* for February.

SAM MERWIN AND HIS WORK. With portraits. *Book News Monthly* for February.

MRS. HAVELOCK ELLIS. With portraits. Sarah Graham Morrison. *Book News Monthly* for February.

OLIVE SCHREINER. Mrs. Havelock Ellis. *Book News Monthly* for February.

WINSTON CHURCHILL. With portrait. Day Allen Willey. *Book News Monthly* for February.

DETAIL IN FICTION. Archibald Dunn. *Author* (London) for February.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON: SOME EARLY MEMORIES. Archibald Marshall. *Cornhill Magazine* for February.

FRANK SMEDLEY. S. M. Ellis. *Fortnightly Review* for February.

THE IMMORALITY OF THE MODERN BURGLAR STORY AND BURGLAR PLAY. H. R. D. May. *Nineteenth Century and After* for February.

INTRUSIVE NASALS IN ENGLISH. Louise Pound. *Modern Language Notes* for February.

AN INSTANCE OF THE FIFTEEN SIGNS OF JUDGMENT IN SHAKSPERE. C. H. Conley. *Modern Language Notes* for February.

"JOHN O' THE MOUNTAINS." (John Muir). With portrait. *American Review of Reviews* for February.

THE CATHOLIC POETS OF BELGIUM. Joyce Kilmer. *Catholic World* for February.

JOHN MUIR. With frontispiece portrait. Eloise Roorbach. *Craftsman* for February.

THE MAGIC OF WILLIAM GILLETTE. Illustrated. Peter Clark Macfarlane. *Everybody's* for February.

LITERATURE AS AN INTERPRETATION OF LIFE. F. C. Tilden. *English Journal* for February.

AMATEUR JOURNALISM AND THE ENGLISH TEACHER. Maurice W. Moe. *English Journal* for February.

A COMPLETE BOOKBINDER. (Mary Crease Sears.) Ralph Bergengren. *House Beautiful* for February.

THE CHARMED PEN OF STEVENSON. Illustrated. Arthur Peirce Vaughn. *Overland Monthly* for February.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH AMERICAN LITERATURE? H. St. George Tucker. *South Atlantic Quarterly* for February.

THE NEW FEMINISM IN LITERATURE. H. H. Peckham. *South Atlantic Quarterly* for February.

ARNOLD BENNETT AND JOHN GALSWORTHY. Professor P. M. Buck, Jr. *Methodist Review* for January-February.

GEORGE MEREDITH AND HIS FIGHTING MEN. Professor James Moffat. *Hibbert Journal* for January.

THE POETS OF BELGIUM. Arthur L. Salmon. *Dial* for February 1.

THE YELLOW BOOK. *Dial* for February 1.

JOHN MUIR. E. S. Goodhue, M. D. *Christian Register* for January 28.

JOHN BURROUGHS AND HIS HAUNTS. With portraits. Albert Houghton Pratt. *Outlook* for January 27.

REMINISCENCES. — XIII. Lyman Abbott. *Outlook* for January 27.

SOME OLD NOVELS. *Outlook* for February 10.

THE AMERICAN COMPOSER. Arthur Whiting. *Outlook* for February 17.

SHAKSPERE AS A SOCIAL SAVIOR. An impression of F. R. Benson. With portraits. Frank R. Arnold. *Bellman* for February 13.

DOCTORS OF THE DRAMA. Montrose J. Moses. *Bellman* for January 30.

WORDSWORTH'S PATRIOTIC POETRY. Right Hon. Arthur H. D. Acland. Reprinted from the *Westminster Gazette* in the *Living Age* for February 20.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A building to be a home for the National Institute of Arts and Letters and its inner circle, the American Academy of Arts and Letters, is to be erected between 155th and 166th Streets, New York, near the Riverside Drive, on land given by Archer M. Huntington. Meanwhile, Congress has refused to incorporate the American Academy of Arts and Letters, objection being made on the ground that it would create a close corporation "arbitrarily to pass upon art and literature."

According to the Publishers' Weekly record, 12,010 books were published in this country last year, compared with 12,230 the year before. Of the number 10,175 were new books and 1,853 were new editions.

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Among the speakers announced for the sixth annual Journalism Week at the University of Missouri, beginning May 3, are Irvin S. Cobb, who will talk on "The Work of the Reporter," and Fred G. Cooper of Collier's Weekly, whose subject will be "The Cartoonist at Work." The School of Journalism at the university is a newspaper office, and the product is a daily newspaper for the city of Columbia, the University Missourian. A full newspaper office equipment is provided. The Missourian has a telegraphic news service, and under its student management is entirely self-supporting.

The manuscript of Robert Louis Stevenson's unpublished extravaganza, "The Hair Trunk, or the Ideal Commonwealth," recently brought $1,400 at a New York auction sale.

Dr. George Brandes has just completed a big work on Goethe, which is described as a companion piece to his famous study of Shakespere. The new book has already been translated into English, and will, no doubt, find an American publisher.

A biography of Edward Rowland Sill, by William Belmont Parker, is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. This is the first biography of the poet, who died twenty-seven years ago.

"The Life of Cervantes," by Robinson Smith, published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is a concise biography dealing principally with the writing of "Don Quixote."

"The Study of Shakspere," by Henry Thew Stephenson, is published by Henry Holt & Co.

The volumes already announced for the Writers of the Day Series to be published by Henry Holt & Co., are: "H. G. Wells," by J. D. Beresford; "Joseph Conrad," by Hugh Walpole; "Anatole France," by W. L. George; "William De Morgan," by Mrs. Sturge Gretton; "John Galsworthy," by Sheila Kaye-Smith, and "Mrs. Humphry Ward," by Stephen Gwynn.

Henry Holt & Co. have published "Plays About Famous Authors," by Maude M. Frank, which deal with incidents in the lives of Goldsmith, Dickens, Heine, Shakspere, and Miss Burney.

"The Life and Letters of Susan Warner ('Elizabeth Wetherell,')" by Anna B. Warner, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The French Revolution and the English Novel," by Allene Gregory, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"James Russell Lowell as a Critic," by Joseph J. Reilly, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

James Nisbet & Co., London, announce a biography of Miss Marie Hawker ("Lanoe Falconer"), which has been written by Miss Evelyn March Phillips.

Laurence J. Gomme, whose Little Book Shop Around the Corner is known to New York book lovers, has entered the publishing field. One of the first books which he announces is "Ernest Dowson," by Victor Plarr.

The National Education Association offers a prize of one thousand dollars for the best essay on "The Essential Place of Religion in Education, with an Outline of a Plan for Introducing Religious Teaching into the Public Schools." Religion is to be defined in a way not to run counter to the creeds of Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Jew. Notice of intention to file an essay must be given to the secretary of the Association, Ann Arbor, Mich., by April 1, 1915. Essays will be limited to ten thousand words and must be in the possession of the secretary by June 1, 1915. Six typewritten copies must be furnished, in order that the preliminary reading may be done independently. The right is reserved by the Association to publish not only the prize essay, but any others which may be submitted in competition, copyright privileges to be vested in the Association for all such.

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The Lower Wall Street Business Men's Association, believing that undue prominence, at the expense of New York, has been given to the part Massachusetts played in the early history of the country, has decided to offer three prizes of $1,000, $500, and $250 for an accurate short history of New York State. George H. Kunz is the chairman of the committee in charge of the competition.

Farm and Fireside, Springfield, Ohio, offers one hundred dollars in thirty-three prizes for farm photographs to use for covers and illustrations. The contest will close July 1.

The $1,000 prize offered annually by the Hart, Schaffner, & Marx Co. for the best essay on an economic subject has been awarded to Donald E. Dunbar, of Springfield, Mass., a first-year student in the Harvard Law School.

The prizes offered by the American Sunday School Union for the best manuscripts on the subjects of Christian unity and amusements have been awarded as follows : Rev. Dr. Robert A. Ashworth, of Milwaukee, $1,000; Rev. Howard P. Young, of Table Rock, Ark., $600; Robert Whitaker, of Los Gatos, Calif., $400.

The first number of the American School, a journal for those who organize, administer, and supervise education, has appeared at Milwaukee.

Some years ago Harry Furniss, flushed with his popularity as chief cartoonist of Punch, started a rival journal named Lika Joka, but it died after a few months' sickly existence. Now Mr. Furniss has again entered the lists, this time with a three-penny (six-cent) weekly, entitled the Cartoon.

The first number of The Menorah Journal has just been published by the Intercollegiate Menorah Association, 600 Madison Avenue, New York, for "the advancement of American Jewry and the spread of Hebraic culture." Henry Hurwitz is the editor-in-chief. The magazine will be published every alternate month.

Henry Woodhouse, editor of Flying, the official organ of the Aero Club of America, announces the purchase of the subscription list of Aero and Hydro, an aviation weekly of Chicago, which will cease publication. Mr. Woodhouse and his associates will establish a new weekly magazine, the Aerial Age, with publication offices at 503 Fifth Avenue, New York. He will also continue Flying as a monthly. H. Chadwick Hunter, of Washington, will become editor of the Aerial Age, which will publish the news of aviation and aviators, and will also have a department devoted to technical developments.

Mrs. Jessie F. Attwater says that her new magazine, Femina (Boston), "will publish articles covering a wide range of subjects, grouped somewhat as follows : The child (pure milk, district nursing, prevention of infant mortality, etc.) ; the home (food values, domestic science, domestic economy, efficiency in home-management, the budget) ; the school (corporal punishment, sex education, industrial and vocational training, moving pictures, peace propaganda, schools as social centres) ; and society, (including discussions of segregated vice, municipal dance halls, women 'police,' settlement work, minimum wage, and prison reform.)"

With the appearance of its fifth number Current History, published by the New York Times, takes its place as a permanent monthly magazine. Its publishers announce that upon the conclusion of the war Current History "will treat the greater affairs of the world, including the vast questions arising out of the peace settlements, with the enterprise, discrimination, and thoroughness which now characterize its treatment of the active war."

The Publishers' Weekly, which three years ago started the Index to Dates, announces that the name of that publication is to be changed to Information, and that it will be doubled in size.

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Since a group of Yale University men three and a half years ago set about revivifying the Yale Review, by enlisting a superior staff of contributors, relegating economics and politics to their proper spheres of attention, welcoming literary and dramatic criticism and poetry, and giving editorial supervision to a man of proved insight as a judge of literary values, the Review has attained a circulation of 5,000 copies, and it is still growing.

The Journal of Home Economics is now a monthly, of the shape of most of the monthly magazines.

Frank A. Munsey has taken six floors in the new twenty-story office building now being built at 8 West Fortieth Street, opposite the Public Library, New York, to which he will remove his magazine offices about May 1.

The editor of the Scientific American (New York) says that he is always glad to receive for examination illustrated articles on subjects of timely interest. If the photographs are sharp, the articles short, and the facts authentic, the contributions will receive special attention. Accepted articles will be paid for at regular space rates.

The American Penman (New York) says about its contributors and the way they are paid: "The Penman retains, as regular contributors, only men and women of the first rank of literary and technical expertness in the subjects they are asked to write on and illustrate. These contributors are paid the highest price in all the penmanship and commercial school field for their articles and illustrations, and the amounts paid for these articles are considerably higher than the amounts paid by a majority of the well-known literary magazines for articles occupying an equal amount of space, whether fiction or non-fiction. The Penman does not ask unknown contributors to submit manuscripts, but the editors carefully read all manuscripts submitted, hoping to discover new writers of ability."

A new publishing house has been incorporated in New York, under the name Robert Appleton, Inc., by the grandson of Daniel Appleton, who founded D. Appleton & Co. Robert Appleton, the president of the new corporation, recently completed the publication of the Catholic Encyclopaedia at a cost of more than half a million dollars.

The Page Company (Boston), referring to a paragraph in the January WRITER saying that the bankruptcy of the Liebler Company, in New York, had brought out the statement that the company bought the dramatic rights of "Pollyanna" for $600, writes: "We did not sell the dramatic rights of 'Pollyanna' outright, but placed the dramatic rights with the Liebler Company on a satisfactory royalty contract, with a substantial amount paid in advance to apply on account of royalty earnings."

In connection with its removal to 353 Fourth avenue, the Century Company has issued a booklet giving the history of the Century Magazine.

The estate of Marshall P. Wilder amounts to $267,000.

The estate of Miss Fannie M. Farmer, a cooking teacher in the Boston schools and author of a cookbook, is valued at $165,000.

Walter Leon Sawyer died in Boston January 29, aged fifty-two.

Miss M. E. Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell), died at Richmond, England, February 4, aged seventy-four.

Mrs. Augusta Hale Gifford died at Portland, Me., February 8, aged seventy-three.

James Creelman died in Berlin February 12, aged fifty-five.

Fanny Crosby (Mrs. Alexander Van Alstyne) died at Bridgeport, Conn., February 12, aged ninety-four.

Samuel T. Pickard died at the Whittier homestead at Amesbury, Mass., February 12, aged eighty-seven.

Jules Huret died in Paris February 14, aged fifty years.

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"CONCERNING SHORT STORIES," . Wyndham Martyn
By the Literary Editor of Pearson's Magazine.
"THE SORROWS OF BEING AN AUTHOR" . . Margaret Widdemer
"THE POWER OF SUGGESTION" . . . . Annie Balcomb Wheeler
"COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED" . Edward B. Hughes
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Single numbers of THE WRITER published before January, 1915, will be sent, post-paid, for fifteen cents each, excepting the numbers for August, November, and December, 1887; January-December, inclusive, 1889; October, 1891; and April, 1898 — which are out of print excepting in bound volumes. Single copies for the current year will be sent for ten cents each.

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VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, APRIL, 1915. No. 4.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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CONCERNING SHORT STORIES.

[By the Literary Editor of Pearson's Magazine.]

Although it is not part of an editor's duty in rejecting manuscripts to send an accompanying letter of criticism or advice, it is occasionally his pleasant lot to encourage a new writer. It is a mistake to suppose that because a contribution is badly spelled its rejection therefore is inevitable. An editor hungry for good stories is not a schoolmaster looking for mistakes, but a man who will very gladly legitimatize phonetic renderings if the story has possibilities in it.

Very often I get letters asking my candid opinion of stories submitted. An ingenuous contributor the other day, to save trouble, asked me to mark under the following descriptions my opinion of his effort: "Good. Fair. Poor. Simply Rotten." I was glad I could say "Fair," but I should have been better pleased to say "Good."

By way of warning young writers, I will mention some extraordinary adjectives which accompanied an otherwise excellent story submitted a few weeks ago:—

"One macilent hand,"
"Deleterious exterior,"
"A calorific flush,"
"An etiolated gilt frame,"
"Yellow lambence,"
"Subitaneous cloud,"
"Stramentous darkness,"
"Fuliginous blackness,"
"Temulent rain."

All of these sonorous words were suitably used. it is true, but all could be replaced by equally illuminating ones, simpler to understand and smelling less of large dictionaries. R. L. S., Walter Pater, and Henry James were able to revel in uncommon words and use them without offending, but the young writer runs risks when he experiments.

Another story submitted concerned a trial in a Southern court, and was conceived in a dramatic mood. The author, incidentally, coined new words with splendid recklessness. I remember that "hydravillian" was one of them, and "celebrite" another. In the end the "hydra-

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villian" fled "screaming from the court room, like a maniac." And in the course of the trial this remarkable man "dripped great drops of sweat from head, face, and hands."

If these authors read this, I hope they will forgive me for stealing their adjectivial thunder.

I have noticed that very many authors leave it to the magazine to pay their excess postage, and if they enclose stamps often send too few. If the hope that we may find O. Henrys among this careless crowd cheers us in paying the deficit it is not a commendable economy on its part.

Sometimes the rejected write hotly that if only they had big names their stories had not come back in hot haste. I do not think they are justified. Certainly not so far as Pearson's is concerned. In the publication of serial stories the big name is more than half the battle, I admit; circulation-getting literature may be built about such famous authors. But in the short story (why do so many think a nine-thousand word manuscript a short story?) the editor looks little at names. He wants the story. And there is a big market for short stories. There was never so big a one before, and the prices never were so good. *Wyndham Martyn.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE SORROWS OF BEING AN AUTHOR.

I often wonder if the people who sell books, or the ones who — we hope — buy them, ever think about the sorrows of being an author. I've just begun having them, so I suppose they are more vivid to me now than they will be — even hanging gets to be monotonous after a while, they say.

If you teach school, or are the president of a college, or take out ashes, for a living, nobody really cares very much how you do it. But if you write, the general public, which has seemed up to that time a nice, kind, friendly body, made up of sympathetic relatives and friends and strangers, turns itself into a board of inquisition. They demand to know exactly how the wheels go 'round and how you felt when you turned them. And of course they think that everything you ever mentioned in a book happened to yourself. You remember how the little girl said to Louisa Alcott in an injured voice: "I thought that if you wrote girls' books you'd be about sixteen, with your hair in two tails down your back!" In other words, if you write about princesses, they are certain you have golden hair and blue eyes. If you write about broken hearts, they take it for granted you have had your heart fractured in eight different places. Also, going on the same principle, if you write about cats, I suppose they might take it for granted you are a cat! Well, I did know a woman once who specialized on cats — she adored them — and she was one, rather!

Last summer, at the seashore, the people who rocked on the hotel porch discovered my new, but rather dark, secret. Then their pleasure began. Mine didn't. In a short time I had a list of questions I wished people wouldn't ask budding authors. I had a half-formed idea of pinning it up somewhere for them to look at, but I never summoned the nerve. I have that list still, though. Here it is: —

"Do you have to wait for inspiration?" If anybody who reads this has never had that question answered, I might as well say now that you don't. I

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never heard of anybody who made a living by writing who waited for inspirations, yet. You see, you might have to wait too long! Your relatives say: "You know you have to get that done!" and finally chase you off somewhere to do it, exactly as if it were a music lesson or housework.

The next pleasant question is: "Do you write under your own name, or a nom-de-plume?" I hope you can see the insult in that; but the average questioners never do. They always follow it up with: "I never have seen anything you have written—why is that?" The obvious reply, that they probably have n't looked, is unnecessary. After that they are struck with a bright idea. They say: "Oh, you must have a scrapbook with everything you've written in it! Please lend it to me!"

You don't, however. That is, not after you are an old and wise author. I did—I told you I was new at the business. I loaned it to a most pressing young friend, who displayed a flattering interest. He kept it for a long, long time. I thought he was learning all my gems by heart. Finally he returned it, all but the back cover, which never did show up. And I said meekly, but expectantly: "How did you like it?"

"Oh, your stories and poetry?" said he, with a blank expression. "I forgot all about 'em. You know I'm studying illustrating, and I wanted to see different styles of illustrators! But I'll keep it a while longer and try to find time for the stories!" he added generously. I suppose I should have pressed it on him, but I did n't—I snatched it and fled!

Then there are the people who are crazy to be put in a story. They implore you to make them hero and heroine, and sell the story to Harper's or the Century "and don't forget to send me a copy!" Or they tell you of how their aunt fell down the cellar stairs hunting for a burglar. and never broke a thing—"It would make the most wonderful story if I could only tell you how she looked!" There was one plump, yellow-haired girl with a great deal of poise who spent weeks and months, having found a story of mine in a magazine, coaxing me to put her in one. "I never was in a story," she would explain, "and I want to be—it would be such fun to tell the boys about it, and make them guess who the hero was!" And the tragic thing about that girl was, that I had put her in the very lone story she had read. I described her as a little fat stenographer with a good-hearted disregard for grammar and the finer feelings, and dismissed her along with the other scenery. But, thank goodness, she never discovered what had happened.

Another curious thing about being a confessed writer, is that you are never allowed off guard. If you sit down to enjoy a sunset or an ocean view somebody is sure to rush up and say cheerfully: "Oh, getting inspiration?" And you know even people who earn their living by means of sunsets and emotions sometimes take a little time off to enjoy them uncommercially.

It does n't really seem quite fair that authors should be kept on the job so exclusively. People do not rush up to a lawyer and say: "Oh, I saw something to-day that would interest you so much—a man beating his wife! You could make a lovely case out of that!" No more do they say to a manufacturer of pig iron (for instance): "I saw such a wonderful pig to-day! I must take you to see it—you would get such inspiration from it for your work!" Naturally, you love your writing, but there are times when people's attitude toward you makes you feel like the little girl who asked her mother if after she went to Heaven, if she was very good all the week, she could go down to Hell and play

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with the little devils Saturday afternoons!

Also I found that the people on the hotel porch and others besides them, were positive that because you write you have foresworn the pomps and vanities. I happened to be last winter in a very, very slow place. Not Philadelphia — I'm not going to spring that. Philadelphia is n't slow at all. Indeed, I think it's about the nicest place I know. This place was deadly — nothing to do, nowhere to go, no friends nearer than fifty miles in one direction and forty in the other. And all anybody ever said by way of sympathy was: "How you must enjoy so much seclusion and opportunity to write!"

This winter, too, I nearly missed a very festive Junior Prom because I wrote. The man who had been wondering if he dared to take me finally came plumply out with: "I don't suppose you care for dancing or any such pleasures, writing, you know — but would you mind going?" He nearly fainted when I said I wanted to go, and it was only a mercy that he lived to tell the tale, when he discovered I actually took an interest in the clothes I was going to have for the occasion!

But, in spite of it all, I never found anything in my life that was as much fun as writing! *Margaret Widdemer.*

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

"Observe, observe," is the advice handed to literary aspirants, and so much stress is laid upon it that one worker at least is constrained to emphasize what in her opinion is of equal importance — the value of suggestion.

Young writers are inclined to observe so conscientiously that they squeeze the life from their subject. They may produce a work of art, possibly, without creating a spark of interest. It is the quick glance that should be cultivated — the power to select and appropriate the vital part. It is like an open door through which one sees the vision, the definite impression, the appeal to the imagination, glowing, palpitating, upon which, plus one's personality, one can build.

The most ordinary things may be rich in suggestion. One would not look for inspiration in the old, scraggly lilac bush at a farmer's back door, a shrub of such decrepitude that it was used solely for drying dish-towels and floor mops, but picture the impression it might make upon a small "Fresh Air" child who had never been in the country before and there you have the story, "The Dish-Rag Tree," which just wrote itself and of which the editor told me pleasant things. A fat, sleepy toad dumped into a city back yard with a load of soil intended to revivify a tiny struggling garden would also seem a dreary theme, but there might be a small invalid, another prisoner within walls, and the friendship of these two might make life endurable for the ailing child, — and here was the idea for "Mrs. Happy Hoppy," which the Youth's Companion appropriated. An ordinary brown biddy that walked with a hippity-hop and a cricket chirping on a stone wall appear to be the most commonplace subjects, but one suggested a comradeship with a crippled child, while the other gave the idea for a "glad" poem, both of which brought checks from well-known publishers.

The chance word, the snatch of conversation overheard on the train, are fertile

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sources of inspiration. Pictures and photos also are rich in suggestion. When you see those that interest you, stop a moment and discover *why* they interest, and you have your story. Have you little folks in the family? Then you have an inexhaustible mine to be exploited. If you have the privilege of seeing photos of your friends' small men and maids, that is nearly as good — look them over and see if most of them do not tell you a story. Out of twenty-five snap-shots of a charming little family of three I was able recently to select *twenty* with a story or verse just popping out at me. Six have already been checked off the list, and the morning's mail informs me that one has found a resting-place.

The newspapers teem with topics; the smallest item of news may be full of possibilities. Underline the sentence or word that suggests the story or poem, clip the item and file it away for future use. A Grandpa joke read not long ago pointed clearly to a poem that brought me an acceptable check.

If, fellow tourist, you have gazed so long and earnestly from the observation car that your poor head is whirling and your efforts have brought but indifferent success, why not rest your eyes a bit? Try the quick, appropriating glance and allow the imagination a freer rein. Keep the note-book ready, and with a single sentence put the suggested topic safely in cold storage until you have need of it. Here's luck to you!

SALEM, MASS. *Annie Balcomb Wheeler.*

COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED. — XXXV.

Since aeroplane, in the case of most people, sticks in pronunciation and many yield to the natural tendency and pronounce it "areoplane," why not drop the word altogether and use "airplane" as a substitute?

Not infrequently the repetition of a preposition is necessary to avoid ambiguity, as, for instance, in the sentence, "Now the Mexicans are venting their spite upon the Spaniards instead of upon the Americans." If the second "upon" is omitted, the sentence might mean "Now the Mexicans, instead of the Americans, are venting their spite upon the Spaniards."

Billy Sunday uses more or less slang and roughneck talk, but his Philadelphia defender who says: "Let he that is without sin cast the first stone," is evidently very finical about his use of language.

No one but plain, ordinary, common sense persons would ever write such a sentence, for instance, as "The cost of membership is one dollar a year." The truly elect, of course, would make it read "one dollar the year."

Many people say "are n't they?" when they mean "are n't there?" The two phrases are correctly used in these sentences: "They are still doing business, are n't they?" "There are prunes in the pantry, are n't there?" "Is there?" and "is n't there?" are correctly used like "are n't there?" "Is they?" and "Is n't they?" are always wrong.

Instead of saying "The letter was written in the Danish language," why not say simply: "The letter was written in Danish"?

The danger of ambiguity in the use of "one" is illustrated by this editorial paragraph in the Kansas City Journal: "'How strangely silent one Colonel Roosevelt is,' says the Baltimore American. One? Heavens! There are n't two, are there?" *Edward B. Hughes.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Room 416, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XXVII. APRIL, 1915. NO. 4.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Three typewritten letters that came to the editor of THE WRITER in March were received without a signature. None of them was in the nature of a contract, or required the authentication of an autograph, so that a typewritten signature would have been sufficient in each case—and perhaps much more legible than a written signature would have been. One of the letters contained a remittance for magazines which could not have been sent if a second letter from the writer who forgot to use his pen to sign his first letter had not been received. There is no reason why ordinary routine letters should not be signed, as well as written, with the typewriter. Important letters, of course, should be signed with a pen, but in such cases, the writer should not try, as some people seem to do, to make the autograph signature as illegible as possible.

* * *

Long-winded writers, who never know when they have got through, should take a lesson from the story of the old Scotch lady's coachman, who was wont to slip out from the kirk, near what he supposed to be the close of the sermon, in order to have her carriage ready. One Sunday, having become impatient but being somewhat in doubt, he whispered to his mistress, "Is he no dune yet?" "Dune?" retorted the indignant old lady. "He's dune half an hoor since; but he'll no stop."

* * *

The Chicago Herald, which is printing anonymously every day a famous poem, asking its readers: "Who wrote these familiar lines?" and printing the correct answer the following day, is doing a great deal of harm by putting poems into circulation with nothing to indicate their authorship. As a matter of simple justice, no poem should ever be published without the author's name attached to it.

* * *

Should writers study the fashion magazines? The publishers of Vogue argue

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that fiction writers, especially men, should exercise great care in the dressing of their heroines. Nothing, say these disinterested gentlemen, hurts a book in the estimation of women more than the slovenly and tasteless costumes devised by ignorant authors for the adornment of the feminine characters. Vogue, they add, throws light on the subject of fashions, and is invaluable to the writers of "best sellers." Robert W. Chambers, it is said, subscribes for it by the year. And yet, with all the possibilities of being up to date thus made available, there are masculine writers who will continue crudely to describe the irresistible heroine as clad "in some light clinging stuff." W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Brevard Mays Connor, who wrote the story, "Billy's Cashier," in the Ladies' Home Journal for March, was graduated in 1910 from Yale, where he was an editor of one of the college papers. After graduation, with a classmate he took charge of a rice plantation in the Gulf Coast country. While there he began to write for the magazines, and meeting with some success abandoned the plough for the pen. Mr. Connor has spent a great deal of time in the bayou country of Southern Louisiana, along the Mexican border, and, in company with George Pattullo, a fraternity brother and a fellow resident of Dallas, on the ranches of West Texas. Most of his work utilizes one of these three sections as background. The title character in "Billy's Cashier" is essentially a portrait from life, the original living in Dallas. He is the actual author of several of the remarks credited to him in the story. After writing the story, Mr. Connor lost faith in it and laid it away. When he did send it out it sold immediately. For a time Mr. Connor was feature writer for the Holland publications, Holland's Magazine and Farm and Ranch. He has also had stories in numerous magazines, including Collier's, the Smart Set, Harper's Weekly, Munsey's, and Sunset, and stories he has written will shortly appear in Ainslee's Magazine, the Blue Book, and Munsey's.

T. Fletcher Dennis, whose name was erroneously printed as F. Fletcher Dennis, in connection with his story, "Forsaking All Others," in the American Magazine for March, is a lawyer by profession, being at the present time law clerk of the United States Pension Bureau. He was born at Waverly, Illinois, but has been a resident of Washington, D. C., for many years. Mr. Dennis has written more or less on the subject of pension laws, his contributions on that subject having appeared both in the Forum and in pamphlet form. He has also written other articles upon the general topic of the lawyer's duty to the public. He claims no particular credit for originality in connection with the story, "Forsaking All Others," which is based on documents that came into his hands almost by chance. The letters were originally written in Danish and were translated into English by a talented German lady, who unconsciously gave the phraseology a delightful foreign flavor.

Elizabeth Irons Folsom, whose story, "The Scheming of Letitia," appeared in the March Munsey's, is a new writer, her first story having been accepted less than a year ago by Mr. Durant of the Munsey Company. The Munsey Company also bought her next seven stories. Mrs. Folsom is a newspaper woman, and her work as a court reporter for the Bloomington, (Ill.) Pantagraph has brought her in touch with some phases of human nature not often discerned outside the court room. Some of her stories have been woven around the joy and the pathos of characters whose peculiarities and foibles were observed in or around the court. Mrs. Folsom is Illinois born and bred, but

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has spent much time abroad and in the far American Northwest.

Frank Froest, author of the series of detective stories now running in the Red Book, of which "The Mayor's Daughter" in the March issue was one, has an advantage over the ordinary writer of the detective story in that until a few years ago he was the executive chief of the criminal investigation department at Scotland Yard, with the whole organization of the London detective service under his control. Mr. Froest achieved the highest post in the English detective service, after passing through every grade of police work. There is probably no detective alive who has had a wider experience or who has a greater reputation in international police circles. He has pitted his wits against the keenest criminals in all parts of the world — the Argentine, South Africa, the United States, and every country in Europe. More than once he has been borrowed from England by the United States Goverment for delicate investigations, notably in the case of Tom O'Brien, the bunco-steerer, who, after he had been run down and convicted, crossed to England, and was saved from shooting Froest only by a fluke. It was Mr. Froest who first got on the trail of the missing Gainsborough picture, "The Duchess of Devonshire," and among his souvenirs is a valuable reproduction of the picture presented to him by Messrs. Agnew, the owners. When Jabez Balfour, the author of the colossal Liberator frauds, escaped to the Argentine and for months defied every attempt to bring him back, Froest made perhaps the most dramatic arrest in criminal history. An attempt was made to hold Balfour on some minor local charge, to prevent his being taken into British jurisdiction. Froest chartered a special train, got his man on board, and though sheriff's officers tried to hold him up, stood over the engine driver and even stoked the engine himself until they reached safety. He it was, too, who was charged with the delicate business of escorting and conducting the police case against the Jameson raiders. During his six years as supreme executive chief at Scotland Yard few serious crimes went undetected, and his mastery of organization was acknowledged by the greatest detective experts in the world. He has received the King's police medal — the most coveted decoration of the English police service — and when he retired he was summoned to Buckingham Palace to be decorated with the Royal Victorian Order. Since he retired he has been placed on the magisterial bench for Somerset. Large sums have been offered for his reminiscences, but he is fixed in his determination not to write them. Mr. Froest's first book, "The Grell Mystery," ran through many editions. He has written two other books which will shortly be published, and one of the Munsey publications will soon run a novel of detective life that he has written.

Helen R. Hull, whose story, "The Soul-Maker," was published in the March Harper's, has really just begun to write, and "The Soul-Maker" is her first story of importance to appear in print. Harper's has taken other stories written by her which will come out in the future. Miss Hull is an instructor of English at Wellesley. She was born in Michigan, and was graduated from the University of Chicago in 1912.

Mary Kalor Hutchinson, author of the poem, "The Tan Colored Road," in Munsey's for March, was born in Portland, Maine. She is the wife of Alfred J. Hutchinson, and has lived in Whitman, Mass., for the past twenty years. During that time she has held a position as society editor and editor of the household department of the Brockton Times, and is well known socially and in club circles. In re-

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cent years Mrs. Hutchinson has published many magazine articles, and has had poems in the leading magazines. She is at present at work on her first novel, which will be a story of rural life.

Constance Johnson, whose poems appear from time to time in the magazines, has found time for a variety of literary activities, in spite of the fact that she is the mother of three small children and the wife of a husband who writes verses occasionally himself. Her best known literary work involved the planning of the series of delightful little books beginning with "When Mother Lets Us Cook," and followed by "When Mother Lets Us Help," and so on. Three volumes in the series were her own work, and others were the result of her suggestion. She is the author also of a story for young folks describing travel in France, and joint author with her husband, Burges Johnson, of "A Year Book of Humor," and "A Private Code and Postcard Cypher." Mrs. Johnson is a daughter of Hon. Everett P. Wheeler, and was born in New York City. She studied at the Brearley School, the Stearns School of Languages, and the New York College of Music. In 1904 she married Burges Johnson, and shortly afterward they removed to Port Washington, Long Island, where they have resided ever since.

Charles J. Sullivan, who wrote the story, "The Last Dance," which was printed in Collier's for February 27, was born in Portland, Oregon, in 1890. He received his education in the Chaddock School, Quincy, Ill., and in Ohio Wesleyan, Delaware, Ohio. In his second year in college he enlisted in the Marine Corps for four years. He served in Cuba and in Central America, and was honorably discharged in 1913. "The Last Dance" is the first story Mr. Sullivan attempted to write. It was suggested to him while in Cuba by the finding of a picture post-card in a pile of driftwood on the shore of Guantanamo Bay, and the character of Private Knuckles is practically true to life. In its first form, the story was entitled "Lady Santa of the Seas." Every time it came back Mr. Sullivan re-wrote it—once a month for more than a year. Then he changed it considerably and renamed it. One editor to whom he sent it returned it with the comment that it would n't get by the magazine's feminine readers, and another editor said it was too much on the goody-goody order. He sent the story unchanged to Collier's and sold it. It is his first story to be published in a big magazine, although it was not the first one sold. "The Peace of Buluan" will appear in Short Stories, and "From Out the Centuries" in the Black Cat.

P. G. Wodehouse (Pelham Grenville Wodehouse), whose short story, "Bill, the Bloodhound," appeared in the February Century, is an English author who has been living in this country since 1909. Before that year he was best known as a writer of short stories of English school-life and as the conductor of a humorous column, "By the Way," in the London Globe. His first novel, "Love Among the Chinese," appeared in the United States in 1909, since when he has published "The Intrusions of Jimmy," (a dramatic version of which, under the title, "A Gentleman of Leisure," ran with success in New York and Chicago), "The Prince and Betty," "The Little Nugget," (a dramatic version of which Daniel Frohman is to produce shortly), and "The White Hope." In collaboration with H. W. Westbrook Mr. Wodehouse wrote "Brother Alfred," a farce based on a story of his in Collier's Weekly, which was produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, and in collaboration with C. H. Bovill, the revue, "Nuts and Wine," which had a long run at the Empire Theatre, London, last year. Mr. Wodehouse is also the author of several vaudeville sketches, and was for some time a writer of lyrics at the Gaiety Theatre,

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London. Nearly all the English rights of his stories are bought by the Strand Magazine. In this country he has contributed to Collier's, McClure's, the Metropolitan, the Cosmopolitan, the Pictorial Review, Munsey's, and Ainslee's. He is the dramatic critic of Vanity Fair, and one of the book-reviewers of London Punch. He was born October 15, 1881, and his first book, a humorous story of English public-school life, entitled "The Pot-Hunters," was published in 1902.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Brown. — Alice Brown, the Boston author, is modest about her work, and does not like newspaper interviews. "Once," Miss Brown said recently, "I had a reporter come to me from a Boston paper. It was many years ago. I am quite sure that experience made me shrink from ever seeing myself talking in print again.

"The young man asked me various questions which I tried to answer to the best of my ability. Among other things, he asked me if I did n't write stories for the Atlantic Monthly. I replied that I had been fortunate enough to have stories accepted by that publication. When his interview came out you can imagine my horror when I read this : 'And the little lady, waving a hand toward her desk, on which lay a finished manuscript, said, "That's a little story I've just written for the Atlantic Monthly."'"

Bullen. — Frank T. Bullen had a most dramatic life and arrived at remarkable attainments. Born in the slums of London, a vagrant of the streets in early life, with no relative but an aunt, he afterward became a sailor and began unconsciously gathering the material which he began to use in 1883, when he was driven to descriptive writing, to increase his meagre income from a position in the meteorological office.

There were struggles to dispose of his first manuscript, but eventually his work came to be compared by able critics to Richard H. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." For his utterances as an evangelist and for such works as "The Cruise of the Cachalot," "Idylls of the Sea," "The Log of a Sea Waif," "Christ Upon the Sea," others called him "a modern Bunyan" and "a Defoe of the Sea."

Bullen's twelve years of sea life were passed in hard service in the forecastle, for the most part, in all parts of the world. One of his cruises was in the New Bedford whaler whose voyage is so vividly described in the "Cachalot." Marrying at twenty-two in London on a Monday a girl of eighteen, he sailed on a Wednesday for Calcutta as a common sailor for fifteen dollars a month, and after returning as second mate was three weeks at home before starting on a perilous voyage to Nova Scotia with a drunken skipper. At twenty-four he abandoned the sea, and for sixteen years worked as a clerk in the Meteorological Office at ten dollars a week, eking out his pay with small earnings as street peddler, picture-frame maker, and artist's model. Indeed, it was on the counter of his picture-frame shop one evening, tired of waiting for customers who did not come, that he wrote his first story. It was called "A Visit to Sunday Island." It was about 3,000 words long, and six months afterward Bullen got a guinea for it. He was forty years old then. He was not particularly inclined to continue writing, he says, but his framing business failed. He tells his story thus : —

"With five youngsters all helplessly dependent upon me, I needed much more than my meagre office pay to feed them properly and pay the rent. At last the inevitable occurred and I wrote a short story. It was barely three thousand words, and, although not based upon my own experience, was my setting of a yarn I had heard when I was a boy at Kingston, Jamaica. My first venture with this was unhappy. The editor returned it with a polite note to the effect that he had just

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written a similar story for his magazine! Looking back, I fancy I must even then have had an inkling of commercial sense in literary matters, for I promptly sent it somewhere else. It was accepted, and I was paid a guinea for it with very little waiting. But of course the publication by Smith, Elder of "The Cruise of the Cachalot' made me generally known."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

How to Write Film Scenarios.—Those who undertake to write scenarios of moving picture dramas may profitably read this advice from one of the Selig editors :—

The motion-picture scenario consists of a title to the story, a cast of characters, the synopsis, and the detailed action by scenes.

The title should be catchy and comprehensive. Not enough thought is given to picture-play titles, and many of them are changed by the editors. A title should be out-of-the-ordinary and appealing, and should not divulge too much of the plot.

The cast of characters should be small for the comedy or drama of usual release. Too many characters will sacrifice clearness ; it should be remembered that the story must be told in action, not in dialogue or in descriptive matter, and the cast of leading characters should rarely exceed seven or eight. Names of characters should also be meaningful. You would not want the name "Bridget" for a shrinking and lovely debutante. The name of the character should fit that character, giving a life-like atmosphere. Avoid artificiality in names.

The synopsis is perhaps the most important part of the scenario. The synopsis to a one-reel picture-play story should not necessarily exceed 250 words. In that synopsis a complete idea of the plot should be given and also the climaxes and other strong situations and points in the story. With practice, all the highly interesting points in a two-reel plot can be presented in about five hundred words, or less. The art of condensation must be acquired. It is essential to success in picture-play writing.

The editor will turn to the plot synopsis first of all. It should give him, almost at a glance, certainly in a short space of time, a comprehensive idea of just what the story is, how it comes out, what the climax is, the atmosphere, etc.

It is a fact that many editors prefer a well-written synopsis, accompanied by a good title, and cast of characters, to the detailed action. However, there is pride in complete work, although frequently a story will be purchased from the synopsis alone.

The detailed action, or scenario proper, should be begun on a new sheet of manuscript paper. Scenes should all be numbered plainly, and each and every scene given its location. It depends on the story as to the number of scenes in a reel, and the best advice is to write the number of them necessary to carry the plot logically to conclusion. If the producer cares for more he can increase them to suit his own ideas.

Where the Photoplays Come From.—Henry J. Allen, who has been visiting and lecturing in California for several weeks, writes from Los Angeles : "Seventy-nine per cent. of all the pictures being shown in America to-day are made here. There are eighty companies of various importance, twenty-five thousand people are on the payroll, and the volume of money paid out annually at Los Angeles for the production of the moving-picture films is over five million dollars—a third as much as the famous wine industry produces. The Universal Company has builded a city. You can go and see Mary Pickford and all your other favorites of animated photography at work. You can see great buildings erected in an hour and blown up in a second. You can see

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comedies, tragedies, ballroom scenes, and battles. You'll find fuzzy redskins, screaming cowboys, graceful society belles, kings, and peasants all hobnobbing together in a population as varied as mince pie. You'll see a big building with different architecture on all four sides, so that they may be used as backgrounds for foreign pictures. You can find things more odd than the cities discovered in the Wizard of Oz, but you'll discover in this unreal atmosphere a busy people all working hard to keep the country supplied with its thrilling photo-plays."—Kansas City Star.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SHORT STORIES IN THE MAKING. By Robert Wilson Neal A. M. 269 pp. Cloth, 60 cents. New York: Oxford University Press. 1914.

Mr. Neal's book is a practical, closely written treatise intended for the writer, in large part for the inexperienced writer, but for the advanced undertaker of story-telling, too. It is written not from the critic's but from the practising author's point of view, to guide and help persons who wish to write short stories. Chapter I discusses the theory of the short story—as a specialized term for which Mr. Neal adopts Professor Canby's suggestion of the French word "conte"—and the author points out that fiction aims at the interpretation of life and the diversion of the reader by means of concrete presentation; that the short story, or conte, is a type in itself; that the short story is a drama in narrative, and that its plot must be dramatic; that the short story requires persons in action in a time of crisis; that singleness of effect is necessary to the short story, although it may aim at different kinds of effect; that some short stories emphasize theme, some plot, some character, and some atmosphere. Chapter II, on "Theory and Practice of the Plot," points out that the short-story plot much resembles that of the one-act play; that the exposition is the introducing part of the plot; that the exciting moment, or inciting impulse, begins the development; that the rising action develops the plot to its decisive moment, and the falling action brings the outcome and close. In Chapter III, on "The Compositional Construction of the Short Story," Mr. Neal points out that the opening seizes interest, introduces action, strikes the keynote, and (perhaps) conveys exposition; that the purposes of the opening can be served by various kinds of beginning; that in the body of the story the chief constructional problem is that of sequence; that the ending, if separate from the climactic moment, exists merely to supplement and close the narrative; and that a preliminary scheme of important compositional facts will help the author. Chapter IV takes up "Other Problems of Fiction-Writing," and the propositions are laid down that observance of certain "unities" prevents dispersal of effect; that decision upon plot and selection of developing material must be determined by the author's detailed familiarity with the facts involved: that characterization involves the presenting of human traits, class attributes, and personal traits and mannerisms; that "character" implies an original conception of a person having definite individuality, its traits being portrayed by description, analysis, psychological narration, and especially act and speech; that dialogue lightens the narrative, contributes to exposition and intensification, furthers action, and characterizes; and that the main practical problems of dialogue are how to make sure of essential truthfulness and produce verisimilitude. A closing chapter answers a number of questions that are commonly asked by story writers. The book is marvellously cheap.

W. H. H.

THE DESK STANDARD DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. With 1,200 illustrations. Abridged from the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary. By James C. Fernald, L. H. D., Octavo. 894 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1915.

This new abridgement of the large Standard Dictionary is ideal for everyday desk use—large enough to give the needed information almost every time, and small enough to be convenient to consult. The vocabulary includes more than 80,000 terms, including, the compiler says, every worthy word in approved general and literary use. There is only one vocabulary. Personal and geographical names, abbreviations, symbols, prefixes, suffixes, etc., are all included in one alphabetical order, and the only appendix is a list—a good full list—of current foreign words and phrases. A useful feature is the inclusion of names of persons, with a brief

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characterization and the dates of birth and (if not now living) of death, thus making the work serve to some extent, the purpose of a biographical dictionary. Much attention is given to synonyms and antonyms, and the right use of prepositions is fully explained. The illustrations are excellent. Altogether, the dictionary is an admirable one and just the thing for the desk of any writer.

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

[THE WRITER is pleased to receive for review any books about authors, authorship, language, or literary topics, or any books that would be of real value in a writer's library, such as works of reference, history, biography, or travel. There is no space in the magazine for the review of fiction, poetry, etc. All books received will be acknowledged under this heading. Selections will be made for review in the interest of THE WRITER'S readers.]

THE WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' YEAR-BOOK, 1915. A directory for writers, artists, and photographers. Edited by G. E Mitton, 173 pp. Flexible cloth. 30 cents. London: Adam & Charles Black. Ltd. New York: The Macmillan Company.

GETTING A WRONG START. A truthful autobiography. 234 pp, cloth, $1.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE AMERICAN WHITAKER ALMANAC AND ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR 1915. Edited by C. W. Whitaker, M. A. F. S. A. 648 pp. Cloth. New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co. 1915.

IOWA AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS. A contribution toward a bibliography. By Alice Marple, with introduction by Edgar R. Harlan. 151 pp. Paper. Des Moines, Iowa: Historical Department of Iowa. 1914.

THE GREAT GALEOTO. By José Echegaray. Translated from the Spanish by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. 202 pp. Cloth, 75 cents, net. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 1914.

BOSTON COMMON. A diary of notable events, incidents and neighboring occurrences. By Samuel Barber. 288 pp. Cloth. Boston: Christopher Publishing House. 1914.

THE BACKYARD FARMER. By J. Willard Boulter. 238 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: Forbes & Company. 1914.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodicals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

JOHN HAY IN POLITICS AND DIPLOMACY. From his unpublished letters and diaries. Compiled and edited by William Roscoe Thayer. *Harper's Magazine* for April.

EDWARD GARNETT AND HIS REMARKS ON AMERICAN FICTION. W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

GREEK TRAGEDY AND MODERN FICTION. Editor's Study, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN FRANCE. Emile Legonis. *Yale Review* for April.

WALPOLE AND FAMILIAR CORRESPONDENCE. Chauncey B. Tinker. *Yale Review* for April.

THE "MADE-AT-HOME" PAGEANT: HOW TO WRITE AND STAGE IT. Illustrated. Constance D'Arcy Mackay. *Countryside Magazine* for April.

THE BOOKS THAT I READ AND WHEN AND HOW I DO MY READING. With portraits. Theodore Roosevelt. *Ladies' Home Journal* for April.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. Kate Douglas Wiggin. *Ladies' Home Journal* for April.

MY WORK AND HEALTH AT 83. With portrait. Amelia E. Barr. *Ladies' Home Journal* for April.

MRS. CARLYLE AND HER LITTLE CHARLOTTE. A series of unpublished letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Illustrated Commentary by Reginald Blunt. *Strand* for April.

CARTOONIST DONAHEY AND HIS WORK. (James Harrison Donahey). Illustrated. Francis Arthur Jones. *Strand* for April.

ENGRAVING BY LIGHT. How a "process-block" is made. Illustrated. Frederick A Talbot. *Strand* for April.

THE PRONUNCIATION OF ENGLISH IN AMERICA. Robert J. Menner. *Atlantic* for March.

THE AMENITIES OF BOOK-COLLECTING. I.—Collecting Abroad. A. Edward Newton. *Atlantic* for March.

JAMES STEPHENS—AN APPRECIATION. With portrait. William Aspenwall Bradley. *Bookman* for March.

HENRI BERGSON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY. With portrait. G. G. Wyant. *Bookman* for March.

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON. VI.—The United States. Illustrated. Clayton Hamilton. *Bookman* for March.

THE MANTLE OF EUGENE FIELD. With portraits of Bert Leston Taylor, Judd Mortimer Lewis, Frank L. Stanton, H. L. Mencken, Ellis Parker Butler, Don Marquis, Franklin P. Adams, and Montague Glass. William Trowbridge Larned. *Bookman* for March.

ROMANCE AND REALISM IN THE DRAMA. Clayton Hamilton *Bookman* for March.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE—AN ORIENTAL ESTIMATE. Basanta Koomar Roy. *Bookman* for March.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE. James Bryce. *North American Review* for March.

THE PLAYS OF EUGÈNE BRIEUX. W. D. Howells. *North American Review* for March.

HENRI DE RÉGNIER. Havelock Ellis. *North American Review* for March.

THOMAS HARDY. Louise Collier Willcox. *North American Review* for March.

ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT. With frontispiece portrait and illustrations. Montrose J. Moses. *Book News Monthly* for March.

AN AMERICAN POET HONORED AT LAST. Joseph Rodman Drake. G. W. Harris. *Book News Monthly* for March.

THE AUTHORS OF THE PHOTO-PLAY. With sixteen portraits. Russell E. Smith. *Book News Monthly* for March.

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ROBERT BRIDGES' NARCISSUS. Cora Davis. *Forum* for March.

THE GERMAN BERNARD SHAW (Hermann Bahr). H. F. Rubinstein. *Forum* for March.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF FRENCH LITERATURE. *American Review of Reviews* for March.

IS HAMLET AUTOBIOGRAPHY? Vincent McNabb. *Catholic World* for March.

THE NEW JOURNALISM. Herbert F. Gunnison. *National Printer Journalist* for March.

POETRY WITH A PREFACE. A review of Arthur Stringer's volume entitled "Open Water." With portrait. Arthur L. Phelps. *Canadian Magazine* for March.

THE OLD BOOKS IN WARTIME. Frederic Harrison. *English Review* for March.

M. E. BRADDON. *Author* (London) for March.

LORD BEACONSFIELD IN SOCIETY. T. H. S. Escott. *Fortnightly Review* for March.

BERNARD SHAW: AN EPITAPH. John Palmer. *Fortnightly Review* for March.

THE NEW POETS. Arthur C. Benson. *Cornhill Magazine* for March.

THE JEW IN DRAMA. Arthur Bourchier. *Contemporary Review* for March.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR. With portrait. *Zion's Herald* for February 3.

THE WARNER SISTERS. Oscar Fay Adams. *Christian Register* for February 25 and March 4.

BARKER, SHAW, AND ANATOLE FRANCE. Illustrated. Montrose J. Moses. *Bellman* for February 20.

WAR, LITERATURE, AND ART. R. A. Scott-James. *Bellman* for March 13.

WAR AND POETRY. William Morton Payne. *Dial* for March 4.

THE TRIALS OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT. F. Tennyson Jesse. *Collier's* for March 20.

REMINISCENCES.—XIV. Illustrated. Lyman Abbott. *Outlook* for February 24.

AN AMERICAN CRITIC (William C. Brownell). With portrait. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Outlook* for March 17.

REMINISCENCES. XV.—The New Journalism. Lyman Abbott. *Outlook* for March 24.

PURGATORY IN FICTION. Edwin H. Lewis. *Advance* for March 25.

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY'S NOVELS. E. Beresford Chancellor. Reprinted from *Chamber's Journal* in the *Living Age* for March 27.

PITFALLS IN BOOKLAND. Reprinted from the *Spectator* in the *Living Age* for March 27.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The convention of the National Editorial Association will be held in Los Angeles from June 29 to July 1. The International Press Congress will meet in San Francisco July 5.

Burges Johnson has accepted a position as assistant professor of English at Vassar, for next year.

Edward W. Townsend, author of the "Chimmie Fadden" sketches, who has been a congressman for five years, has become postmaster at Montclair, N. J.

The American Publishers' Association has applied to the New York Supreme Court for dissolution, and there will be a hearing April 9. At the time of incorporation, says the application, it was thought that the organization would be representative of the trade publishing interests in this country. The representative character has been destroyed, it is said, by numerous withdrawals caused by interstate complications.

An order has been passed by the British Privy Council under which American dramatists and composers now enjoy the same privileges under the British copyright laws as citizens of Great Britain and her colonies. This means that American composers can now produce in England plays and instrumental music without the formality of publishing their works in book or pamphlet form, and are protected against piracy.

The publishing business of the Browne & Howell Company, Chicago, has been taken over by Frank L. Howell, who was long associated with the old company, and will be conducted under the name of The Howell Company, with general offices at 608 South Dearborn street.

"Who's Cobb and Why?" is the title of a pamphlet issued by the George H. Doran Company in which the picturesque career of Irvin S. Cobb is described by Robert H. Davis, editor of the Munsey publications.

"George Bernard Shaw: Harlequin or Patriot?" by John Palmer (Century Company), is a tribute to Mr. Shaw by the man who has succeeded him as literary and dramatic critic of the London Saturday Review.

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In spite of the war English book-production in 1914 fell off only seven per cent. as compared with 1913, or from 12,379 to 11,537 volumes.

"Rabindranath Tagore, the Poet and His Personality," is the title of the first biography of Tagore to appear in English. It is written by Basanta Koomar Roy, a fellow-countryman and personal friend ot the Bengali poet, and will be issued shortly By Arthur C. Benson.

"William Blake : Poet and Mystic," by B. Berger, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

A Browning concordance, of which L. N. Broughton of Cornell University and B. F. Stelter of the University of Southern California will be the editors and chief compilers, is to be issued with the sanction and patronage of the Concordance Society of America.

The "Life and Writings of Alfred, Lord Tennyson," by Arthur Turnbull (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a biographical study, with a chronology of Tennyson's chief poems and an index.

"The Life of Nietzsche : Volume II, The Solitary Nietzsche," by Mrs. Forster-Nietzsche (Sturgis & Walton) is furnished with documents that would be available only to the thinker's sister.

"Friederich Nietzsche : His Life and Work," by M. A. Mugge, is published by Brentano's.

"A Dickens Pilgrimage" (E. P. Dutton & Co.,) is a little book about the spots made famous by "Boz."

"Essentials of English Speech and Literature," by F. H. Vizetelly (Funk & Wagnalls), is an outline of the origin and growth of the English language and its literature.

"The Story of English Speech," by Charles Noble, (Richard G. Badger), is an historical account of the English language, with specimens from Cædmon to Shakspere.

The official biography of the late Father Benson will be written by Father Martindale, but there will be another "life" called "Hugh : The Memoir of a Brother," by Arthur C. Benson.

S. M. Ellis, author of "William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends," has lately completed a biography of G. P. R. James.

"Chaucer and His Poetry," by George L. Kittredge (Harvard University Press), gives six lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins in 1914, discussing successively The Man and His Times, The Book of the Duchess, The House of Fame, Troilus, and The Canterbury Tales, in two parts.

"An Outline of Russian Literature," by Hon. Maurice Baring (Henry Holt & Co.,) is a volume of the Home University Library.

In the Arts and Crafts of Letters Series, "Comedy," by John Palmer ; "Satire," by Gilbert Cannan ; "History," by R. H. Gretton ; and "The Epic," by Lascelles Abercrombie, are published by the George H. Doran Co., New York.

"How to Write Moving Picture Plays," by William Lewis Gordon, is a small book published by the Atlas Publishing Co., Cincinnati.

The Chicago Tribune is offering prizes of $175, $150, $100, and $75 "for the best stories of 500 words each about the funniest event of your life." The prize-winning stories will be made into scenarios by the Selig Polyscope Company. Manuscripts should be addressed to "Contest Editor, Right-off-the-Reel Page, Chicago Tribune," and the writer's name and address should be enclosed with the manuscript in a sealed envelope. The contest will close May 2.

Collier's wants crisp, fresh anecdotes and original humorous verse for its humorous page, and will pay good prices. Manuscripts should be addressed : Humor Editor, Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York.

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A prize of $250 has been offered by the Cornell Masque for a satisfactory play, written by a graduate or an undergraduate of the university.

The first number of the Schoolmate, a new magazine for school children from five to fifteen years old or older, is announced for April 1 by the Mayflower Publishing Company, Floral Park, N. Y., Nature study, gardening, athletics, hygiene, deportment, and morals are some of the subjects that will be treated, and the magazine will print also stories of travel and adventure.

The Movie Magazine, a new periodical in Los Angeles, is intended for national circulation among persons interested in any way in moving pictures.

Wendell Phillips Dodge, the general press representative of David Belasco, has been made American editor of the Strand Magazine and the Wide World Magazine, and the sole representative in America of George Newnes, Ltd., the London magazine publisher.

Rev. Dr. Edwin W. Rice, after a service of forty-four years as editor, and Rev. Dr. Moseley H. Williams, after a service of thirty-six years as assistant editor with the American Sunday School Union, have retired. Dr. Rice is succeeded by Rev. James McConaughty, and Dr. Williams by Rev. A. J. R. Schumaker.

Vivian M. Moses has resigned as managing editor of Good Housekeeping, to become associate Sunday editor of the New York Tribune.

E. D. DeWitt has resigned as general manager of the New York Herald, to become general manager and treasurer of the Editor and Publisher and Journalist (New York) in association with the present publisher, James W. Brown.

Frederic H. Sidney, editor of the Station Agent, has been appointed railroad editor of the Wage Earner, a monthly labor magazine published in Boston.

The New Fiction Publishing Company, publishers of Snappy Stories and Romance, has removed to new offices at 35 West 39th Street, New York City.

Alfred Henry Lewis left a personal estate of only $500, but the value of the realty and household effects is to be added.

Mrs. L. T. Meade left unsettled personal estate valued at £40.

A. P. Watt, the English literary agent, left an estate of the gross value of nearly £60,000.

Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu was wounded in battle January 13, and died in an ambulance. He was seventy-two years old.

Charles Francis Adams died in Washington March 19, aged seventy-nine.

Dr. Richard Hudson died in New York February 22, aged sixty-nine.

Chester Firkins died in New York March 1, aged thirty-three.

Frank T. Bullen died at Madeira March 1, aged fifty-seven.

Professor James Geikie died in Edinburgh, March 2, aged seventy-five.

John Bach McMaster, son of the historian, died in Philadelphia March 3.

Lieutenant-Colonel Guy Louis Du Maurier son of the late George Du Maurier and author of the play "An Englishman's Home," has been killed in battle. He was about fifty years old.

William Henry Pinkney Phyfe died in New York March 7, aged fifty-nine.

Samuel Bowles died at Springfield, Mass., March 14, aged sixty-three.

Walter Crane died in London March 15, aged sixty-nine.

Rolf Boldrewood (Thomas Alexander Browne) died recently in Melbourne, Australia, aged eighty-nine.

Ripley D. Saunders died in St. Louis March 16, aged fifty-eight.

Morgan Robertson died at Atlantic City March 24, aged fifty-three.

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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR LITERARY WORKERS

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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, MAY, 1915. No. 5.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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SOME MAXIMS OF ART.

The distinction between the fine arts is, in the main, a matter of vocabulary ; and the processes that make for power and beauty in any one of them can be translated into terms of any other. It is easy, for instance, for a thoughtful painter to draw technical knowledge from the reticences and emphases of a good writer. It is still easier for a writer to learn lessons in his own art from a painter ; for on the canvas the process is always more visible, is sometimes more an end in itself, than on the printed page.

But it is when painters write of their own craft that such lessons, conveyed by his familiar medium, become clearest to the writer ; and the maxims that follow, taken from "Practical Hints to Art Students," by Charles A. Lasar, are as helpful to the word-man as to the color-man.

Mr. Lasar is an American, long resident in Paris, and well known there both as a skillful painter and as a stimulating and original teacher of his art. His little book, the sum of years of thought and experiment, deserves a broader title than his modesty has accorded it ; for many of its "hints," as the excerpts will show, illuminate all the arts and are words of highest counsel to their practitioners.

Of the maxims that I have selected some relate to power in art, some to technical devices, and some to the mental attitude of the artist. They are therefore grouped, to aid eye and memory, under these three heads.

I.

"Power in art may be compared to the power of woman ; it does not consist in force, but in charm."

"Ornamental common sense is power."

"Never economize knowledge, but economize labor."

"Spent action has no force."

II.

"Emotion cannot be expressed without movement."

"If a scene is violent have all movement exhibit the same character."

"Reserve for the main interest the greatest contrast."

"Two good friends are local emotion and universal charm."

"If the interest color is pale all others should be strong."

"Remember always to leave an opening for the spectator to get into a picture."

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"To get things brilliant begin with the contrary conditions."

"Decorate according to the one intense condition of the scene."

III.

"Patience is not art; think a lot, do as little as possible."

"If you have an ugly thing to paint, work up a beautiful disgust and make a masterpiece of it."

"Don't work! Wish your sketch on to the canvas."

"Don't be afraid, all the great things in the world came out of faults."

Mr. Lasar's maxims, apart from their direct value, suggest that the earnest student of literary style may learn his trade not only from Stevenson and Pater, but also from paintings, etchings, and sculpture, symphonies, old-world gardens, and great architecture.

For the arts have many voices, but are one in soul, movement, and craftsmanship. *William Samuel Johnson.*

MAMARONECK, N. Y.

EDITORIAL REVISION NEEDED.

"Newspaper English" is referred to often in a slighting way, although newspapers generally are written in good English — much of it particularly strong, bright, and brilliant English — and many of the errors which the critics note with scorn are the result of necessary haste in preparing copy, typographical errors, or oversights in the rush of proof-reading. The important newspapers are very well-written, as a rule, and such faults as they show are frequently excusable. Less leniency is due in the case of faulty English in books and magazines, which are prepared with more leisure, so that those who are guilty of lapses in expression do not have the excuse of hurry. The authors, in the first place, ought to take more pains in writing, and if they are careless or ignorant, the editors ought to give more attention to revision. For instance, the editor of the Atlantic Monthly — once meticulously edited by Mr. Aldrich — should not have allowed a writer in the Contributors' Club, in the February number, to say: "I screamed in silent rage." The month before the Atlantic printed a story the heroine of which sits "partly prone in her worm-eaten armchair." Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Howells, or Mr. Perry would not have let that pass.

One of the March magazines had a story in which one of the characters is made to say: "What, therefore, was our surprise to find Tish sitting by the fire in her bathrobe and slippers, with a cup of tea in her lap, and her feet in a tub of water." In Munsey's Magazine a story writer says: "The walk had been long and sunny. Davidson stood wiping his wet neck on the piazza," and in the same magazine another story writer tells us: "James awoke with a fine sensation of uplift in head and heart. Victoria had kissed her hand to him! He loved the world. He breakfasted on a corner of the writing table."

Sometimes authors put their characters in strange positions. Edith Wharton, in "The Custom of the Country," writes: "He woke on a stony beach, his legs and arms still lashed to his sides." Isabel Gordon Curtis innocently says of one of her characters: "He stood poised on his crutches, with his one leg swinging impatiently like a pointer's tail awaiting the master's word." A writer in the Cavalier says: "He rose and stood before the mantel, his hands clasped behind his back, and took down the photograph," and in a story in the New-Story Magazine we are told; "He turned with them to see the dancing

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girl prone upon the floor, her face bent to her knees."

Frenzied fiction writers make their heroines and heroes do queer stunts. An Outlook writer says: "His straining hands tore the words from the depths of his soul and threw the secret in the cobbler's eyes." According to a Saturday Evening Post story teller, "The girl tore her eyes from the stage, but her ears still lingered," and one may read in a story in the Cosmopolitan: "He was breathing hard; his pulses were beating in his ears; he tore his eyes from her face, and they fell upon her arm flung across him."

In the Cosmopolitan again, we may read: "Kennedy nodded negatively," and, in an other number: "The legless man picked up a silver dollar from among the papers in front of him, and tore it savagely into four pieces." In a story in the Ladies' Home Journal we are told: "Mrs. Galway had given up the parlor again, and was in bed with a novel and a kerosene lamp."

"The two dark eyes on each side of his protuberant nose," says G. K. Chesterton, in one of his stories, "glistened gloomily like black buttons." In "The Danger Mark," Mr. Chambers's heroine writes that her "throat is full of tears." A magazine writer says: "I reached New York at night. The whole city swung like an iridescent bubble in the luminous darkness." "He looked at her," says Henry C. Rowland, in the Saturday Evening Post, "for a long instant." In the Century for March, a story writer says: "Mrs. Rideout closed her lips tightly. 'It would be the death of her,' she said." Kenneth Harris, in the Saturday Evening Post, informs us that a maid "rapped softly on the door lintel." Silence in the woods is described in "The Call of the Cumberlands" with the phrase: "No sound, except at intervals the clear 'Bob White' of a nesting partridge." In a story in McClure's Magazine we are told: "And the moon fell. He saw it crash silently into the lake."

Many authors apparently do not know that the word "hiss" has a definite meaning; that one can hiss the exclamation "Serpent!" or "Sorceress!" but not "Foiled!" or "Coward!" So we find:—

"Do you or do you not want to hear this proposition?" he hissed.—Wallace Irwin, in McClure's Magazine.

And seems to hiss, "Haunted!"—James Montgomery Flagg.

"I will never speak to you again so long as I live," hissed Dollie.—Saturday Evening Post.

"He rushed across to her and, taking her by the scruff of the neck, hissed: 'Go and tell them I've got the child. They can come and fetch it at my place, Rue Chateaubriand.'"—Leblanc's "The Crystal Stopper."

"You done me up, you done me up, you lobster," hissed the bookmaker.—L. B. Yates, in "Major Miles and the Hummingbird," in the Saturday Evening Post.

Even Thackeray wrote in "Henry Esmond": "'Have you ever heard me utter a word in my lord's disparagement?' she asked hastily, hissing out her words."

Authors sometimes clothe their characters in strange attire—with complaisant editors' consent. "A frock coat, a string tie, and a high hat comprised his attire," says a writer in the Saturday Evening Post, and in the same more or less carefully edited publication we have three pictures drawn by Mary Roberts Rinehart thus:—

"He looked very tidy and wore the shoes we had had repaired, a pink carnation in his buttonhole, and an air of suppressed excitement."

"The centre was empty save for a swarthy gentleman in a fez and his shirtsleeves, wearing a pair of green suspenders and dancing alone."

"But that was not all. In front of the machine, marching slowly and with dignity, were three bearded gentlemen, two in coats and one in a striped vest."

Arthur Fosdick.

BOSTON, MASS.

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THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XXVII. MAY, 1915. No. 5.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Not only persistent preachers but long-winded writers generally may learn a useful lesson from the story of the visiting clergyman who was to preach before the students at Yale, and who asked how long he was expected to talk. "Of course, we put no time limit upon you," President Hadley is said to have replied, with his usual pump-handle gesture, "but we have a feeling here at Yale — that no souls — are saved — after the first twenty minutes."

* * *

The unhappy consequences of trying to say too much in a single sentence are well illustrated in this newspaper story of a painful accident: —

> George Martin yesterday afternoon, while carrying F. L. Moginot, an Amherst College sophomore who was spending the vacation in Amherst, at the Theta Delta Chi House, and was suddenly taken sick, from his room in the fraternity house to Dr. Nelson Haskill's automobile, which was waiting outside, slipped and broke his left leg.

* * *

An account of another accident, in which a lady fortunately escaped serious injury, although the English language was less fortunate, is thus given in the Fort Wayne News: —

> Last Thursday as Mrs. Charles Paul started on her trip to give music lessons and when she had reached the depot the horse became frightened at the train noise and made some sudden leaps and backward turns, then the horse made another leap and went south pell mell, and by the assistance of J. E. Snyder, stopped him with some difficulty, which landed through the fence, but as luck would be, Mrs. Paul escaped from being injured, which might have caused instant death and demolished buggy and harness, but was lucky in it all.

* * *

Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston gives an instance illustrating the efficiency of the United States mails. "Recently," she says, "a letter was started from West Virginia addressed to a fictitious character at a fictitious place, existing only in one of my books — Miss Lloyd Sherman,

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Lloydsboro Valley, Ky. With scarcely any delay, the letter came straight to me, via the Cincinnati postoffice, where my address was added."

* * *

When you hear that a writer is receiving a salary commensurate with his abilities, you are perhaps justified in assuming that he is getting as much as he is worth.

W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Frances Barber, whose poem, "The True Concord," was printed in the Yale Review for April, was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, where she still resides with her father, who is a physician. Miss Barber has written verse since her earliest remembrance, but with no view to publication—until, within the last few years, urged to it very strongly by well-known critics. Several years ago she took a course in versification at Yale University, and soon afterward, in January, 1909, a poem of hers, "Two Dreams," was published in Poet Lore. Then came a long period of interruption due to a serious ankle trouble, and only in the last two years has she taken up the work seriously. She is now seeking to become known through the magazines. Miss Barber spent part of last year in travel in the near East, and she is deeply interested in social service, as evidenced in "The True Concord," the poem in the Yale Review.

Louis Graves, who wrote the story "Making Up 'The Record,'" in the April American, is in the service of the city of New York, being one of the assistants of George McAneny, president of the board of aldermen. Mr. Graves is a native of North Carolina, and was for several years a New York newspaper man. Most of his writing has been done for newspapers, but he has had stories in the Saturday Evening Post, the Atlantic Monthly, the American, and two or three other magazines. The latest of Mr. Graves's stories, the one in the April American, was written two or three years ago. Since he went to the City Hall, Mr. Graves has written practically no fiction.

Ceylon Hollingsworth, who had a story, entitled "Digging Out a Nobleman," printed in Collier's for March 20, determined when he was a lad to be a writer of stories and novels. He began the work at once, and while much of his life since has brimmed with vicissitude and cosmopolitan experience, he says that he finds now that it was lived by a fellow gathering material. At any rate, some ten years ago Mr. Hollingsworth entered his library with the announcement to his family that he had begun his real business, and he has worked there night and day most of the time since. His first story, "The Corner-Stone Calf," was published in McClure's in 1905, and as the years passed he sold another story now and then. He was so absorbed in his writing and in the study of expression during these years that not until two or three years ago did he catch the idea of the point of view of that important other fellow — the reader. To get his point of view, Mr. Hollingsworth started an advertising bureau, advertised nationally, and found out for the first time in his life, and with a vengeance, what the "other fellow" meant. Then he "fired" his staff one morning, and went back to his library and was happy again. This, Mr. Hollingsworth says, is the story of his work in the past — a time of preparation, of rewriting and rewriting over and over again and finally consigning to the attic or the furnace. He adds that the magazine people during these years were very good to him, suffering him, encouraging him, and aiding him with criticisms. His first Collier's story, "A Boy's Politics," published July 18, 1914, was followed in the issue for October 3. along with the announcement of the winners in the fiction contest, by "The Biggest Thing in the

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World." February 20 of this year he had the cover to himself with the $1,000 prize story, "Saleratus Smith." A month later came "Digging Out a Nobleman." Mr. Hollingsworth has a 140,000-word novel about finished, many more books waiting to be written, and much short story work blocked out, and says that he is "hard at it."

Elizabeth Johnston, whose story, "A Soldier of the Good," was printed in the Delineator for April, was born in Buchanan, Virginia, in 1887, and is a younger sister of Miss Mary Johnston, the novelist. Miss Johnston's first ambition was to be an illustrator, and she studied art in Richmond, where her home was for some years, and later in New York at the Art League, and at Henri's school. She has now entirely given up drawing for writing, and the Delineator story is her first to be published. Miss Johnston is interested in woman suffrage, and walked in the Washington suffrage parade which took place the day before the inauguration of President Wilson. This is the parade described in "A Soldier of the Good." In her writing, it is Miss Johnston's aim to weave her stories, even love stories, around modern thought and modern movements. She also tries to be a realist and to paint things as they are.

Ralph Oakley, who wrote the poem, "Heroes," which appeared in Collier's for February 27, was a successful lawyer in New York City, who died in 1907. He published nothing during his lifetime. This poem was recently discovered among some of his old papers. Hermann Hagedorn writes to the editor of THE WRITER regarding him: "Mr. Oakley was a brilliant man, distinguished not only as a lawyer, but as a keen and witty conversationalist. Had he been able to carry out the desire of his youth and devote himself to literature he would, without doubt, have gone far. As it was, his profession left him neither the time nor the inclination to write much, and the most of what he wrote he destroyed, for he was almost morbidly critical of his own work. It is safe to say that the excellent poem recently published in Collier's would have followed the rest of his work to the scrap-basket if he had known that a copy was in existence."

William Henderson Robertson, author of the story, "The Return of Jamie MacGregor," in the April Metropolitan, is a Rhode Islander by birth and education. He was born in Pawtucket, in 1888, and was graduated from Brown University in 1912. For two years after graduation he was engaged in business in the East. In February of last year he went to Chicago as manager of the Express Audit Company of that city. During his business life Mr. Robertson has not neglected his writing, and he expects to return shortly to his home in Lonsdale, R. I., where he may devote his whole attention to literary work.

Miriam Teichner, who writes a daily poem for the editorial page of the New York Globe, was born in Detroit, Michigan. She has always written rhyme, and one day she sent a number of her verses on topical subjects to the editor of the Detroit News. He sent for her, and she was given a chance on the editorial staff. She "made good," and for three years did general reporting and signed features. For two years after that she conducted an editorial page column of verse and paragraphs, and was the only woman in the country doing this kind of work. When the American Association of Press Humorists met in Detroit in the summer of 1913, Miss Teichner became one of its two woman members. More women have been admitted to the organization since that time. In February, 1914, after almost five years spent on the Detroit News, Miss Teichner decided to leave Detroit and go adventuring in New York. The Globe was the first paper there to which she went, and three weeks after she entered the city she became a member of its staff. The occasional poem which she agreed to do for the globe has become a

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daily poem, and the paper frequently contains her signed feature stories. She likes best to do "purpose poems," which, she believes, like "purpose plays," can be made to present a picture and preach a sermon without transcending the limits of true art. Miss Teichner expects soon to have her poems published in book form.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Bryant. — Bryant was nearly twenty-three years old when "Thanatopsis" was first printed in the North American Review. So much has been said about the astounding precocity of this poet, and so many errors have accumulated around the publication of his masterpiece, that it may be well to state the facts. I have before me seven histories of American literature, each one by an authority. The first says the poem was written in 1816; the second, in 1811 or 1812; the third, in 1811; the fourth says it was published in 1816; the fifth says it was published in the poet's twenty-first year; the sixth says it was written in the summer of 1811, when Bryant was sixteen, but elsewhere in the same volume we are told it was written when he was seventeen; the seventh — by the late T. W. Higginson — remarks: "His merely boyish poems . . . the 'Thanatopsis,' in particular, written at seventeen, have perhaps never been equalled in literature by any boy of that age." Bryant himself said that he did not know when it was written. "Thanatopsis" is a great poem, but it is unquestionably not a precocious poem; and the common supposition that it was a juvenile masterpiece is false. Many poets have produced greater poetry at an earlier age. We know just two facts about this work. First, that it was published when Bryant was almost twenty-three — not young for a poetic genius; second, that in its original published form in the North American Review it is not a remarkable poem . . . It was in the 1821 edition of Bryant's poems, when the author was twenty-six or twenty-seven, that the work first appeared in its universally known form. Only a few minor changes were made after that date. This disposes of the generally accepted statement that "Thanatopsis" is a juvenile masterpiece. Bryant was, however, a precocious poet, although his precocity is not displayed in his greatest work. One of the most extraordinary facts about his poetical career is that he actually published verse during the administration of Thomas Jefferson and during the administration of Rutherford B. Hayes. So long a period and so slender an output speak well for his fastidious taste. — Professor William Lyon Phelps, in the North American Review.

Cobb. — The only notes to assist his memory that Irvin S. Cobb brought home with him from the war zone in Europe are contained in a little black book — hardly larger than an "always-bring-this" grocer's book. It is not more than half filled with Cobb's large round scrawl. There may be a thousand words in it.

The explanation is that Cobb has a regular, first-class, ninety-eight per cent. efficiency memory; not the city kind, but the country kind of memory, bred in old Kentucky, where Cobb was born and was content to live until he heard the Call of the Cash from Manhattan.

"I was gifted with what you might call a photographic mind," said Mr. Cobb. "It holds pictures, but it does n't hold names. I have a brother with one of those Robert Houdin memories. As a boy he could walk past a block of store windows, and at the corner he would tell nearly everything that was in the windows. He could look at the police picture of a negro criminal — to most of us all photographs of negroes look alike — and six months later he would know the negro if he saw him on the street. That is n't my kind of memory. There was an opera house in the town where I was born, and, naturally, it had a curtain with a scene painted on it. A year or two ago I had occasion in

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a piece of fiction to write a description of an old-fashioned stage curtain, and entirely from memory I described the one with which I was familiar as a boy. After the fiction was published I got a letter from the son of the man who painted that curtain, telling me that I had described every detail perfectly. But if there had been a name on that curtain I would either have forgotten it or misspelled it.

"This memory for physical things has helped me a lot in every line of writing. The best story I ever wrote, bar none, was the story of the Kid Regan murder in the tenderloin about ten years ago. I wrote it in the office without going to Tobey's, where the killing was done. But I had been in Tobey's three nights before and I remembered every essential thing about the place so accurately that I was able to picture the killing as well as if I had been there at the time it happened — perhaps better. If I sit with a man once and do not see him again for five years I will not remember his name, but I will remember what kind of a collar he wore and what drinks he took at our previous meeting.

"When a bunch of correspondents were being transported along a railroad in Germany as prisoners there were many things of importance happening at every station and in between stations. We were strongly guarded and sharply watched. There was no such thing as taking notes unless we wanted to confirm our captors' suspicions that we were spies. I remarked to another correspondent that I could remember everything that we were seeing, but I never could remember where it happened. The name of the town would n't stick.

"'It's the other way with me,' he replied. 'I can remember every blessed village in the order of passing through, but these incidents are coming too thick and fast for me.'

"So we formed a combination. I remembered everything that happened and he remembered where it happened. We would choose some striking thing to make it stick. Weeks afterward, when the time came for making notes, he would say: 'Klinckberg is the place where the woman had forty live geese on the station platform.' Then I would tell him everything that happened while we were in or near Klinckberg.

"After we had satisfied the German officers that we were harmless correspondents we could take all the notes we wanted to, but I took just enough to remind me of the occurrence. On this page" (Mr. Cobb opened the black book) "you see 'squash — bumblebee.' That was enough memorandum for my balloon trip, except the altitude and the name of the officer. It reminded me not only that there had been such a trip, but that the balloon looked like a squash and curled its tail up like a bumblebee.

"The German officers thought it strange that I did n't take more notes. They would show us things and tell us things, and wonder why I was n't busy writing it all down. I have always found it better to let my memory hold the whole picture. — New York Press.

Stevenson. — It was not until 1883, when he was nearly thirty-three years old," says Mr. Hamilton writing of R. L. S. in the March paper in the "Trail of Stevenson" series in the Bookman, "that he ever earned so much as $1,500 in a single year; and it was not until he was thirty-seven that his annual earnings, from his own unaided efforts, ever exceeded the sum of $2,000." In other words, Stevenson, who died before his forty-fourth birthday, was never self-supporting until the last six years of his life. Yet he left behind him a comfortable fortune as the result of his literary labors, and the returns from his books at the present time were recently estimated as about twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Stevenson's first two books, "The Inland Voyage," and "Travels with a Donkey," were complete fail-

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ures. After they had been out about three years his publishers notified him that it was impossible to sell even single copies and that they were about to dispose of the plates as old metal. Stevenson borrowed a small sum from his father and with it bought in the plates and the copyright.

Tarkington. — Booth Tarkington writes all his books in pencil. On his desk he keeps thirty or forty well-sharpened lead pencils. As soon as one loses its point he throws it aside and takes up the next, and continues in this way until his day's work is done.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Inverted Passive Condemned. — The inverted passive in a Teutonic language is an absurdity, a monstrosity, a destroyer of force and vividness, a wrecker of accuracy, a hallmark of grammarlessness, a signboard of slouchy thinking and infantile expression, unnecessary, undesirable, uncalled for, and subversive of all that should be considered the clear expression of clear thought.

Shakspere used the inverted passive once, and he put it in the mouth of Mopsa in "The Winter's Tale." As she was an illiterate shepherdess the error was appropriately placed, and it was classed by the placing, too! Because Mopsa says: "I was promised them against the feast" would seem to be the best of reasons why Woodrow Wilson should not say: "I am brought more reports": and why Theodore Roosevelt and other prominent men should not botch and butcher the language similarly. Most of the offenders on this point offend carelessly and thoughtlessly.

The English language does not permit, does not recognize, does not necessitate the inverted passive. All good writers and all text-book makers should omit the monstrosity. Splitting the infinitive is common and vicious and vulgar. Dropping the subjunctive mood is criminal and destructive of much of the force of the English language. Yet those two errors are insignificant in comparison with the inverted passive. To illustrate, the pernicious and supervicious effects of the inverted passive are presented in the following specimens culled from various sources: —

Corning people left a fortune. Mrs. —— is left $20,000.

They were assigned minor clerkships.

While the farmer was ill he was dug an acre of potatoes by his neighbors.

He was roasted a thirty-pound turkey by the old colored cook.

The Governor was delivered a letter early next morning.

The generous donor was sung a song of praise.

At the donation the good clergyman and his amiable wife were presented potatoes, flour, ham, and butter enough to last the rest of the year.

He is permitted no excitement. — Vance's "No Man's Land."

He was written a most affectionate letter and was sent assurances of her faith in him by his wife.

The Fresh Air Fund children were cut all the watermelons, and were roasted all the corn they could eat, by the kind people of Deposit.

He was expressed a loaded revolver.

He was forwarded a live rattlesnake by freight.

He was learned French.

The commander was bought a house.

President Roosevelt is expressed a wild animal.

He was accorded an ovation.

He was written a sarcastic letter.

The horse was measured four quarts of oats for his dinner.

The President was shown downright discourtesy.

The pig was poured some milk over the fence into the trough.

The customer was quickly done up and tied and handed the package by the clerk.

His estate was lost $1,000,000 by the depreciation of stocks.

He was amputated both legs after the accident.

Every day scores of similar monstrosities may be seen on the inverted passive tree in the jungle of "English as she is wrote and spoke." Certainly no more offensive error than the inverted passive is conceivable in English. It is possibly allowable in the mouth of a Mopsa. It is inexcusable in the writings of educated persons. Down and out with the in-

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verted passive!—"Van," in the New York Sun.

"Van" says that Shakspere used the "was given" construction only once, and that he employed it then to "show up" Mopsa's illiteracy in "The Winter's Tale." In the second part of "Henry IV," Act IV, scene 1, line 78, the Archbishop of York says:—

We are denied access unto his person.

As the Archbishop was very probably one of the most learned men in the England of his time, it is hardly conceivable that Shakspere could have desired to make him out uneducated or as purposely using incorrect grammar. I believe that the dramatist made the mistake for the same reason that most people make it to-day: they don't realize that it is a mistake.—"A. B. B.," in the New York Sun.

Seventy Collaborating on a Play.—Writing a play by vote and diagram is the novel experiment being carried on seriously by the Society of American Dramatists and Composers, of which Augustus Thomas is president. It is called a "pot-boiling experiment," and the result, which is taking form in a completed scenario, from which nine dramatists will work out together the dialogue and stage directions, will be in finished form within a few months.

Seventy dramatists of reputation, some of whom have several successful plays to their credit, are at work on the "pot boiler." Meetings are held every Saturday night in the rooms of the society on the twenty-third floor of the Candler Building, No. 220 West Forty-Second street. The first took place with Mr. Thomas in charge. Last night Channing Pollock occupied the chair, and on the successive evenings the place of "teacher" will be taken by Edwin Milton Royle, Miss Margaret Mayo, and Miss Rachel Crothers.

The Society of American Dramatists and Composers has been an active organization. Mr. Thomas and the other officers have made it their business to become interested in such matters as national and international copyright laws, contracts between producers and authors, and the plagiarism laws.

The scheme of a "pot-boiling experiment" originated with Mr. Thomas, who some time ago undertook such a task with Professor George Pierce Baker's class of budding dramatists at Harvard University.

At the first meeting Mr. Thomas outlined the project, which has since undergone some changes. As it stands, the idea is that the society as a whole shall devise the scenario of a play at five successive meetings. Each meeting will be presided over by a different member. When completed, the play will be offered for production; the younger dramatists among the nine who write the dialogue will participate in the royalties, (if there are any), and a share will go to the society. With the scenario of one play out of the way, the society will start work on another, the process continuing indefinitely.

The first question put to vote by Mr. Thomas was: "For whom shall we write this play?" Eighteen stars were named, a vote was taken, and the majority decided that the play shall be for Miss Elsie Ferguson, now appearing in "Outcast."

With the first balloting out of the way the second question was put. It was: "Shall the leading character be married or single?" Once more the tellers counted, and it was decided that the principal character shall be a single woman.

The third question, "What shall be the big situation?" started an avalanche of suggestions that finally narrowed to three, which were individually pleaded for by their sponsors. They were put to vote. The "big" situation suggested by Mark Swan was accepted.

Briefly, it is that the young woman heroine shall leave a room in which an act is taking place. She shall go with a married man, and events leading to the

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situation shall indicate that by leaving the room with her companion the young woman practically casts herself as ruined and an outcast. A stairway is seen through the open door, down which the two descend. A moment later a revolver shot is heard, and then—

That's as far as the "big" situation suggestion went. It was accepted with a bang by the dramatists. But next in order came the task of building up the play to the situation mentioned. And from this point forward the society members are silent, except to say that Edwin Milton Royle's solution was voted upon and accepted.

"The enthusiasm which has followed the 'pot-boiling' experiment has more than surprised the officers and members of the society," said Channing Pollock. "We are really quite in earnest about the whole matter, and if some young dramatist could attend one of our meetings he would learn a great deal about how some of the present-day writers for the stage go about their work. Since last week we have installed a large blackboard, with plenty of chalk, and we will work out our problems of play construction by geometry, algebra, and simple arithmetic, if necessary."

Whatever the result, the première of the "pot-boiler" will be attended by the unusual and unheard-of feature of seventy dramatists responding to the calls for "Author!" Among the writers who would have claim to a first-night speech are Edwin Milton Royle, Augustus Thomas, Channing Pollock, Sydney Rosenfeld, George Scarborough, Mark Swan, Miss Lottie Blair Parker, J. I. C. Clarke, Maurice V. Samuels, C. T. Dazey, Victor Mapes, Miss Marion Fairfax, Edward Peple, Miss Margaret Mayo, and Miss Rachel Crothers.—New York Herald.

Spring Styles in Fiction.—Taking publishers' advance announcements and some of the earliest of the season's books as an index to the character of the forthcoming spring literature, it seems to be clear that fiction is about to undergo one of its periodic changes. Instead of dealing to such an extent as heretofore with the exceptional erotic, it is showing an inclination to return to the less exceptional romantic. This is an improvement or not, as one views it, but it is a change, and, to most of us, who have grown a little weary of following muddy gutter trails that lead only to malodorous refuse heaps, it is a welcome change. The abnormal has had its day, and a long day it has been. Fiction has been dealing with it almost exclusively, engaging itself extensively in the futile task of trying to reconcile the rule and the exception by perversely demanding that the former adjust itself to the latter.

The rule, of course, still prevails. Giving us a sight of the world turned upside down did not change it. So our novelists, tired at last of beating their fists to no purpose—and with little reason—against the solid rock, are going back to pleasanter exercise. Their frenzy, for a season at least, is apparently ended, and instead of trying to reform us by blasting the wickedness out of us they propose now to do no more than entertain us. And for that we shall be grateful. Getting back—or forward—to romance again means a cleaner, more hopeful, less gloomy, less depressing fiction. It may be less "intellectual" fiction, and less seriously purposeful, but—who cares? In the form of novels and dramas we have had in the last year or two about as much probing and dissecting and hypochrondriacal symptomizing as we can stand at one time. Life in our fiction in both book and play, as some one facetiously observes, has been mere "sexistence."

It will be shown, too, we dare say, that reader and playgoer will both find the change refreshing. Interest in romance pure and simple may falter for a while

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and transfer itself temporarily to "stark realism"—which generally means sordid realism—or some other "ism" of the moment, but, since it is as true now as it ever was that all the world loves a lover, human nature goes on craving romance. And its craving usually asserts itself—the more, too, the longer it is suppressed. So, fiction, returning to romance, may find this spring a readier and more receptive and eager market than it has encountered for the last year or two. It would profit by that, it goes without saying, and so, too, would the market.—Indianapolis News.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A GUIDE TO GOOD ENGLISH. By Robert Palfrey Utter, Ph. D., Associate Professor of English in Amherst College. 203 pp. Cloth, $1.20, net. New York: Harper & Bros. 1914.

Dr. Palfrey's book is divided into three parts, under the headings Workmanship, Method, Prosody, and Grammar. In the first part he has chapters devoted to Good Use, Manuscripts, Punctuation, Capitalization, Spelling, Division of Words, Abbreviations, Figures, Grammar and Idiom, Sentences, Paragraphing, Diction, Choice of Words, and Letter Writing. In the second part the chapters treat of Collecting Material, How to Find Material, Note-taking, and Organizing Material. The third part, discussing Prosody and Grammar, is followed by classified exercises, and a collection of miscellaneous examples of faulty English, for discussion and correction.

PRACTICAL ENGLISH PUNCTUATION. By M. Lyle Spencer, Ph. D. 153 pp. Cloth. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Co. 1914.

It is of great importance that manuscripts offered for publication should be punctuated properly, and editors naturally give preference, other things being equal, to manuscripts that need little or no preparation to make them ready for the printer. Every writer should be well-grounded in the principles of punctuation, and should take pains to apply them properly when he is making copy. Professor Spencer, who has charge of the English department at Lawrence College, has made a practical and useful book based on modern usage, using as models extracts from the writings of conservative modern authors, such as Howells, James, and Herrick, rather than examples of rather antiquated style from the books of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and other classic authors. His rules are clear and sensible, and they are illustrated with excellent examples. The book has some directions for the preparation of manuscript, a chapter on letter writing, and a specimen corrected proof sheet with an explanation of the marks used in proof correcting. Writers who need instruction in punctuation will do well to get a copy of the manual and study it. W. H. H.

THE BACK YARD FARMER. By J. Willard Bolte. 238 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: Forbes & Company. 1914.

People who lead sedentary lives, as writers do, need physical exercise, and in many cases can get it to the best advantage by garden work. Mr. Bolte's book shows how even a small city back yard may be profitably used, and made to pay dividends while the backyard farmer is getting health and recreation. He tells his readers how to plant and cultivate in order to grow either flowers or vegetable crops, giving directions evidently based on practical experience. The book also has many chapters about poultry farming, and there is a chapter on bee-keeping and another devoted to the city cow.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SECONDARY SCHOOLS. By F. V. Thompson. 194 pp. Cloth. Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Company. 1915.

This new volume in the School and Efficiency Series is written by the organizer and first principal of the Boston High School of Commerce, now assistant superintendent of the Boston schools. It deals with problems of commercial education in secondary schools, and offers constructive proposals, based on the actual needs of business, for the training of young people to fit them properly for business life.

THE AMERICAN WHITAKER ALMANAC AND ENCYCLOPEDIA FOR 1915. C. W. Whitaker, M. A., F. S. A., editor. 648 pp. Cloth. $1.00, net. New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co. 1915.

"Whitaker's Almanac" has long been a standard English work of reference, to which seekers for information could turn with almost a certainty of finding what they wanted. Now we have this welcome American edition, containing 9,000 indexed entries concerning the government, population, finance, manufactures, natural products, industries, education, sports,

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and defence of the United States, together with the comprehensive statistics of foreign nations for which the Almanac has always been noted. An extended descriptive account of the various states and territories of the Union, with each article accompanied by a sketch map, is one of the features of the publication. "The American Whitaker" is a book that every writer ought to have always within easy reach.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

[THE WRITER is pleased to receive for review any books about authors, authorship, language, or literary topics, or any books that would be of real value in a writer's library, such as works of reference, history, biography, or travel. There is no space in the magazine for the review of fiction, poetry, etc. All books received will be acknowledged under this heading. Selections will be made for review in the interest of THE WRITER'S readers.]

HOW TO WRITE MOVING-PICTURE PLAYS. By William Lewis Gordon. 32 pp., quarto. Cloth. Cincinnati: Atlas Publishing Co. 1914.

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. By Dudley Glass. 51 pp. Paper, $2.00. Atlanta: Dudley Glass. 1915.

THE WORLD'S JOURNALISM. By Walter Williams. University of Missouri Bulletin, Journalism Series, No. 9. 44 pp. Paper. Columbia, Mo.: University of Missouri. 1915.

CORRECT ENGLISH. Edited by Richard Ellsworth Call. 175 pp. Paper. New York: The Sherwood Company. 1913.

ADVERTISING — SELLING THE CONSUMER. By John Lee Mahin. 260 pp. Cloth $2.00, net. New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co. 1914.

THE NEW BUSINESS. By Harry Tipper. 391 pp. Cloth, $2.00, net. New York: Doubleday, Page, & Co. 1914.

YOSEMITE AND ITS HIGH SIERRA. By John H. Williams. 147 pp. Cloth, $1.50, net. Tacoma: John H. Williams. 1914.

IN THE LAND OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS. By Edward S. Curtis. Illustrated. 113 pp. Cloth. Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Company. 1915.

A WORKING KNOWLEDGE OF SPANISH. By Lieutenant Cary I. Crockett. 2d Infantry. Second edition, revised. 100 pp. Cloth. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Co. 1915.

HOW TO THINK IN FRENCH. By Charles F. Kroeh, A. M. Fourteenth edition. 140 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Hoboken: Charles F. Kroeh.

HOW TO THINK IN GERMAN. By Charles F. Kroeh, A. M. Thirteenth revised edition. 272 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Hoboken: Charles F. Kroeh.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodicals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

NEW YORK'S GENIUS LOCI. W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

JOHN HAY AS SECRETARY OF STATE. From his unpublished letters. Compiled and edited by William Roscoe Thayer. *Harper's Magazine* for May.

FICTION'S MIRACLES. Martha McCulloch-Williams. *Lippincott's* for May.

FRENCH MEMORIES OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AMERICA. — Education, colleges, and newspapers. Illustrated. Charles H. Sherrill. *Scribner's* for May.

WHAT THE FILM MAY DO TO THE DRAMA. George Bernard Shaw. *Metropolitan* for May.

MRS. CARLYLE AND HER LITTLE CHARLOTTE. — II. Illustrated. Commentary by Reginald Blunt. *Strand* for May.

ON TALES OF ADVENTURE. *Unpopular Review* for April-June.

SOME RECENT PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE. *Unpopular Review* for April-June.

THE AMENITIES OF BOOK-COLLECTING. II. — Collecting at Home. A. Edward Newton. *Atlantic* for April.

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER. The Atlantic's Reviewer. *Atlantic* for April.

THE DRAMA UPSIDE DOWN. Brander Matthews. *North American Review* for April.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY — MADAME DU DEFFAND. Gamaliel Bradford. *North American Review* for April.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA. II. — The Making of the Boston Tradition. Algernon Tassin. *Bookman* for April.

THE CREATOR OF THE FIRST YANKEE OF LITERATURE (Thomas Chandler Haliburton). Illustrated. Ruth Kedzie Wood. *Bookman* for April.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON. Illustrated. Joseph H. McMahon, Ph.D. *Bookman* for April.

THE NEW FREEDOM — IN VERSE. William Aspenwall Bradley. *Bookman* for April.

HUMOR OF THE LITERARY EDITOR'S OFFICE. Ethel Colson. *Book News Monthly* for April.

THE LITERARY COLONY AT CARMEL. Illustrated. Kathryne Wilson. *Book News Monthly* for April.

A COMING MASTER (Oliver Onions). With frontispiece portrait. *Book News Monthly* for April.

THE MADDENING MR. MEREDITH. Elizabeth Fraser. *Forum* for April.

SEEKING THE SHADE OF WILLIAM JAMES. M. H. Hedges. *Forum* for April.

NEW ENGLAND'S NEW POET (Robert Frost). With portrait. Sylvester Baxter. *American Review of Reviews* for April.

GRANVILLE BARKER, THE NEW ART OF THE THEATRE, AND THE NEW DRAMA. With portrait. *American Review of Reviews* for April.

POETRY AND THE SPIRIT. Everett Earle Stanard. *Overland Monthly* for April.

O. HENRY, THE SHORT STORY WRITER OF AMERICA. Professor E. W. Bowen. *Methodist Review* for April.

A NOVELIST'S NOVEL READING. John Ayscough. *Catholic World* for April.

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LITERATURE AND LIFE. Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. Agnes Repplier. *Catholic World* for April.

CATHOLIC LETTERS AND THE CATHOLIC WORLD. *Catholic World* for April.

WHAT OUR SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM ARE DOING. *National Printer-Journalist* for April.

GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN, LTD. *Author* (London) for April.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. The Marchesa Peruzzi de' Medici. *Cornhill* for April.

PLAY OR PAMPHLET. Charles Leonard Moore. *Dial* for April 15.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. *Outlook* for March 31.

THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY. *Outlook* for April 21.

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON. *Outlook* for April 21.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH. *Outlook* for April 21.

BILL NYE'S MOTHER. Fred C. Kelly. *Collier's* for April 10.

FANNY FERN. Oscar Fay Adams. *Christian Register* for April 22.

THE MYSTERY OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Richard Burton. *Bellman* for March 27.

BELGIUM'S POET: EMILE VERHAEREN. R. A. Scott-James. *Bellman* for April 3.

THE TRIALS OF HUMOR. *Bellman* for April 17.

THE OTHER MR. KIPLING. "G. G." Reprinted from the *New Statesman* in the *Living Age* for April 24.

LORD BEACONSFIELD IN SOCIETY. T. H. S. Escott. Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* in the *Living Age* for April 24.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Hamlin Garland, after spending nearly twenty-five years in Chicago, is to make New York his home, although he will retain his old homestead in Wisconsin and will spend his summers in the Rockies.

Ambrose Bierce, missing for months since he was last heard from in Mexico, has been located on the staff of General Joffre, in France.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, who was eighty-four March 29, is writing her sixty-sixth novel.

A Missouri Writers' Guild will be formed in Journalism Week (May 3-7) at the University of Missouri.

A two-volume biography of Julia Ward Howe will appear next fall. Her three daughters are collaborating in writing it.

"Rudyard Kipling," by Cyril Falls, is published by Martin Secker, London.

"The English Essay and Essayists," by Hugh Walker (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a survey of the essay, its history, and its writers from the beginnings prior to Bacon down to the present day.

"R. L. Stevenson," by Frank Swinnerton (Mitchell Kennerley) is a critical study of the merits and demerits of Stevenson as a writer of essays, fiction, and verse.

No memoir has yet been written of Miss Mulock, who became Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," but a short sketch of her will now be included in a volume on the family to which she belonged, written by Aleyn Lyell Reade.

Albert Bigelow Paine is compiling a collection of Mark Twain's letters.

The Spring Literary supplement of the New Republic, with the issue of April 17, contains critiques of James Stephens, by Francis Hackett; Ethel Sidgwick, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant; Joseph Conrad, by Edith Borie; and Theodore Dreiser, by Randolph S. Bourne.

"The Structure of an Effective Public Speech," by Harry B. Bradbury, is published by T. Morey & Son, Greenfield, Mass.

John Brisben Walker, formerly publisher of the Cosmopolitan, has announced through the Editor and Publisher an offer to give a site of forty acres at Mount Morrison, Colo., to establish a home for newspaper men.

The American Tract Society, New York, offers prizes of $250 and $100 for the two best book manuscripts of a religious character with a strong Christrian motive, submitted to the General Secretary before October 1. The usual royalty on book publications will be paid to the authors in addition to the cash prize. Manuscripts not receiving either of the prizes, but accepted by the American Tract Society, will be published on the royalty basis, by mutual agreement.

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Dr. George F. Kunz and Abram Wakeman, chairman and secretary respectively of the Committee of Nine from the United Historical and Patriotic Societies and Associations of New York, have announced competitive conditions for the prizes of $1,000, $500, and $250 offered for the best short histories of the State and City of New York. All manuscripts must be submitted by October 1, each under a pen name. The history must cover New York events from the time of the discovery of the continent up to 1790. About 100,000 words will be required. In addition to the main history prize the committee offers a further prize of $100 for the best essay containing about 10,000 words, based on facts, with authorities given, on certain subjects connected with New York's history.

The American Social Hygiene Association offers a prize of $1,000 for the best 3,500-word pamphlet on social hygiene for adolescents between the ages of twelve and sixteen years. The contest will close July 31. Manuscripts, bearing pen names, should be mailed to the American Social Hygiene Association, Inc., 105 West Fortieth street, New York. What is wanted is an answer to this question: "What is the best method of approaching, with proper instruction, the youth of America, both boys and girls, between the ages named?"

The Selig Polyscope Company offers a prize of a free trip to the Pacific Coast for the best idea, set forth in not more than three hundred words, for a scenario for a film of the story of the special train which the company is going to run to California, leaving Chicago July 8.

The New York Herald wants interesting photographs, and for each picture published pays three dollars. At the end of each week a prize of five dollars is awarded for the best photograph used in the preceding seven days.

The Drama League of America offers a prize of $100 for the best play for children between the ages of six and sixteen, written by a member of the league, and offered before June 1. The winning manuscript will be published by the Macmillan Company, which will give the author the usual royalties.

Charles P. Howland of New York, Dr. John Howland of Baltimore, and Miss Frances Howland of New York have given $15,000 to Yale University for a prize "to be awarded to some citizen of the country in recognition of some achievement of marked distinction in literature, or fine arts, or the science of government."

The Ladies' World offers to pay $100 each for the ten best stories of from 2,000 to 2,500 words, offered before June 1, addressed "Short Story Contest," in care of the Ladies' World, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City. The editor says: "The Ladies' World is looking for short stories that are brisk, brief, and full of the stimulus that comes from accelerated motion — stories with 'zip.' Stories may deal with love, adventure, mystery, humor, feminism — what you will, except the war. Each contestant may submit as many stories as he likes. No rolled or handwritten manuscripts will be considered."

Francis J. L. Dorl, the editor of the Vital Issue, Park Row Building, New York, writes: "We are occasionally in the market for articles on international questions, political subjects of public interest, sociological questions and educational topics, also for the right kind of fiction."

Farm and Fireside (Springfield, Ohio,) is going to start a new department called "Interesting Farmers," made up of short articles about farmers who have achieved something remarkable in an unusual way, and will pay five dollars each for acceptable articles of this kind, not more than 600 or 700 words long.

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A prize of $10,000 for a photo play and story was offered last December by associated newspapers, co-operating with the American Film Manufacturing Company, and was duly paid for the scenario adjudged the best among the 19,846 manuscripts received. Now another $10,000 prize is offered for a suggestion for a sequel to this photo-play — "The Diamond From the Sky" — made in 1,000 words.

The editor of the Associated Sunday Magazines (New York) wants pictures of interesting people for his Worth While Folk Department, and will pay three dollars each for photographs accepted, besides the regular magazine rate for the little stories sent with the pictures.

A new and independent illustrated weekly, called Every Week, will be published beginning May 3, by the Every Week Company, which is connected with the Associated Sunday Magazines. Bruce Barton will be the editor, and the offices of the company will be at 52 East Nineteenth Street. New York. The new paper will be sold on newstands, but will immediately secure a large part of its circulation by newspaper clubbing plans.

A new musical magazine, called the Musical Quarterly, is published by G. Schirmer (New York and London). Its editor is Oscar G. Sonneck, chief of the music division of the Library of Congress.

The Observer is a new magazine for boys published at Battle Creek, Michigan.

The Contest Weekly Magazine Company has been incorporated in New York with a capital of $5,000. One of the incorporators is McClure Jaques, 41 Park Row.

The Bay State Magazine, which calls itself "America's most unique publication," is a new monthly published by W. Burton Ellis, 6 Beacon street, Boston.

Miss Daisy H. Andrews, a play broker, of 22 East Thirty-first street, New York, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, showing liabilities of $131,459 and assets of $10,834.

Rev. Dr. George Peck Eckman, editor of the Christian Advocate (New York) since 1912, is going to resign and return to the ministry. The New York Christian Advocate is the largest of the many papers published by the Methodists in various parts of the country under that name, and the salary of the editor is said to be $6,000 a year.

George Sylvester Viereck has resigned as associate editor of Current Opinion, in order to devote his entire time to the Fatherland and the International.

Philip R. Kellar has joined the editorial staff of the Rotarian, the monthly magazine published in Chicago by the International Association of Rotary Clubs. He will be editorial assistant to Chesley R. Perry, who is secretary of the Association as well as business manager and managing editor of the magazine. The Rotarian, which has a circulation of more than 20,000 devotes itself to business, ethics, philosophy, and good-fellowship, in support of the Rotary movement.

The Nation will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary with a special illustrated semicentennial number, with reprints of notable articles and poems from the first volume, to be issued July 8.

Morgan Robertson left an estate valued at $3,500.

James Creelman's estate is estimated at "more than $10,000."

Charles Francis Adams died in Washington March 20, aged seventy-nine.

George H. Jessup died at Hempstead, England, March 22.

John Albee died in Washington March 24, aged eighty-one.

Francis Hopkinson Smith died in New York April 7, aged seventy-six.

Thomas R. Lounsbury died in New Haven April 9, aged seventy-seven.

Edwin Bliss died in New York April 14.

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"WRITING 'ROMEO AND JULIET'" . . . . . Tudor Jenks

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR LITERARY WORKERS

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Single numbers of THE WRITER published before January, 1915, will be sent, post-paid, for fifteen cents each, excepting the numbers for August, November, and December, 1887; January-December, inclusive, 1889; October, 1891; and April, 1898 — which are out of print excepting in bound volumes. Single copies for the current year will be sent for ten cents each.

Unbound volumes for certain years can be supplied at $1.50 each. Information will be given on application.

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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, JUNE, 1915. No. 6.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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WRITING "ROMEO AND JULIET."

A Realistic Romance.

MR. SHAKSPERE (writes): But soft what light through yonder window breaks! — (speaks): "Hi, there, Dromio! What in thunder are you trying to do? Can't you keep quiet? Don't you know I'm busy?"

DROMIO (from outside): "I'm a-washing up the breakfast trenchers, sir!"

S: "Well, quit it! I got to get this scene done —"

D: "But I got to clean up the things — !"

S: "Oh, take a walk on the Thames!" (writes): It is the East, and Juliet is the sun. Arise, fair Sun, and kill —

D (enters): "Please, sir, 'ere's your washin' come, and the lady wants five shillin's eightpence."

S: "For the love of Michel Angelo! — will you — !"

D: "But she says —"

S: "What in the — Get *out*! *Get*!" (Exit D.)

S (writes): — the envious Moon who is already sick — "That's good. Sick is *good*!"

D (enters hurriedly): "Sick, sir? Did you say that you were sick, sir? Can I do anything?"

S (yelling): "*No*! If you come in again, I'll slay you! Vanish, varlet!" (Exit D.)

S (writes): — and pale with grief, (pauses and chews the end of his quill, as he constructs aloud): That thou, her — maid! That thou — her maid —

(CICELY, the maid, enters)

C: "Yes, sir. Did you call me, sir? I just happened to be a-passin', luckily, and so I —"

S (desperately polite): "No, thank you, Cicely. I did not call."

C: "But you said 'Maid', and so —"

S: "Never mind. *Good* day!"

C: "But now I'm here, sha'n't I just tidy up a bit? There's such a great clutter o' papers —"

S (explosively): "No! By the Great Dome of St. Paul's — No!"

C: "But nothin's been done to it since last Tuesday, sir; and if it —"

S: "Woman, I don't reck a pickled pig's foot if it is not done up till Goliath

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of Gath comes to life on Judgment Day! Aroint thee, Wench!" (Exit CICELY.)

S: "Plague on 'em! Lemme see—where was Romeo? Ah, yes!" (writes) —That thou her maid art far more fair than—

C (re-entering spiritedly): "Which I don't take the likes of 'aroint' from you or any—gentle or simple, and I've come to give warning— (Exit hastily as the great Bard sends one of his gloves hurtling by her head.)

S (writes): Be not her maid, since she is— "Well, she is——what? That zany quean has sent my wits a woolgathering!"

(At this moment pandemonium breaks loose outside the window.)

S (rising and calling): "Hi, there! Dromio! Dromio! what's all this racket? Do you want to be *murdered*?"

D (coming in cautiously): "No, I *don't*. And that's why I didn't try to separate them two dogs! You see, sir, it began like this-a-way: Rover, Tom the weaver's hound, he—"

S (interrupting): "Hence, Knave, avaunt! Out of my sight, or these sinewy claws will—" (Exit D.)

S (resuming the quill):—envious. Her vestal-livery is but sick—and green, and none but fools—

VOICE (outside): "Straw-ber-*ries*! Straw-aw-ber-ries! Fi-i-ine pottle o' straw-ber-ries, three farthin's!"

S (rises and flings the quill at his unfinished manuscript): "A murrain on the house and neighborhood—and on the landlord—who said it was fit for a follower of the muses! I'll away to the bear-pit at Southwark, for peace and quiet!"

(Exit SHAKSPERE, and crosses the Thames.)

Curtain.

BRONXVILLE, N. Y. *Tudor Jenks.*

LEONARD MERRICK AND THE MODERN SHORT STORY.

Although M. Maeterlinck has very cleverly compared the critic who attempts an opinion on his contemporaries to the man who is blinded by the dust around him and who would gain a clearer view after having passed on and looked back. I will assert here that Leonard Merrick is one of the greatest names in the history of the short story. It would not be in place, however, to string out and expand the many excellences of Mr. Merrick; these few paragraphs are given merely to show the unique position which his work occupies in the modern formative period of short story development.

The most important tendency of the present is a greater emphasis of plot. In the past, stories were seldom written with the sole purpose of narration. In Stevenson's words, "There are, so far as I know, three ways, and only three ways, of writing a story. You may take a plot and fit characters to it, or you may take a character, and choose situations and incidents to develop it, or, lastly, . . . you may take a certain atmosphere and get actions and persons to express and realize it." But it is noteworthy that practically none of Stevenson's stories falls in the first class.

"Poe is the earliest master of the short story who was conscious of its possibility and of its limitations. Whatever perfection may have been achieved before him was almost accidental, but he knew what he was doing and how he meant to do it." These

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are the words of Brander Matthews. Poe's chief aim, however, was not the telling of a story; his primary motive and constant effort was the production of a gruesome effect upon the mind of his reader. Nor was Hawthorne's work in the field of the short story simply narrative; his tales are often merely cloaks for his ideas on ethics and psychology. The second type of short story which Stevenson describes has also been very popular. Indeed, until Maupassant and O. Henry, tales in which the narrative was only a minor feature were the usual kind. The most striking point in the work of this present generation has been the emphasis laid on plot, the importance of the "normal story."

Just what is Merrick's place in this development?

First, like his great contemporaries, he always has a story to tell. So far, he cannot be held responsible for a single production of the type of Kipling's "They," "The Brushwood Boy," or ".0007." Merrick's story, "The Man Who Understood Women," is a study which ranks with Hawthorne's best; yet Merrick never overlooks the fact that he is writing a story. In this masterpiece, as in all his others, there is a substantial basis of plot and action. Furthermore, the minor features never swamp the plot; they merely ornament and embellish it. Nor are his stories bare, impersonal scenarios, like so many of the "contes" of Maupassant. Of course, he is not entirely original in plot manipulation; his use of the surprise — and the same may be said of O. Henry — loses much of its effect by a too constant repetition. His versatility, however, must appear abnormal when one compares his different plots, and recognizes the ingenuity with which he has varied them.

Second, although no memorable character-sketch like Merimée's "Carmen," Irving's "Ichabod Crane," or Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann," can be found in the two collections of Mr. Merrick's stories, his characters are, nevertheless, deftly and clearly drawn. Character depiction is, on the whole, subservient to the main feature of his work, the plot. There may be, perhaps, a few too many actresses and a few too many striving young geniuses of the same type; but, at the same time, there are many unusual and lifelike portrayals. Caricature, moreover, is uncommon. Finally, Mr. Merrick's stories are never bare plots which could be acted by a company of string-pulled puppets — a very just criticism of many of the French plays.

Third, aside from the mere technical elements of structure, there is something more to be found in Merrick's stories. They are not sermons in disguise; nor, on the other hand, are they lacking in powerful lessons and clever bits of philosophy. The Latin Quarter, moreover, has furnished Merrick with an atmosphere which richly pervades and saturates every sentence.

His technique from a more detailed standpoint must not pass unmentioned. The little telephone romance in the volume entitled "Whispers about Women" is not only astonishingly well constructed, but is also equally well written. How cleverly original are the introduction and the conclusion of the pathetic story "Flower-of-the-Wood"! Merrick's style has been criticised for being too loose. Nevertheless, it is snappy, at the same time easy flowing and extraordinarily well adapted to his methods. Like Kipling's, it is journalistic, unlike Kipling's, it is never disagreeably so. Merrick is more cultivated and literary than O. Henry; yet not so studied and mechanically terse as Maupassant.

Finally, Merrick's well-balanced constructions are stories — stories, first and last. They are artistically enhanced by good character depiction and deep insight; he has an admirable technique; he has a good style. Furthermore, his work is of much greater importance to the development of the short story than are the achievements of more gifted geniuses. It is to be doubted whether higher praise could be given to any other short story writer, living or dead.

BALTIMORE, Md. *Kemper Simpson.*

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THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XXVII. JUNE, 1915. No. 6.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Kate Douglas Wiggin shows that she has a real sense of humor by the glee with which she tells the story of the superintendent of a home for the feeble-minded, to which some of her books had been sent, who wrote her a nice little note of thanks, telling her how much pleasure her books had given to the unfortunate inmates of the home and closing with these words: —

"I am sure you will be pleased to learn that you are the favorite author of the poor feeble-minded folk."

* * *

In the matter of trying vegetarianism, following the example of George Bernard Shaw, writers can get no encouragement from the experience of Herbert Spencer. Spencer tried vegetarianism for about a year. "At the end of that time," he relates, "I went over all that I had written during the year, and consigned it to the fire."

* * *

Some large business firms, iconoclastic in their zeal for economical efficiency, have taken to writing their letters as they would a telegram, without any "Dear Sir," or "Yours truly," or other complimentary beginning or close. One firm, to show that no discourtesy is meant, has this explanation printed at the bottom of its letter sheet: —

We agree with the many who believe that the use of "Dear Madam," "Dear Sir," "Very truly yours," etc., can be dispensed with in business correspondence, for the sake of accuracy, brevity, and economy.

Just how much time or how much money is saved by this bold innovation is a question. Omitting unnecessary words from telegrams is a real saving of expense, and brusqueness in telegrams is excusable for that reason. So in an office where the stenographers are rushed every minute of the time the omission of courtesy phrases may save some money, but is it not true that in most offices the stenographer, in writing her letters, could put in all the customary complimentary

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phrases and still escape the evil of working overtime? Economy in the conduct of business is a virtue, and "efficiency" is the business watchword of the day, but to carry this new reform to its logical conclusion why should not the efficient business men who think it is a costly waste of time to write "Dear Sir" drop also all other salutations of courtesy, like "Good morning, Sir," when a customer comes in, and save their precious time by starting at once with "Well, what do you want?" Perhaps in the case of those whose time is very precious even the "Well" might be omitted. W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mabel Abbott, who wrote the story, "The Adventure," printed in Munsey's Magazine for May, is a newspaper woman, and most of her work has been special articles, or "features," for the Seattle Sun. "The Advantage" is her third story, two others having been published twelve or fifteen years ago. She had done no writing since that time until about two years ago, when she went into newspaper work, which she has been doing practically ever since.

L. Allen Harker, whose story, "A Soldier's Button," appeared in the April issue of Scribner's Magazine, first became known to the reading public by short stories which came out in the London Outlook. Her introduction to the American public was due to the generous kindness of Kate Douglas Wiggin, who wrote a "fore-word" to "Concerning Paul and Fiametta," the first of Mrs. Harker's books to be brought out in this country. It was published by Charles Scribner's Sons, who have published all her books on this side ever since. The greater part of Mrs. Harker's life has been spent in Scotland and on the Cotteswold Hills in Gloucestershire. During her girlhood she frequently met the late John Ruskin, who was a lifelong friend of her mother's. It was Mrs. Harker's music master who submitted some of her short stories to W. E. Henley, then at the zenith of his fame as a literary critic in London, and she received from him strong encouragement to persevere. "A Soldier's Button" was written in the early part of 1914, before the present European War, while the author was on a visit to India.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Abbott. — Answering in the Outlook the inquiry of an "Unknown Friend," Dr. Lyman Abbott says: "I seek rest from my work by turning to some other form of activity. I try to get one or two hours every day out of doors, sometimes driving, sometimes walking, sometimes doing a little work in the garden. When I am tired with my morning's work I rarely take up serious reading for a change. If I go to a novel, as I sometimes do, I avoid the problem novel, because it requires of my mind and brain the same power of activity with which they have been exercised during the morning. I am apt to take some author with whom I am familiar, like Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, or George Eliot."

Cooper. — It is related that J. Fenimore Cooper once gave a copy of his latest work to a friend, inscribing on the flyleaf the words, "To John Blank, with the author's affection and esteem."

A few months later Cooper came upon this same book at a second-hand dealer's. He bought it and sent it back to his friend with a second inscription: "This volume, purchased at a second-hand shop, is re-presented to John Blank with renewed affection and reiterated expressions of esteem." — The Pathfinder.

Glass. — Montague Glass says that in 1907 he was the average New York hack writer, more or less, a journalistic free lance, making about $125 a month out of his writing. The first two "Potash and Perlmutter" stories were written in

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that year, and he sold them for $30 apiece to a Detroit business magazine that failed, so that he did not get his money until the business was reorganized and the magazine was given a new name — the Bookkeeper. "The new management asked me for another story," says Mr. Glass. "'Not much, not till I get my $60,' I said, and they came across." "My stories now," continued Mr. Glass, in answer to a question, "average me a thousand dollars apiece, I suppose. They have been doing that for some time past. But don't forget that I wrote stories for nine years without ever receiving more than $125 for one of them."

Asked about his writing methods, Mr. Glass replied: "My stories are a little longer than most magazines like to have stories run, but I can't seem to get turned 'round in a small space. It takes eight or ten thousand words for me to hit my mark, and that means six weeks of writing. I work every morning, but I tear up about three-quarters of the stuff I write. I've done that with a story that was practically finished and off my hands. My method? I simply try to jump right into the middle of the story from the first paragraph. I try to get all the human feeling I can. And I try to do an Abe and Mawrus story, for instance, as well as that kind of story can be done. I also do Italian stories, which I personally like a little better, perhaps."

Onions. — "How do I get material?" says Oliver Onions. "Why, I'm interested in things wherever I am; first in what a man says, and next in how he looks when he says it. Give me those two data and I can usually manage the rest for myself."

Smith. — F. Hopkinson Smith was forty-six before his first book was published, but within five years he had made himself a leader in American fiction by the creation of "Colonel Carter." The first chapter of "Colonel Carter, of Cartersville," he wrote nine times, and he corrected it in the proof after that.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

The Bible as Literature. — All our best English literature is shot through and through with Biblical quotations, maxims, metaphors, characters, allusions; the one book with which a reader needs to have familiar acquaintance is the English Bible. It is ridiculous for any one to undertake to teach English literature who does not know his Bible at least as well as he knows his Shakspere. On the pages he is undertaking to elucidate he will meet the Bible five times where he will meet Shakspere once. For purposes of critical exposition, it is certainly quite as necessary for him to understand Jacob as to understand Shylock; familiarity with Job is of greater practical value than familiarity with "Paradise Lost." — Washington Gladden, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Barry Pain on Short Story Writing. — The day before he sailed back to England Barry Pain talked about some of the difficulties which beset a story writer. Mr. Pain's first word of advice to the story writer is: "Don't try to get your plot first. Get your characters in mind. They'll make their own plot; and then you won't find your characters doing things that they'd never do in real life."

"Beginners are apt to work crudely," he said. "Let a villain appear on the scene and in two lines the reader will know that this man's a villain. He has a very bad appearance and manner. Sometimes it's admitted that he's good-looking, but he has a shifty eye, or a sardonic laugh, or a girl says: 'What is there about this man that makes me hate him?' And then when, three chapters over, the duchess misses her diamonds, or the simple village girl has left her home, all's up. We know at once that this suspicious character either did the job

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or hired a boy to do it for him. In life we don't find out so soon ; a villain may look quite commonplace.

"It's difficult for the writer to learn how characters and significant items may be introduced, at once naturally and artfully. Suppose, in the climax of a story a man in a garden falls into a well. The writer cannot break in at that point with 'Oh, by the way, there happened to be a well here.' Nor can he at the beginning extraneously and conspicuously 'plant' his well in a paragraph, lest the reader will become suspicious and say : 'What's this well doing here ?' There are several ways to do it with the art which conceals art. An old man might have passed through the garden carrying splashing pails. Whatever the way chosen, never let the reader know what you are doing, how you get your effects.

"There's a certain amount of analogy between the story writer and the conjurer. Suppose a conjurer does a trick with a coin and a glass. He holds attention on the hand which does not have the coin by keeping that hand actively in evidence, while the other hand is inconspicuously doing the trick.

"Using one idea to call up another is one of the most important tricks of the writer's art. Writing has to be selective and compressed, hence suggestive. Meredith wrote : 'She sank down and was all brown silk !' Stevenson wrote : 'He had a clear gray eye, quick as a fowl's.'

"Somebody may ask an author : 'How do you come to put down your ideas in such a way that they get into print and may be read with pleasure ?' This, of course, involves the technique of writing. And technique's a thing all good writers must learn. The day-dreaming type of mind, which is the first essential, may be born into one. But the second essential must be patiently studied and grasped after personal failure and struggle. The good thing about it is that it can be taught and learned. But the amazing and discouraging thing is that so many people think that writing is the lone art which does not depend upon developed technique at all.

"As a matter of fact, the technique of writing is developing more all the time, getting more difficult of mastery. On the stage the soliloquy is no more. In the novel, characters can no longer be introduced through long, elaborate descriptions. The artist must make them reveal themselves in what they do and say. Readers to-day won't believe Clara is a 'charming woman' just because the author says so. The author must portray her skilfully in her actions and speech and then the reader will know it, whether the author says so or not."

One of Mr. Pain's most emphatic pieces of advice to the beginner is to have confidence in one's self, and to try to aim at the discovery of one's self. He counsels above all to try delineating what is personally seen, regardless of "hero worship" in matters of style.

"The art student," he said, "must draw what he sees, not what he thinks he ought to see. Young writers often make the mistake of trying to reproduce what they've got from books, imagining they're doing it in a literary way. It's like the small boy in school who in his alleged lessons in English composition endeavors to imitate Thackeray, or Shakspere, or some such person. The worn-out clothes of the old master won't fit. Imitating will never develop individual powers.

"Then the beginner must learn to hate banalities, the worn-out word or phrase, and the banal, false situation. In England there's one story that crops out every two or three months in some popular magazine. The form is sometimes changed. The hero, so fine physically, morally, and intellectually that it's not possible to believe in him, is engaged to a girl just as fine, though that's easier to

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believe. They're happy, until one night at a dance, he sees her in the conservatory kissing another man.

"Then he 'goes out into the night.' That is a consecrated phrase. After a while he comes in again — to take passage to India. Then, after a long while in India, he discovers that the man's only her brother. He comes home and all ends happily.

"There are some points wrong here. In the first place the man might have made some inquiries; or the girl might, in some careless moment, have let out the fact that she had a brother. Then, also, I've been told, the difference between a girl's kiss to her brother and to her fiancé may be detected for three miles

"But this sort of thing is not the source of most danger to beginners. When one reads a novel and says: 'If I could write a novel like that!' there's danger ahead. But, of course, one has to begin somewhere. Personal observation of real life forms the best basis, I believe. I admit a chronic dislike of the historical novel. The author is not using his own eyes and ears, nor does the thing pass through his own temperament, which makes most for value. Historical novels are remote from life as we meet it. I remember reading one historical novel which was extremely popular. In one place the hero talked through seven closely printed pages. Then the heroine praised his noble sentiments. Try that out some time. Tell her the best you have in you, seven pages worth. Then wake her up and see what she will say." —New York Sun.

Qualifications of a Journalist. — Journalism and literature have some aspects in common. But they are radically different. The essayist is an artist; the journalist is not. He has neither time nor inclination to be artistic. Robert Louis Stevenson could never have been a journalist. Horace Greeley could never have been an essayist. Moreover, the journalist must be a man of affairs. He must be interested in what is going on. He must have a fellow feeling with all sorts of men, must know how and what they think and must think with them. He must know what interests them — if his periodical is a daily what will interest them tomorrow morning, if a weekly what will interest them next week, if a monthly what will interest them next month. He must know his subject better than his readers, but not so much better that he cannot understand their thought or want of thought. If he does not understand them, they will not understand him. If he is a special editor, as of an art or musical or geographical journal, he may know only his specialty. But if he is the editor of a general periodical, he must have an interest in and some knowledge of all current topics. He need not write elegantly, but he must write clearly and forcibly — write so that he who runs may read. He may write superficially, indeed he often must write superficially, for he writes for a constituency who when they are reading his writing are not in the mood for profound thinking. But he must think thoroughly, else his writing, not rooted in principle, will lack stability, and his journal, though it may be clever, will not be influential. He must not be repetitious and yet he must not be afraid of repetition. His writing will be read in the street cars, the office, at the breakfast table, when the reader has no inclination for careful reading. The editor's ideas must be driven into the heads of careless readers as a nail is driven into wood by repeated blows of the same hammer on the same nail. The modern journalist must be an adept in team work. He is a member of a team. His journal is not the expression of his individual opinion; it is the expression of his staff, in some sense of his constitutents. He interprets his readers to themselves, formulates their thoughts for them. He may plant some seed thoughts in their minds, but much more he develops in their minds undeveloped thoughts that are already there. Therefore he must know how to give and take, to take as well as to give, and must be able to

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modify his own thinking, both in form and in substance, in order to think with his staff and to think with his public. He cannot think for them unless he thinks with them. — Lyman Abbott, in the Outlook.

Shorthand and the Newspaper Reporter. — "Is the knowledge of shorthand an asset or a liability?"

That is the question which I have discussed with many reporters. Those who are not shorthand writers frequently denounce stenography, while those using it declare it is a great help.

There is one just criticism which can be applied to the shorthand writer. In doing newspaper reporting he is apt to get too much. It is so easy to get the words of a speaker, or the exact conversation in a trial, that the main features are lost in a mass of notes. Going through shorthand notes and sifting out material for a story is difficult, and I have found it requires more time than to write it from a few longhand sentences and memory. The longhand writer is limited in the volume of material he can record, he relies more on memory than on notes, and frequently on the margin of a newspaper, scrap from a notebook, or something convenient, he records a few words as guideposts of his story. This shortcoming in the stenographic reporter may easily be overcome, and he will find shorthand almost invaluable and a convenience. The reporter should limit his notes. I have taken a three-by-five card and limited my shorthand notes to those which could be inscribed on it. Shorthand can be written on any piece of blank paper the same as longhand, when the writer is thoroughly familiar with his system. Position on the line is only an additional key to the interpretation of signs, and the newspaper reporter has to make longhand notes which are often more illegible than carelessly written shorthand.

The shorthand writer can more accurately interpret the speaker. The longhand writer will imitate the speaker's style, while the stenographic reported has each word grappled in stenographic signs with less effort. There are many occasions in a daily newspaper reporter's career when shorthand would be invaluable to him. My first night on a certain daily, owing to shorthand, gave me an assignment which the boys had coveted for weeks. The average newspaper reporter can pick up a shorthand text-book and dictionary of the system, and inside a month be writing two-thirds of his notes in shorthand, and in a year he can make good use of all shorthand without instruction. All systems of shorthand have good points; some may be easier to acquire than others.

It will pay the reporter to secure books of some good system, and study its principles. It will be of more value to the country newspaper man, who has scores of duties to look after in addition to filling the columns of his paper. It will cut his reporting time in two. I found it so, and many of my notes I have set up on the machine, short-circuiting the typewriter. — Walter Jack, in the American Printer.

Magazine Editing From the Inside. — "Let us suppose for an instant," says some wildly imaginative individual in Vanity Fair, commenting on the form and spirit of the "blurbs" in which it has become the wont of magazine editors to announce their forthcoming "attractions," "let us suppose that Truth were to father the blurb: that an editor were to adhere in it to the smallest nonpareil letter of the law: that the scandalous skeletons of the publishing fraternity were to be released from their closets and made to tread the measures of their ghostly dance. can you fancy our standard magazines with blurbs like these?

(1) Our chief stockholder has a sister! She thinks she can write. So far as we know she is alone in sharing that belief. The editor's natural desire to retain his

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salary and emoluments prompts him to publish this little allegorical prose-poem by her, entitled 'Crépuscule.'

(2) For two years now the author of this critique—a lady in reduced circumstances—has owed us $100. We are publishing her 'Critique of the Military Operations in Galicia and Poland. By a Military Expert,' not because she has ever been a military operator, or even been in Galicia—or Poland—or even aware of the meaning of the word 'critique,' but simply because our cashier says it is a God-sent chance to balance her account.

(3) We apologize for printing this depressing poem by Mr. Rondeau, entitled, 'As One Who Longs,' but Mr. Rondeau's wife is an extremely successful novelist and our publishing department is now dickering for the book rights of her new novel.

(4) Here is a new story by Rudyard Kipling. It is one of the least absorbing tales we have ever been permitted to read, but his name *used* to be good on a cover.

(5) This manuscript has been in our safe for seven years. It is hardly timely, or interesting, or scholarly, but the war has played the very mischief with our advertising revenue and we simply *must* save money.

(6) Here is a sex story. It is poorly constructed and utterly lacks the quality of interest. It is also untrue to life: but so many magazines have had luck with their sex 'stuff' that we are willing to try out the field.

(7) Our advertising department is going after the Southern Resort advertising. Hence this article on 'Florida, the Land of Dreams.'

(8) Here is a little drawing which we have had in the 'morgue' for several years. It was carelessly omitted from the story it was intended to illustrate. We don't like to charge it off, and so we are printing it now. We have, naturally enough, been obliged to hook it up with something which is now occupying the public mind, so we have called it 'The Entry of Crown Prince William Into Louvain.'"

Then the writer wakes from his dream and adds ruefully: "Torn between the horrors of truth and the pleasures of imagination, the life of the editor is at best a compromise."—Publishers' Weekly.

Moving Pictures for Periodicals.—Moving pictures to illustrate the periodicals of the future are assured, according to an English authority on photography in "Process Work," who says: "The simplicity of the idea is one of its most valuable features. This motion photograph is a composite picture produced by successive exposures on the same plate. Therefore, a half-tone reproduction of the photographic print would be of the same nature, requiring but one impression to secure an animated illustration of any scene of action, no matter how complicated.

"Animation of the subject is secured by supplying a printed screen of very thin and transparent paper. The sheet is attached during binding as tissue interleaving for the protection of choice engravings is inserted. This screen is glued to the binding margin and to the trimmed margin of the book as well, and by allowing the screen lines to cover the print rather loosely while lying flat the tension brought to bear on the screen on opening the book, or bending its pages, causes the transparent sheet to move to and fro over the prints, thus exposing the successive movements of the subject. In other words, the mere handling of the magazine in opening or turning of the pages would put life into every picture."

Burglar Stories and Plays.—A writer in the English Nineteenth Century and After is moved to protest against the contemporary "attack upon the sanctity of the Eighth Commandment." He points out that the word "immorality" is nowa-

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days assumed to relate almost solely to infractions of the Seventh Commandment, and he enters upon a defense of the Eighth as concerned with an equally important sin, widely committed, and in great need of repression.

The Eighth Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," is not only broken to bits every day in the week, but the thief and the burglar, according to this writer's view, get a degree of attention from authors and playwrights which falls little short of popular glorification. Burglar stories and burglar plays are equally attractive; the former sell in large editions and the latter have long runs.

Addressing an English audience, the champion of the importance of the Eighth Commandment says nothing which does not apply here in our American communities as well. He points out that the libertine hero of Restoration plays does not now figure upon the stage because he is "immoral"; but isn't Raffles quite as immoral, in any true sense of the word? The adult theatregoer (who passes for an index of the taste of the "moral public") would tell you that he might not himself fear contamination from seeing plays of Wycherly or Congreve, but that he dreads the effect of such things upon a younger generation. And so he cheerfully consents to "the manufacture of young burglars, one of the most favored industries of the day."

The stories which seem naturally to form the type of all these doubtful tales are Mr. Hornung's "Raffles" stories, in which the "gentleman burglar" (who is by no means a gentleman) has become almost as familiar to all readers and theatregoers as that paladin of crime-pursuing detectives, "Sherlock Holmes" himself. The vogue of these tales, and various imitations of them, has lasted for the last decade and a half; there is no doubt they have made vice attractive to the plastic mind of the ingenuous and adventure-loving youth. Just how many burglars they have made out of innocent young men is another question; probably not very many. But all such stories and plays are bound to contribute to such cynicism in thought as is not useful in character building. There are signs here of a reaction against these ornamental rascals; maybe even the young people are getting an overdose of suggestions for wrongdoing. Their vogue might have been hard to check, even if any real effort had been made; such things usually wear themselves out of public interest more completely than any direct opposition could accomplish.—New York Evening Sun.

How Cowper Wrote "John Gilpin."—"John Gilpin" was written in a greenhouse at Olney, whose dimensions have been given as six-feet-nine by five-feet-five. This was the poet Cowper's favorite spot. "Having furnished it with a table and two chairs," he says, "here I write all that I write in summer time, whether to my friends or the public." Later in a letter to Mr. Unwin he describes this six-feet-by-five-feet paradise as a place "so silent, so shady, where no human foot is heard, and only my myrtles presume to peep in at the window." The beauties of the spot he finds an interruption to his work, "My attention being called upon by those very myrtles, by a double row of grass pinks just beginning to blossom, and by a bed of beans already in bloom." Here "lived happy prisoners" the two goldfinches celebrated in "The Faithful Bird," and here he wrote "The Task," and it is to the stimulating influence of its myrtles and mignonettes, Austin Dobson says in his "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," that we owe, if not the germ, at least the evolution of "John Gilpin."

Every one knows how, in the current story, Lady Austen's diverting narrative of the way in which a certain citizen "of famous London town" rode out to celebrate the anniversary of his marriage gradually seduced her listener from the moody melancholy which was fast overclouding him

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"into a loud and hearty peal of laughter." It "made such an impression on his mind that at night he could not sleep; and his thoughts having taken the form of rhyme, he sprang from bed and committed them to paper, and in the morning brought down to Mrs. Unwin the crude outline of 'John Gilpin.' All that day and for several days he secluded himself in the greenhouse and went on with the task of polishing and improving what he had written. As he filled his slips of paper he sent them across the market place to Mr. Wilson, to the great delight and merriment of that jocular barber, who on several other occasions had been favored with the first sight of some of Cowper's smaller poems.

This version of the origin of "John Gilpin" differs, we are aware, from the one generally received, which represents the famous ballad as having been commenced and finished in a night; but that the facts here stated are accurate we have the authority of Mrs. Wilson; moreover, it has always been said in Olney that "John Gilpin" was written in the "greenhouse," and that the first person who saw the complete poem, and consequently the forerunner of that noble army who made merry over its drolleries, was William Wilson the barber.—Christian Science Monitor.

BOOK REVIEWS.

AUTHORS' AND PRINTERS' DICTIONARY. By F. Howard Collins. Fourth edition (fifth impression), revised by Horace Hart, controller of the Oxford University Press. 408 pp. Paper boards, 35 cents. New York: Oxford University Press. 1912.

The "Authors' and Printers' Dictionary," edited by F. Howard Collins, author of "An Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," "with the assistance of many authors, editors, printers, and correctors of the press," and revised by the controller of the University Press, is the recognized printer's authority in the British Isles, and is invaluable to authors, editors, typewriters, compositors, proofreaders, or any one who has to do with proofreading, or the preparation of copy for the printer. As a book of reference for the settling of puzzling questions, it is worth many times its price.

THE WRITERS' AND ARTISTS' YEAR-BOOK, 1915. A directory for writers, artists, and photographers. Edited by G. E. Mitton, 173 pp. Flexible cloth, 30 cents. London: Adam & Charles Black. Ltd. New York: The Macmillan Company.

No writer who is selling manuscripts—or trying to sell manuscripts—can afford not to pay thirty cents for a copy of the 1915 edition of "The Writers' and Artists' Year-book." It is intended primarily for English writers, and gives full information about the English literary market, but it gives information also about the manuscript market here in the United States, and there are good lists of American and Canadian periodicals and publishers, with indications of their manuscript requirements, together with many other useful features.

CORRECT ENGLISH. Edited by Richard Ellsworth Call. 175 pp. Paper. New York: The Sherwood Company. 1913.

Sensible advice about the use of English in speaking and writing is given in "Correct English" by Dr. Hall, whose book is neither a rhetoric nor a grammar but a practical and simple book for self-education in the proper use of words.

IOWA AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS. A contribution toward a bibliography. By Alice Marple, with introduction by Edgar R. Harlan. 151 pp. Paper. Des Moines, Iowa: Historical Department of Iowa. 1914.

Miss Marple has rendered a useful bibliographical service by preparing this tentative general list of Iowa writers and their writings. She has identified more than a thousand Iowa authors, and in the case of each she gives a list of books, with dates and names of publishers. The brochure includes also a list of Iowa magazine and short story writers, and a list of members of the Iowa Press and Authors' Club.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By William B. Cairns. Ph. D. 502 pp. Cloth, $1.75. New York: Oxford University Press. 1912.

Professor Cairns's "History of American Literature" has one conspicuous characteristic; it is eminently readable. Its object is to trace the course of literary development in America, and its method is to show general movements, on the ground that American literature is first of all important as an expression of national life. Professor Cairns, therefore, divides his book into five chapters, discussing The Colonial Time, The Revolutionary Period, The Early Nineteenth Century (1800-1833), The Central Period (1833-1883), and Re-

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cent Years, making a geographical classification of authors, under such headings as The Southern Colonies ; The New England Colonies ; The Middle Colonies ; The Knickerbocker Writers ; Writers of New England ; Writers of Philadelphia, the South, the West ; The New England Transcendentalists ; The New England Abolitionists ; New York Writers ; Southern Writers ; and Western Writers. His covering of the field is exhaustive, and minor writers do not escape attention. The book admirably fulfils its aim "to present the most significant facts regarding American authors and their works." A good index makes it a useful book of reference, as well as a good book for study or for general reading. Professor Cairns, by the way, points out that the first book (in English) written by an American writer — Captain John Smith's "True Relation" — "was published three years before the King James Version of the Bible, four years before Bacon's Essays took their final form, and a generation before the religious and political writings of Jeremy Taylor and Milton." Of Benjamin Franklin's "Autobiography" he says : "It is the first book written in America which an American to-day need hesitate to say he has not read."

YOSEMITE AND ITS HIGH SIERRA. By John H. Williams. 147 pp. Cloth, $1.50, net. Tacoma : John H. Williams. 1914.

Mr. Williams is an enthusiastic lover of nature, as his two beautiful books about the great mountains of the West — "The Mountain That Was God," and "The Guardians of the Columbia" — have already shown. In this new volume, no less beautiful than its two predecessors, he describes and shows in pictures not merely the famous Yosemite Valley, but the whole Yosemite National Park. The half-tone productions of photographs are fine, and there are more than two hundred of them, with eight color plates from paintings by Chris Jorgensen. The book is particularly welcome this year, when there are so many travelers going to California. It is a real work of art, one that any nature lover will appreciate, and many thousand copies of it should be sold.

BOSTON COMMON. A diary of notable events, incidents, and neighboring occurrences. By Samuel Barber. 288 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Boston : Christopher Publishing House. 1914.

As Mr. Barber says, "Boston Common belongs to the world," so that his book will be found interesting everywhere. It is a chronological record of facts and events connected with the history of the Common, which has always been, in a way, the centre of the life and history of Boston. Mr. Barber — who, by the way, is a Brooklyn man, and not a resident of Boston — tells in diary form the story of the Common from the days of William Blackstone, the first settler in that section, who surrendered to the Winthrop Colony the land part of which was made public land, as a "Common and Training Field." In the years that have come cows were pastured there, pirates, highway robbers, burglars, and other criminals — men and women both — were hanged on the gallows there (besides executions for witchcraft and the hanging of three Quakers), and famous meetings were held there, with innumerable celebrations, military spectacles, and other stirring incidents, the stories of which help to make an instructive and entertaining book.

IN THE LAND OF THE HEAD-HUNTERS. By Edward S. Curtis. Illustrated with photographs by the author. 113 pp. Cloth. Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y. : World Book Company. 1915.

Indian life and Indian lore are illustrated in this book by Mr. Curtis, who is the author of "The North American Indian." He presents here in book form the material gathered for a motion-picture drama dealing with the Indians of Northern British Columbia, among whom head-hunting was a common practice.

THE GREAT GALEOTO. By José Echegaray. Translated from the Spanish by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. 202 pp. Cloth, 75 cents, net. Boston : Richard G. Badger. 1914.

Mr. Fassett has put the masterpiece of the famous Spanish dramatist into natural and easy English which admirably expresses the meaning of the Spanish words. The play itself is full of interest, and its absorbing plot and strong situations are worked up with such technical skill as to make it a model to be studied by those who are writing plays. The book is recommended, therefore, both to the general reader and to the student of the technique of the drama. In the artful construction and arrangement of dramatic scenes Echegaray is unsurpassed.

HOW TO THINK IN FRENCH. By Charles F. Kroeh, A. M. Fourteenth edition. 140 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Hoboken : Charles F. Kroeh.

HOW TO THINK IN GERMAN. By Charles F. Kroeh, A. M. Thirteenth revised edition. 272 pp. Cloth $1.50. Hoboken : Charles F. Kroeh.

Professor Kroeh's books aim to teach the student of French or German or Spanish, as the case may be, the language of every-day life by direct asso-

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ciation of complete idiomatic sentences with the student's actions, so as to establish the habit of speaking the foreign language without first conceiving the thought in English. The student has put before him the expressions a German, a Frenchman, or a Spaniard would use to describe his daily actions from the time he rises until he goes to bed, and while thus learning to live in French, or German, or Spanish, the student is taught to vary his sentences, as a native does, so as to acquire a real command of the language and not merely the ability to "parrot" a few sentences. All the grammatical difficulties of the foreign language (the declensions, the order of words, the command of verb forms, indirect discourse, etc.) are taught practically in an entirely original way, with the learner trained all the time to think, not in English, but in the language he is studying. Professor Kroeh's books are admirable both in plan and in execution. They are just the thing for self-instruction.

A WORKING KNOWLEDGE OF SPANISH. By Lieutenant Cary I. Crockett, 2d Infantry. Second edition, revised. 100 pp. Cloth. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Co. 1915.

Lieutenant Cary's book is intended primarily for non-commissioned officers of the army, and its vocabulary of about a thousand words in every-day use includes many military terms. The lessons are well arranged, and the book will be useful to any one who wants to get a working knowledge of simple Spanish. In the next edition "quieremos," several times repeated, should be changed to "queremos," and "quieréis" to "queréis."

ALL SPANISH METHOD. By Guillermo Hall. Illustrated. First Book, 280 pp. Second Book, 300 pp. Cloth. Each by mail, $1.20. Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Company. 1914.

Professor Hall's "direct method for teaching Spanish" has grown out of practical experience in the class-room with material prepared for several hundred beginners in Spanish every year at the University of Texas. The lessons are natural conversations in Spanish about commonplace topics, beginning with words that are so much alike in Spanish and English that their meaning is self-evident. A novel and helpful feature is the use of pictures of objects referred to in the lessons, each labelled with its Spanish descriptive word or phrase. The vocabulary is made up of the practical, every-day words of the home, the street, the store, and the office, and includes about 4,500 words, so that the student who masters the book ought to be able to make his way anywhere among Spanish-speaking people.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodicals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

JOHN HAY'S STATESMANSHIP. Illustrated. Compiled and edited from his unpublished letters. William Roscoe Thayer. *Harper's Magazine* for June.

THE WELL OF ENGLISH AND THE BUCKET. Burges Johnson. *Century* for June.

LITERATURE AND LIFE. Current Comment, in *Century* for June.

AN ADVENTURE WITH "LITTLE WOMEN." With photographs of the childhood home of Louisa May Alcott. Hildegarde Hawthorne. *Delineator* for June.

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT. With portrait. *Ladies' Home Journal* for June.

GENE STRATTON PORTER. With portrait. *Ladies' Home Journal* for June.

GRACE S. RICHMOND. With portrait. *Ladies' Home Journal* for June.

HOW THEY BROKE INTO PRINT.—VII. With portraits of James Whitcomb Riley, Coningsby Dawson, Earl Derr Biggers, Beatrice Harraden, John Kendrick Bangs, Elizabeth Jordan, and Francis Lynde. Francis Arthur Jones. *Strand* for June.

"JUDGE'S" FUNNIEST PICTURES. Together with a few samples of humorous poetry and prose which have helped to make the paper famous. *Strand* for June.

MAIBELLE HEIKES JUSTICE. Writer of Film Plays. With portrait. *Woman's Home Companion* for June.

THIS "REVIEW": A REMINISCENCE. Henry Cabot Lodge. *North American Review* for May.

PAUL VERLAINE. Arthur Symons. *North American Review* for May.

THE MAGAZINE FROM THE INSIDE. *Bookman* for May.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA. III.—Philadelphia, the Valley of Self-Sufficientness. Algernon Tassin. *Bookman* for May.

THE POPULARITY OF "POLLYANNA." Grace Isabel Colbron. *Bookman* for May.

AMERICAN STYLE IN AMERICAN FICTION. Florence Finch Kelly. *Bookman* for May.

IF EDITORS SPOKE THE TRUTH. *Bookman* for May.

SOME SPIES IN FICTION. *Bookman* for May.

THE CHARM OF STYLE. Arthur L. Salmon. *Book News Monthly* for May.

EDGAR ALLAN POE. Robert Page Lincoln. *Book News Monthly* for May.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS. With portraits. Montrose J. Moses. *Book News Monthly* for May.

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SELBORNE REVISITED. Illustrated. Henry C. Shelley. *Book News Monthly* for May.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. W. C. Melton. *Book News Monthly* for May.

SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN (Mrs. Everard Cotes). With portraits. Marjorie MacMurchie. *Book News Monthly* for May.

CONVERSATION AND THE NOVELIST. Wilfrid L. Randell. *Forum* for May.

JOSEPH CONRAD. Arthur Symons. *Forum* for May.

THE NEW POETRY. Horace Holley. *Forum* for May.

STEFAN ZWEIG: AUSTRIAN POET, CRITIC, AND DRAMATIST. *American Review of Reviews* for May.

HENRY MEADE BLAND, POET AND BLUEBIRD PHILOSOPHER. With portrait. Agnes Johnson Meckfessel. *Overland Monthly* for May.

THE RELATION OF THE PICTURE PLAY TO LITERATURE. Alfred M. Hitchcock. *English Journal* for May.

A CREATIVE APPROACH TO LITERATURE. Frank W. Chandler. *English Journal* for May.

SOME AMERICAN BINDINGS AND THE GUILD OF BOOK WORKERS. Illustrated. G. Burleigh. *Arts and Decoration* for May.

SOME FRENCH AND GERMAN SOLDIERS OF FICTION. I. — From Dumas to Bordeaux. II. — From Barry Lyndon to Beyerlein. Lillian Rowland-Brown ("Rowland Grey"). *Nineteenth Century and After* for May.

WORDSWORTH AND THE WAR. Professor A. V. Dicey. *Nineteenth Century and After* for May.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN CARLYLE AND BROWNING. Alexander Carlyle. *Cornhill* for May.

A PEASANT-POET'S LOVE OF NATURE (John Clare). John Vaughan. *Fortnightly Review* for May.

THE JUBILEE OF "THE FORTNIGHTLY." B. W. Matz. *Fortnightly Review* for May.

JOHN BURROUGHS: NEIGHBOR. *Outlook* for April 28.

REMINISCENCES. XVI. — Plymouth Church. Illustrated. Lyman Abbott. *Outlook* for April 28.

A MIGRATION OF POETS. Nathan Haskell Dole. *Bellman* for April 24.

TOUJOURS TRILBY. Montrose J. Moses. *Bellman* for May 1.

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN. *Bellman* for May 18.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Colonel George Harvey has left the firm of Harper & Brothers, after fifteen years of service as president of the publishing company, and for a time will devote himself exclusively to the North American Review.

"Rabindranath Tagore," by Ernest Rhys, is published by the Macmillan Company.

By virtue of an English order in council, the unpublished literary, dramatic, musical, or artistic work of an American author, composer, or artist will hereafter be given the full protection of British copyright in all respects as if that work were of British origin. England still requires simultaneous publication (interpreted to allow a lapse of two weeks) in England and in America of any printed work for which an American author hopes to gain a British copyright, although the plates need not be made in Great Britain.

"Hugh: A Memoir," A. C. Benson's intimate biography of his brother, is published by Longmans, Green, & Co.

"Fanny Crosby's Own Story," retold by S. Trevena Jackson, is announced by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Announcement is made of the twelfth annual contest for prizes, aggregating $2,000, for essays on economic subjects. Information may be obtained from J. Laurence Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, who is chairman of the committee in charge of the contest.

Roy L. McCardell won the $10,000 prize offered through the Chicago Tribune for the best idea for a photo-play. His play and story is entitled "The Diamond From the Sky," and now another prize of $10,000 is to be awarded for a sequel to it. Manuscripts should be not longer than 1,000 words, and should be addressed: "Scenario Department, Tribune, Chicago."

A prize of $100 for a short story, not to exceed 4,000 words, setting forth Christian Ideals of Peace, is offered by the Christian Women's Peace Movement, 705 Ford Building, Boston, Mass. Manuscripts must be on hand by June 15.

The editor of Everywoman's World (Toronto) wants special articles of 1,300 words that have a distinct appeal to women. He also wants stories not exceeding 3,000 words, for which he says he will pay according to merit, but on an average twenty-five dollars each.

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Life offers prizes of $1,000, $500, and $250 for the best short stories received before noon of October 4, under the following novel conditions : No story shall have more than 1,500 words. All manuscripts which are accepted for publication in Life will be paid for at the rate of ten cents a word for every word under 1,500 words which the author does not write. To illustrate : If the accepted story is one hundred words in length, then the author will receive $140, or ten cents a word for the 1,400 words which he did not write. For what he does write he receives no pay. If, on the other hand, the accepted story is 1,499 words in length, the author will receive ten cents. This story, however, will stand an equal chance of winning the prize with one which is very much shorter (say, one hundred words), as each story will be judged strictly on its merits as a story. The stories will be published in Life as soon as possible after they are accepted, and will be paid for on acceptance upon the basis just defined. When they have all been published, then the final awarding of the $1,750 in prizes will be made in the following manner : The editors of Life will first select, out of all the stories published, the twelve which are, in their judgment, the best. The authors of these twelve stories will then be asked to become judges of the whole contest, which will then include all the stories published. These twelve authors will decide which are the best three stories, in the order of their merit, to be awarded the prizes. There is no restriction placed upon the kind of story to be submitted. It may be humorous or tragic, as the author feels it. Manuscripts should be addressed "To the Editor of Life's Short Story Contest, 17 West 31st Street, New York City." Manuscripts will be accepted from now on.

The Minneapolis News is conducting a play contest, to close July 1. The prize-winning play will be submitted to a New York producer for trial on Broadway.

The Jewish Publication Society (Philadelphia) is about to offer a prize of $250 for a book of fiction which shall be Jewish in thought and action.

The editor of Young's Magazine (New York) will be pleased to consider stories of from 1,500 to 5,000 words and novelettes of from 25,000 to 40,000 words.

The American Cultivator is now published by new owners — the Agricultural Press Company of New York — and will be issued as a monthly, instead of a weekly paper as heretofore.

The Fra and the Philistine will continue to be published regularly, and the statement is made that Mr. Hubbard left enough copy for each publication for a year.

Dr. James R. Joy, since 1904 assistant editor of the New York Christian Advocate, has been elected editor, to succeed Dr. George P. Eckman, who recently resigned.

Elbert Hubbard's estate is valued at about $500,000.

Rupert Brooke died recently of sunstroke in the Dardanelles, where he was a lieutenant in the naval division.

Richard Lyddeker died in London April 19, aged sixty-six.

"Lynde Palmer" (Mrs. Mary Louise Peebles) died at Troy, N. Y., April 25, aged eighty-one.

"Olive Harper" (Mrs. Helen Burrell d'Apery) died in Philadelphia aged seventy-three.

Justus Miles Forman died in the Lusitania disaster May 7, aged thirty-nine.

Elbert Hubbard died in the Lusitania disaster May 7, aged fifty-five.

Charles Klein died in the Lusitania disaster May 7, aged forty-eight.

Edward Payson Powell died at Sorento, Florida, May 14, aged eighty-two.

Judge Walter Malone died at Memphis, Tenn., May 18, aged forty-nine.

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Single numbers of THE WRITER published before January, 1915, will be sent, post-paid, for fifteen cents each, excepting the numbers for August, November, and December, 1887; January-December, inclusive, 1889; October, 1891; and April, 1898 — which are out of print excepting in bound volumes. Single copies for the current year will be sent for ten cents each.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, JULY, 1915. No. 7.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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A WRITER'S MAIL.

Long ago I read in a Life of Mrs. Sigourney a list she had made of the queer demands made upon her as an author. When my first book was published I began making a similar collection for my own amusement, and have found it sufficiently diverting to be shown to others.

In my home town everything pretty much that pen and ink can do has been asked of me. I have written nearly two hundred obituaries, including some for persons whom I had never seen, of whom sometimes I had never heard until the request was made. I have likewise "written up" every imaginable charity and good work; I have described local functions for the village paper; I have prepared posters and dodgers; but I did draw the line at the petition from one good soul that I make a "Dump No Dirt" placard for the as yet vacant new church lot. Once a book agent said he wished for a few lines concerning a book I had neither bought nor read. "I'd like to show it to people here," he continued. "Your name is what I want. It does n't matter what you say."

But it is a writer's mail which bears the strangest results. A western girl once sent me this note: "I should greatly appreciate a long letter from you recommending books containing witty or comical poems or prose for recitation, where to get the same and about what price."

From Oregon came an envelope addressed to me, in care of my publishers, "Author and Writer." The letter began: —

"Presumed Friend — Whether this be 'cheek' I will not venture to say. I ask you to examine the enclosed productions and pass your opinion as to whether their author would ever make a living in the world of literature. Any aid or advice that you could give me would be not only thankfully and gratefully received, but I would ever endeavor to repay you." After my as-gentle-as-possible judgment upon his weird literary enclosures I heard nothing more of that lavishly offered "repayment."

A New York man (an utter stranger) besought information "as to whom to submit a particular article with a view to determine or ascertain which is the best magazine or periodical to which to send it (the article in question) for publication?

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Or, in other words, the quarter in which it is most likely that a particular article would be appreciated and probably published and paid for. I understand there are individuals, companies, and syndicates who perform similar services for a small fee." There was no faintest intimation as to the nature of the article referred to.

Often a story calls forth strange comments or queries. A Mr. Stimson wrote with reference to an allusion in a child's tale to "old Miss Stimson." He wished to learn if he had any possible relatives in my neighborhood. It must be that there *was* an "old Miss Stimson," he argued, for I called mine "A True Story," and so should have put a falsehood into the mouth of the character who spoke of Miss Stimson were there no such person save in my fancy.

Almost every scrap of knowledge concerning historical persons or things as displayed in my books of colonial days has been questioned or appealed to in correspondence. "Misquoting what they have misread," I have again and again found unknown correspondents weaving about me a web well-nigh beyond breaking of rash assertion and stubborn reiteration concerning matters of no importance. The tribe of Micawber who "dream in letters" is still extant, as any one will find who, howsoever, becomes acquainted with the public. And its epistolary expression is as varied as it is unexpected and interesting in its very oddity.

CATSKILL, N. Y. *Ruth Hall.*

ORGANIZING A WRITERS' CLUB.

A well-known philanthropist of Manhattan, in addressing a western club on "penny lunches," made the illuminating remark that of the several distributing stations maintained by him the one near Printing House Square was the most extensively patronized. This may have been intended as humor, but the thousands of ambitious and struggling young writers who have wandered the streets of New York without the price of a dinner are reminded that it has a touch of stern reality. One of the strange features of this condition is that many of these disappointed young people have left fairly good homes behind them.

There are two direct incentives in this mad rush to the metropolis. One is, that it is the center of the publishing business. It is the best market for those who try to live by the pencil and typewriter. That New York will continue to be the great market of the continent for manuscripts there is no doubt; but there are outside possibilities which organization may encourage.

A second reason for this congestion at Manhattan and the overcrowding of the lunch counters is, that so many writers desire the inspiration of association. There are hundreds holding positions of various sorts in the West, some on newspapers, some in real estate, some in clerical positions, who in their younger years journeyed to New York, lived in a hall room, fourth floor back, and patronized cheap restaurants, until their little roll from home had dwindled to nothing. Many of them tramped the streets in despair and madly chased every vague rumor of opportunity, but never came in sight of the goal. One of these suggests that his trip to the East resulted in one interesting idea — that in New York one can buy more for ten cents and less for one dollar than in any other place he has ever visited.

Almost invariably these would-be aspirants drifted westward, and quit writing because in the struggle for a livelihood they became absorbed in the immediate business in which they were engaged and thus lost the writing atmosphere. "I don't care much about New York, with one exception," a friend remarked. "I can send manuscripts

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by post, but I do miss the social side. It I could only slip into a chair in one of those 'eat joints' in New York about once a week, with noodles or spaghetti and a bottle of 'red ink' on the table and two or three congenial souls on the other side, I wouldn't miss the other features of city life."

To obtain this association, to build up an atmosphere, a few aspirants in Los Angeles are struggling along in company. Every member feels the stimulation of a bi-monthly meeting. Often the program is dry. Perhaps the papers are often not constructive, but the informality of the occasion creates conversation and shop talk, experiences are compared, the market is discussed, the reputation of publishers for payment of manuscripts affords information. At every meeting dozens of good ideas are set floating about. Many of the members are amateurs who are constructing plots, discussing titles, developing action, movement, atmosphere, and working on other phases which are puzzling to a beginner.

Another western club has an inexpensive weekly luncheon where congenial writing chaps get together and have an hour of shop talk. It is a slightly Bohemian crowd, and there is freedom, informality, good-fellowship, and through it all there are many, many good ideas, profitable ones, too, for those who at least know something of the game.

There is profit to be obtained from such club association, in addition to the encouragement of writing. In the larger western cities there are publishers who can be interested and who may be tempted occasionally to do some publishing for the local writer. Writers' clubs not only inspire the writer to do better work, increase his stock of new ideas, and keep him in touch with the market, but enable him to find new markets at home. By proper co-operation with the home publisher many a story or poem or a pamphlet may find a market without being posted to the overflowing offices at New York.

So I say to writers everywhere: If there are a half-dozen experienced writers in your town, organize a club. Don't make it too formal. Make the organization flexible. Organize it on the commission government plan if you wish something novel, and have a different chairman at each meeting.

It is unwise to get the habit of reading too many manuscripts. Plenty of time should be allowed for intermission and general discussion. A story critic should be selected who will do the criticising at home and make a report at the meeting. A poet critic can be added, if desired. A question box lends interest.

It is worth while to have a historian, or reporter, who will keep a record of all printed references to the club, favorable or unfavorable, historical and critical.

There should be a reviewer, whose duty is to inspect the current magazines and daily press, to get items pertaining to writing and writers.

Every club should have a small library. Perhaps the public library contains a few well-selected books of assistance. And best of all, subscribe for THE WRITER, in order that the members may be up to the minute.

The requirements for membership should not be too stringent. There is no reason why any person who is sufficiently interested to pay the dues and attend should not be admitted. Sometimes those who ask for information enlighten the club more than those who have had experience. It is very much like a class in school — numbers add to the interest. And the dues help pay for the occasional banquet when a real artist happens to come to town.

Random writing for magazines is a rather hazardous scheme at best. Local co-operation will simplify its difficulties. We learned the value of a boost in boyhood days when the nuts began to ripen, and whether you are picking nuts or writing for magazines there is much virtue in the companionship where boosts are often given and often obtained like those in boyhood days — without the asking. But the big value is that a live club will appease that illusive hunger for Broadway, and will make the aspirant more content at home, where meals are regular and the bed rooms are larger than in the great city of many wonders, including "penny lunches."

LOS ANGELES, Calif. *C. J. Colden.*

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THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to The Writer Publishing Co. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct, by mail, from the publishers.

*** The rate for advertising in THE WRITER is two dollars an inch for each insertion, with no discount for either time or space; remittance required with the order. Advertising is accepted only for the three cover pages. For special position, if available, twenty per cent. advance is charged. No advertisement of less than one-half inch will be accepted.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, Mass.

VOL. XXVII. JULY, 1915. No. 7.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

There is sound sense in the paragraph in the Waterville Sentinel which says: "If ambitious young authors wish to get their stuff in the home paper, they would do much better with accounts of how they raised beans in the back yard last summer than with poems about the war." Also if ambitious writers without experience would devote their efforts at the start to getting a hearing through their local papers, many of them would attain success quicker than they would by trying at the outset to break into the big magazines. The local paper affords many opportunities for apprentice work, and even if it is not paid for it will help toward ultimate success. The old saying, "Practice makes perfect," applies to writing as well as it does to anything else, and a writer getting experience may learn a good deal by observing how editors handle his copy and by seeing its effect in print.

* * *

Another example of the opportunities open to publishers — who, as authors justly charge, often fail to take advantage of them — is given by this letter: —

> Sirs — I have a Poem, and would like to find out about what it would be worth, or whether it would not be worth nothing. It is a Lover's plea for restoration after parting caused by a talebaror, there are twenty-two virces. the theme is taken from the clouds that darken a clear sky, and after they clear away leaving it just as bright as before, the theme is proceing by Heaven itself and the Garden of Eden showing the talebaror up in the light of the Devil who by his lying tongue spoiled the lives of two fond Lovers.
>
> It teaches a good moral lesson and I give you the first and last stanzas for a sample.
>
> 1st
>
> O, Let the clouds, roll by my Love
> That Hovering over the sky,
> O, let them pass along their way
> Near to the shadow you and I.
>
> 22nd
>
> O remember that this, is true my Love
> Of the cloud upon which, we hinge
> That every cloud, as it passes by,
> Carries a beautiful, silvery hinge.

* * *

An instructive illustration of the care taken by one novel writer to make her fiction coincide with fact, — as all novel writers ought to do — is given in a story told by the publishers of "Diantha," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. The publication of the story brought

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to the author several letters from young women who thought they were ailing just as Diantha was and wanted the address of Diantha's surgeon. Of course Diantha never existed, but for all that the author was able to give her enquirers the address of the surgeon — one of the best surgeons in New York — for though the story is fictitious, the case is medically sound. The author had seen something like it, and went to the surgeon for an explanation.

* * *

As a result of a spelling contest in writing held in Indiana somebody has written this paragraph containing the words that were most frequently mispelled : —

> "The privilege of separating ninety miscellaneous calendars arranged in two parallel lines was against the principles of the superintendent, so his niece, not to disappoint the government, nor cause it to lose business, removed the principal calendars and thus relieved her uncle of a strain which might have brought on a disease. Then she believed it had become truly necessary for her to receive her instruction in grammar."

Those who are not sure of their spelling might do well to write the paragraph from dictation and then compare their spellings with those of the dictionary.

* * *

The Century Company is authority for the statement that seven out of ten novels are dead after six months. This is a sad commentary on the work of present-day novelists.

W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Zoë Akins, whose poems appear from time to time in leading magazines, one of the latest being "The Return," published in the February Century, makes her home in St. Louis, where last winter she inaugurated a season of restaurant entertaining, presenting a one-act play each afternoon. The first play presented was a comedy, "Such a Charming Young Man," written by Miss Akins herself. Her interest in the drama is not confined to playwriting, however, as she served an apprenticeship as an actress in a stock company, has written much as a dramatic critic, and was one of the organizers of the Players, a St. Louis organization that gives frequent readings and performances of noteworthy plays. She is also a member of the Dramatic Club, the Artists' Guild, and the Art League. Her first book, "Interpretations," was published in London, in 1912, and a second edition was issued in America. Her play, "Papa," an amorality, was included by Edwin Björkman in the Modern Drama Series published a year ago by Mitchell Kennerley in New York. In the St. Louis weekly, Reedy's Mirror, Miss Akins has been running a series of articles called "In the Shadow of Parnassus," of the nature of a critical anthology of contemporary American poetry, which will be published later in book form. Miss Akins is particularly interested in discovering stray poems of a quality fine enough for publication, and she has made an effort to include for discussion every poet whose work merits such recognition.

Dr. Solomon Solis Cohen, whose poem, "Love Called Me Not Away," appeared in Scribner's for June, is a man of many activities, as witnessed by the varied character of his writings, of which the range is very wide — Hebrew poetry ; Jewish religion ; education, secular and religious ; economics ; politics ; book reviews, technical and general ; biography ; memorial addresses ; and contributions to American history. Some are serious, some half-humorous, some satirical, some fugitive, some occasional, and some are contributions to encyclopedias — for example, the article on "Zionism" in the encyclopedia published by the Scientific American. Dr. Cohen says he has scant leisure for pure literature as he must keep busy in his profession. In addition to the demands of his practice as a physician, he teaches at Jefferson College, where he is professor of clinical medicine, makes daily visits to two or more hospitals, works in or addresses medical and other societies, and does more or less technical writing and editing. He is also kept more or less occupied with "public avocations," such as single tax propaganda, anti-Imperialism, Zionism, Jewish education, prison reform, clean

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politics, municipal projects, et cetera. Some twelve or fifteen years ago Dr. Cohen, as chairman of a Committee of the County Medical Society, led the medical end of the fight for filtered water in Philadelphia, and the successful issue of the work has almost abolished typhoid fever in that city. He has been especially active in the advocacy of "preventive and curative measures other than drugs," and planned and edited a "System of Physiologic Therapeutics," in eleven volumes, which was published by Blakiston in 1901-1905. His first poem to be printed in a magazine of note was "For I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," which appeared in the Century for April, 1887. This brought him a very warm letter from John G. Whittier, and led to an interesting correspondence with Lucy Larcom, referred to by her literary executor in her "Life and Letters." Dr. Cohen's poem, "When Love Passed By," written shortly after his happy marriage, and originally published in Scribner's for December, 1888, has been continuously copied and recopied, clippings coming from India and Australia, as well as from North and South America, and there was a reprint of it in the Philadelphia Public Ledger as late as 1914. But what Dr. Cohen would most like leisure for would be to complete his translations of the Hebrew poets of Moorish Spain, especially Juda Ha-Levi.

Caroline K. Gardner, whose story, "Real Ibsen Ware," printed in the Woman's Home Companion for June, was her first short story and was accepted on its first trip, is the wife of John C. Gardner, banker, of Fort Smith, Arkansas. Mrs. Gardner is a native of Arkansas, and a graduate of Wellesley College in the class of 1909. For three years after leaving college she was employed in house-planning in the office of her father, who is an architect, and her only other publications have been articles in the House Beautiful.

Frederick Stuart Greene, who had a story, entitled "Galway Intrudes," in the June Century, is a Virginian who has lived in New York since 1891. He was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1890, and is by profession a civil engineer, being vice-president and general manager of the Waterproofing Company of New York, with offices in Pittsburgh and Boston. Aside from technical matter, Mr. Greene never wrote anything until he was forty-two, when he wrote a true story, giving it the tone of fiction. This was published in the Saturday Evening Post, under the title, "Stictuit." His next serious attempt was "Galway Intrudes," the plot of which was in his head for three months before he attempted to put a word of the story on paper. During an attack of bronchitis, when he was confined to his home, he wrote the story, in about two weeks' time, and after careful revision sent it out on its short journey. Since then he has written two stories which he thinks are better than "Galway," and which the editors of two magazines have told him are better than "Galway," but which they are afraid to publish because of their gloomy plots.

Mary Alice Handy, whose poem, "The Rose and the Bee," was printed in Munsey's for June, is the daughter of the late Moses P. Handy, who was owner and editor of the Chicago Saturday Evening Post. Miss Handy is a college girl, a graduate of Goucher, who inherited a natural bent for writing from her father. She says that Eugene Field, who was her father's close friend, may have "wished" the poetic muse upon her when he chose her as the subject of two of his poems, "Beard and Baby," and "Miss Handy," both of which appear in the latest edition of "Poems of Childhood." Miss Handy's home is in Baltimore, but this year she has been instructor in English and Latin in the Hyattsville High School.

Annie Beauford Houseman, who wrote the poem, "In Retrospect," which appeared in the May Lippincott's, was born in Brunswick, Georgia. Because of physical frailty, her early education came through extensive travel, reading of standard writers, private instruction and intermittent attendance at school, convent, or college. Later she took a three-year course in voice culture at Macon, and also studied music in New York. Her first poems were published in the Sunny South when she was sixteen, and Frank Leslie's Magazine, then

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edited by Mrs. Frank Leslie, published and illustrated her first short story. In 1912 Mrs. Houseman went to Brenau College Conservatory, where she studied voice, piano, oratory, and short-story construction, and acted as editor-in-chief of the Press Correspondence Bureau, reporting for papers all over the United States. She is now living at Lithia Springs, within commuting distance of Atlanta, where her husband's business is, and has found there the quiet to complete her book, "The Princess, the Song, and the Book," and has begun work on a novel.

Reinette Lovewell, who wrote the story, "More Than the Money," which Munsey's Magazine printed in its June number, was born in a little Massachusetts town, but for the last three years she has lived in New York City, where she is a member of the Pen and Brush Club. The New England Homestead, which was a weekly visitor to her farm home, paid her $2.50 for her first manuscript. While she was still in her teens, Miss Lovewell went to Porto Rico, where she taught for a year, the only American in an interior pueblo. She then worked for small New England newspapers, and spent three years in one of the departments at the Bridgeport, Conn., city hall. In 1912 she spent the winter in Cuba. While she was on the boat returning from Havana she wrote a story which the Munsey Company promptly bought for the Cavalier. Miss Lovewell decided to stay in New York until that check was spent, and before it was gone another check came from the Designer for a short story, and checks have been coming ever since for fiction and various articles. Her work has appeared in Munsey's, the American, the Cavalier, the Delineator, the Woman's Magazine, the Pictorial Review, McCall's, the Ladies' World, the Youth's Companion, Holland's Magazine, the Technical World, the Mothers' Magazine, and the Housewife, and Miss Lovewell is convinced that editors are reasonable and friendly individuals who give a warm welcome to anyone who produces the kind of material they print in their magazines.

Frank M. O'Brien, who had a short story, "Master of His Art," in Munsey's for June, is a New York newspaper man, being at present employed on the New York Press. He writes fiction as a side issue, and about a dozen of his stories have appeared in Munsey's during the last two years. One of them, "The First Woman on the Index," is being put in stage form by Oliver Morosco. Mr. O'Brien says that his output is rather small, because he finds it impossible to manufacture heroines with "hair of burnished gold" and heads like burnished pins, the present demand of the popular fiction market. He cannot write Western stories, because he does not know what a mesa is, and he is too busy to look it up.

Ethel R. Peyser, whose poem, "When I Grew Old," appeared in Harper's Magazine for June, is not a new writer, but she is a brand new poet. For the past five years she has been an editor in New York City, first with Good Housekeeping, next with the Tribune, and then with the Evening Mail. At present she is devoting herself to writing, and has an office where she works regularly from nine in the morning to any time of the day or night. Miss Peyser was born in New York City, and studied at Vassar and at Columbia. After graduating from college she lectured on music, and she has since worked in all causes leading to the ultimate broadening-out of woman. For some time she has been writing "A Spade 's a Spade" for Judge, and she recently sold a poem to the Munsey publications.

Lurana Sheldon, so many of whose poems have appeared on the editorial page of the New York Times that her name has come to be closely associated with that paper, is a descendant of Jonathan Edwards and was born in Hadlyme, Connecticut. She is now the wife of Judge Ferris, of York County, Maine. Mrs. Ferris is both a writer and lecturer. A medical education, coupled with opportunity for wide observation of the unfortunate classes, has given her far more than the average amount of knowledge along sociological lines, and her most recent achievement is a sociological lecture in verse, entitled "The Alien," which was heard in New York and elsewhere during the past winter. One poem of this lec-

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ture, "The Night Court," has been widely read and copied. Mrs. Ferris is the author of several novels and serial stories, many short stories and special articles, and more than one thousand poems, the latter having appeared in nearly every magazine and paper of prominence in the United States. For many years also she has written — and still writes — a large number of the unsigned verses which appear in Town Topics.

. Owen B. Winters, whose story, "The Last Rivet," was printed in Lippincott's Magazine for June, was born at Greenville, Ohio, in 1891. After finishing high school there he and his cousin went to Cuba, where his uncle was busy installing a line through from Santiago de Cuba to Manzanillo. "The Last Rivet," was based upon Mr. Winters' experiences in the Cuban interior. Upon his return to the United States he entered the University of Michigan and completed a course in journalism, graduating in 1914. Throughout his college course he was interested in fiction writing, and during summer vacations collaborated with Guy C. Baker, of Greenville, Ohio, on a series of mystery stories. After leaving college Mr. Winters took up advertising, working first on the Packard Magazine, and next as associate editor of the Timken Magazine, and he is now editor of the Chalmers Clubman, a monthly house organ published by the Chalmers Motor Company. He has written extensively for advertising publications, but his fiction is all done as a side issue. His work has also appeared in the Blue Book and in Puck.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Norris. — "My husband has been responsible for getting most of my work published," said Kathleen Norris. "My stories have appeared since my marriage, you know. I don't need to have a business sense, all I have to do is to write the stories. My husband does all the rest — I don't need even to have any of the author's complacency, or the author's pride!"

Mrs. Norris's fame as a writer is only about five years old — about as old as her son. "It was New York that did it," she said. "When we first came to New York from California the editor of a magazine with which Mr. Norris was connected gave us a tea. Most of the people who were present were short-story writers and novelists. It was pleasant for me to meet them, and I enjoyed the afternoon. But my chief sensation was one of shock — it was a real shock to me to find that writers were people! I felt as if I had met Joan of Arc, Ceasar, Cleopatra, Alexander the Great, and all the great figures of history, and found them to be human beings like myself. 'These writers are not supermen and superwomen,' I said to myself, 'they are human beings like me. Why can't I do what they're doing?'

"I thought this over after we went home that evening. And I made a resolve. I resolved that before the next tea that I attended I would sell a story. And when I next went to a tea, I had sold a story."

"To what publication had you sold it?" I asked.

"To an evening paper," said Mrs. Norris; "but I had written and sold a story. That was something; it meant a great deal to me. My first stories were all sold to this evening paper for twelve dollars each. This paper printed a story every day, paying twelve dollars for each of them, and giving a prize of fifty dollars for the best story published each week. I won one of the fifty-dollar prizes."

I asked Mrs. Norris for the history of one of her earliest stories, a story of California life which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. She said: "That story went to twenty-six magazines before it was printed. My husband had an alphabetical list of magazines. He sent the story first to the Atlantic Monthly and then to twenty-five other magazines. They all returned it. Then he started at the top of the list again and this time the Atlantic Monthly accepted it."

The mention of Mr. Norris's activities in selling this story brought our conversation back to the subject of the "business sense."

"A writer needs the ability to sell a story as well as the ability to write it," said Mrs. Norris, "unless there is some one else to do the selling. Many a woman writes a really good story, sends it hopefully to an editor, gets it back with a printed notice of its rejection, and

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puts it away in a desk drawer. Then years later she tells her grandchildren that she once wanted to be an author but found that she could n't do it.

"Now, that is no way for a writer to gain success. The writer must be persevering, not only in writing, but in trying to get his work before the public — unless, as I said, there is some one else to supply the perseverance in getting the work before the public.

"I think that the desire to write generally indicates the possession of the power to write. But young writers are too easily discouraged. But I have no right to blame a writer for being discouraged. I had frightful discouragement — until I was married." — Joyce Kilmer, in the New York Times.

Tarkington. — There were five bleak, dismal years in the life of Booth Tarkington. During that unhappy period he wrote industriously and without the least encouragement. Neither editors nor publishers saw the slightest merit in the products of his pen. "As rapidly as a manuscript could go the rounds of the various offices," Mr. Tarkington recently observed, "mine traveled the course. All of them came back — with surprising promptness. The postman used to feel sorry for me." Yet it was during this time that the Hoosier novelist wrote "Monsieur Beaucaire." That, like the rest, was declined until, finally, Mr. Tarkington's sister succeeded in interesting a publisher in the story. After that the way was open.

"As I look back on it now," the author says, "I find considerable solace in the reflection that editors who rejected those earlier manuscripts later sought them for publication That experience — the turn of the road — was one of the happiest and most completely satisfying events of my life."

Mr. Tarkington was no sooner graduated from Princeton than his literary career was begun. His first ambition was to become a contributor to the comic weeklies, to be artist as well as author. To that end, for a year or more, he sketched as industriously as he wrote, and with as much success. But to this day he still resorts to pencil and pad to fix peculiarities of character in mind, or to visualize some scene designed for either novel or play.

Though he is only forty-six years of age, there is probably no other American author today who has, in a similar length of time of active literary work, made more money from his pen than Mr. Tarkington. "Monsieur Beaucaire," as novel and as play ; his numerous short stories, his creditable showing in the list of longer tales, "The Man From Home" and other plays — these have all brought him rich returns. Indeed, so far as royalty receipts are concerned, Mr. Tarkington doubtless stands today at the head of his contemporaries. His money, for a long period, was spent lavishly, but of villas abroad and like extravagances Mr. Tarkington soon tired and for the last two or three years he has been content to remain in the city of his birth, Indianapolis, in the old family residence where he was born, and to hold himself aloof from the social activities that formerly attracted him.

When it comes to work, night is day and day is night with the Indiana writer. His practice is to rise about noon. He does little work, however, until eight or nine at night, and, once intent on his task, it is not unusual for him to be at it still when day dawns. Always at his elbow is a box well filled with newly sharpened pencils, and as fast as the point of one is dulled it is discarded and another selected from the box to take its place. His workshop is a large room on the second floor of his residence, and there, once he is seated at his desk, he is safe from interruption. The members of his family see to that. — Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Trevena. — John Trevena, whose reputation has grown since he published his "Pixy in Petticoats" in 1896, is Ernest George Henham, and under his own name he had previously published "God, Man, and the Devil," "Menotah," "Tenebrae," "The Feast of Bacchus," and other novels of which he speaks as the works of "an obscure and ill-balanced scribbler, whose difficulties were insurmountable." His novels published under his pseudonym include besides "A Pixy in Petticoats," "Furze the Cruel," "Heather," "Bracken" "Granite," "The Reign of the Saints,"

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"The Dartmoor House That John Built," "Arminel of the West," "Wintering Hay," and "Sleeping Waters." He says of himself: "At the age of sixteen I was attacked by disease, and the disease remained with me until, in my thirty-sixth year, I shook it off upon Dartmoor, a region for which I have little affection, despite my books. Four early years I spent in Canada, and upon returning to London I was reduced to something uncomfortably like starvation, until certain stern, Puritanical relatives gave me a home. Under the rigorous treatment I received there — they looked upon literature as a form of idleness and novel-writing as one of the deadly sins; according to their lights, placing every possible impediment in my way — my health broke down entirely. At the same time Providence sent me an unexpected legacy of four hundred pounds. I went to live in the Italian Alps, but grew rapidly worse, so came back to England; was sent by a doctor to Bournemouth, where I entered the last stage; finally was carried to Dartmoor, where I recovered. With few pounds left I took a cottage, and there made my final throw against fate by writing 'A Pixy in Petticoats.' If it failed I was done for. While awaiting publication I lived by selling a few engravings. The book was not a great success, but it was enough to set me upon my feet."

"It is one thing, however, to make a literary success, and another to pay for it," says J. Walter Smith, in the Boston Transcript. "Trevena paid for his in an unexpected way. His 'Pixy,' be it known, was founded upon a real person — in fact, every character in the book, except Burrough, the hero, was real. When Trevena's villagers found out the truth — that their doings and sayings had been published to the world, excitement grew to indignation. Trevena's life was actually threatened, and he made a hasty exit to another part of Dartmoor. Once when taking a quiet walk on the moor, so he himself says, a rifle bullet whizzed past his head, and he never learned who fired it. At that time he was doing his literary work in a secluded cottage on the top of a hill, commanding a wonderful view of the Tors which figure often in his stories. 'There I lived,' he said some years ago, in reply to a request for information about himself, 'absolutely alone with my dogs, doing my own cooking and housework for months together. Often I did not speak to any one for over a week. I seemed to be a source of some terror to the nearest village, as the people, who are still superstitious, regarded me as a magician, practising the black arts in solitude.' Trevena's books show how thoroughly he has studied the Dartmoor folk. One feels the touch of truth in all he writes. This is not surprising when one knows that nearly all his characters are painted from the life, and that for years, while he has been fighting for his very physical existence amongst the heather and granite which he knows so well, he has been filling his brain with a mass of Dartmoor folk-lore and fact, the value and nature of which cannot be estimated until Trevena has written his last book."

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Ruskin Criticising Browning. — A letter of Ruskin, criticising at Browning's request the latter's "Men and Women," is now first published in "Macmillan's Annual," a literary miscellany edited by E. V. Lucas (35 cents net). The letter is dated "Denmark Hill, December 2nd, 1855," and begins rather ominously: "I know you have been wondering that I did not write, but I could not till now — and hardly can now; not because I am busy, nor careless, but because I cannot at all make up my mind about these poems of yours; and, so far as my mind *is* made up, I am not sure whether it is in the least right. Of their power there can, of course, be no question — nor do you need to be told of it; for every one who *has* power of this kind, knows it — *must* know it. But as to the Presentation of the Power, I am in great doubt. Being hard-worked at present, and not being able to give the cream of the day to poetry — when I take up these poems in the evening I find them absolutely and literally a

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set of the most amazing conundrums that ever were proposed to me. I try at them for, say, twenty minutes — in which time I make out about twenty lines ; but not consecutive lines, always having to miss two for every one that I make out. I enjoy the twenty separately, very much, but the puzzlement about the intermediate ones increases in comfortlessness till I get a headache, and give in."

Ruskin went into details with one of these poems, the one entitled "Popularity," concerning which he wrote :—

"Stand still, true poet that you are !
I know you ; let me try and draw you."

Does this mean : literally — stand still ? or where was the poet figuratively going — and why could n't he be drawn as he went ?

"Some night you'll fail us." Why some *night* — rather than some day ? "Fail us," How ? Die ?

"When afar you rise." Where? — how ?

"Remember," etc. Very good — I understand.

"My star, God's glow-worm." Very fine. I understand and like that.

"Why extend that loving hand." Grammatically, this applies to the poet. The ellipsis of "should He" — throws me quite out — like a step in a floor which one does n't expect.

"Yet locks you safe." How does God's hand lock him ? Do you mean — keeps him from being seen ? — and how does it make him safe ? Why is a poet safer or more locked up than anybody else ?

I go on — in hope. "His clenched hand — beauty." Very good, but I don't understand why the hand should have held close so long — which is just the point I wanted to be explained — why the poet had to be locked up ?

"My poet holds the future fast ?" How ? Do you mean he anticipates it in his mind — trusts in it ? I don't know if you mean that, because I don't know if poets *do* that. If you meant that — I wish you had said so plainly.

"That day the earth's feastmaster's brow." Who is the earth's F. ? An angel ? — or Everybody ?

He summarizes his objections to poetry of this sort under three heads : "For one thing, I entirely deny and refuse the right of any poet to require me to pronounce words short and long, exactly as he likes" ; "in the second place, I entirely deny that a poet of your real dramatic power ought to let *himself* come up, as you constantly do — through all manner of characters — so that every now and then poor Pippa herself shall speak a long piece of Robert Browning" ; "and, in the third place, your ellipses are quite unconscionable : before one can get through ten lines, one has to patch you up in twenty places — wrong or right — and if one has n't much stuff of one's own to spare to patch with, you are worse than the worst Alpine Glacier I ever crossed. Bright — and deep enough truly — but so full of clefts that half the journey has to be done with the ladder and hatchet. However," he continued, "I have found some great things in you already, and I think you must be a wonderful mine, when I have real time and strength to set to work properly."

In his reply, which appears in Cook and Wedderburn's edition of Ruskin, Browning defends himself vigorously against Ruskin's second count, and says that he is unconscious of putting himself into his characters. — New York Evening Post.

The Novel That Preaches. — A majority of the first-class story writers of the United States today seem to be disposed to use the novel for propaganda purposes, just as Mrs. Stowe did with her story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and later Helen Hunt Jackson did with "Ramona." Nor is this inclination strange. The literary artist does not cease being sympathetic and open to appeals to his loyalty and his conscience when he decides to create a drama, novel, essay, or poem. Indeed, if he or she gathers material in the world at large, at a stage of ferment and flux like the present, it is far from easy to escape early dedication of talent or genius to a "cause." Authors who can retain the critical and objective attitude, who can see the procession go by and not march with it, and who decline to risk permanent fame by winning temporary popularity, are

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not so numerous as the more partisan and ephemeral type.

Of course, much of the problem as to the durability of a novel that also is a tract is conditioned by the cause which it champions. If this be parochial and superficial in character, no story written about it can have any universal appeal or last long as a "best seller." But a book like "Ground Your Arms" dealt with phases of European war and the burdens of militarism in a way to make it likely that its author, the Baroness von Suttner, would have readers throughout the world for generations to come. She had a world problem for her art to work upon, and a cause to champion that makes its strong appeal to the choicest individuals of all lands and races. Consequently she won an international reputation as a polemical story writer prior to her equally wide fame as a consorter with eminent publicists in promoting internationalism and a federated humanity. Had she first used her craftsmanship as a story teller, championing a lesser cause than peace and good will among men she might never have had the chance to become a maker of history. She challenged a great foe of civilization and grew larger in meeting a challenge accepted by her as a life duty.

From the standpoint of art it has to be admitted that often the didactic novel, poem, or play is wanting in comeliness, deftness of technique, and beauty of form. The speed with which it is written, the passion of feeling out of which it arises, the very concentration of purposes animating it, make it likely that the story, whether told in prose or verse, will have defects of technique, albeit only minor ones. But the moralist who usually writes the fiction that also is sermonic in intention seldom is in the mood of regret for work done and not done. He sees a cause needing a champion. He has a willingness to contend for it. What shall he do? Use any weapon he can use legitimately to further the cause. That weapon with him is a novel. — Christian Science Monitor.

Courts of Honor for Plagiarists. — The proposal to appoint a committee of authors, dramatists, and composers to pass upon questions of plagiarism will no doubt have the warm indorsement of the literary profession, and there are reasons why the rest of the public should approve of it. It seems, indeed, only fair to the sensitive artistic temperament that in case of dereliction it should be amendable to a more sympathetic tribunal than a law court. When, for example, an author "takes a wing here and a leg there," as Montaigne said of his own pilferings, and the pilfered one complains, must the culprit be subjected to the same prosaic judicial processes as a sneak-thief? Even the kleptomaniac has the benefit of a certain moral indulgence. An author examined on charges of plagiarism by members of his profession would at least have the advantage of being tried by a jury of his peers.

The statement that "nearly a dozen" cases of the kind are pending in the courts indicates that the committee would find plenty to do. Its verdicts, of course, would not be final. Yet, as the reports of qualified experts on a technical subject, they would have authority. But do not authors generally take the matter of plagiarism too seriously? "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," and it was Macaulay's view that "a man should have enough to spare something for thieves." — New York World.

Love Stories Wanted.—From the editorial offices of magazines, be they of high degree or low, in point of literary standard, continues to arise an appealing cry to writers of short stories. "We are loaded up with ordinary tales," editors say. "Every mail brings us manuscripts by the score dealing with politics, finance, divorce, strikes, shipwrecks, murder, sudden death! But almost never do our eager eyes light on a bit of real romance, on a short story that is a love story, and a story of young love at that."

It is an interesting situation. The very demand on the part of editors argues corresponding demand on the part of readers. The insistence of the demand indicates that modern authors either cannot or will not attempt the most difficult and desirable theme with which fiction, long or short, can concern itself. Wars may come and go; business depres-

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sion may ensue in a hundred fields of endeavor ; but it seems that nothing in the way of economy can lessen the market for love stories.

To the person of ordinary business perception the ways of authors are past finding out. Why should they toil over stories which deal with everything under the sun except that one elemental relationship between man and maid which is of universal, perennial, compelling interest ? Why should a mill owner, for example, use every ounce of energy, every dollar of working capital, and all of his machinery, in turning out three-legged tables, for which there is no demand, when he knows perfectly well that the furniture dealers are at their wits' end to purchase tables having four legs ?

One magazine editor is reported to have invited half a dozen authors to his office recently for the purpose of impressing upon them a situation which is becoming more and more critical from the publishing standpoint.

"Here I stand," he said despairingly, "holding out my hands with hundred-dollar bills in them, and asking for love stories. And all you say is that you can't think of any just now."

It is not difficult to recall days when a majority of the stories in magazines were love stories. But a change came over the literary firmament ; was it when a young man named Kipling burst with a blaze of glory (and ducats) above the horizon of magazinedom ? Little use had he for tales of love. His power was so great, his force so compelling, that it dominated readers of fiction wherever the language was understood. Whereupon other and lesser writing folk, desiring, doubtless, a share of glory (and possibly of ducats), put their literary helm down hard ; turned from the course of romance, and strove to sail into the eye of the wind, into the stern realities of life ; to deal with Things as They Are — or as some imagine such things to be. And poor little Dan Cupid, was it then that he commenced to pine away from page of type and illustration which theretofore had known him so well and so regularly ? Perhaps ; at any rate, Cupid is all but vanished from the periodicals now ; and it may not be unfair to say that his gradual disappearance began when that robust youngster Kipling arrived from out of the East.

This was about — let us see ; about 1890. Good gracious ! Did Mulvaney ride that elephant a quarter of a century ago ? Impossible ! — "R.," in the New York Sun.

False Dialect in Fiction. — A sin that is not mentioned in the decalogue is that fastening a false and absurd dialect on the innocent aliens of fiction. Inferior novelists have for years indulged in this vicious practice unrebuked, but when a writer of high repute like John Galsworthy is found guilty of it and apparently unashamed, it is time for a serious word of protest.

In his latest book Mr. Galsworthy introduces an American who says "vurry" for "very" and "Amurrycan," and constantly refers to the "chivalry" of his nation. He interlards his conversation with "I judge" and "I reckon," and urges an acquaintance whom he encounters on a railroad train to "get off right smart." We note also "Gawd's airth" and "pears to me" among his flowers of speech.

Our own second-rate fiction is rich in similar assaults on the vernacular of foreigners. Englishmen of birth and cultivation are reckless in the misplacing of their aspirates : Frenchmen say "zis" and "zat," although they have never been known to do it in real life, and Irishmen are made to distort "what" in "phwat," and to exclaim "bejabers" and "begobs" on every possible occasion. There should be an international congress of writers in order to agree upon a suitable idiom for the characters of the different countries. — New York Herald.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodicals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

THE LITERARY USES OF EXPERIENCE. Elisabeth Woodbridge. *Yale Review* for July.

PLATO AS A NOVELIST. Vida D. Scudder. *Yale Review* for July.

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JOHN HAY AND THE PANAMA REPUBLIC. Illustrated with photographs. Compiled and edited by William Roscoe Thayer. *Harper's Magazine* for July.

CURRENT LITERATURE AND THE COLLEGES. Henry Seidel Canby. *Harper's Magazine* for July.

FICTION. OLD AND NEW. W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, *Harper's Magazine* for July.

THE ART OF FICTION. Editor's Study, in *Harper's Magazine* for July.

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL. With portraits. Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. *Century* for July.

CHOOSING A LIFE WORK: THE PROFESSION OF JOURNALISM. Rollin Lynde Hartt. *Lippincott's* for July.

IN DEFENCE OF THE PROFESSOR WHO PUBLISHES. Aloin S. Johnson. *Mid-West Quarterly* for July..

HOW THEY BROKE INTO PRINT — VIII. With portraits of Arnold Bennett, Richard Harding Davis, James B. Connolly, George Barton, Frank L. Packard, and Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. Francis Arthur Jones. *Strand* for July.

THE POETS RETURN. Horace Holley. *Forum* for June.

QUACK NOVELS AND DEMOCRACY. Owen Wister. *Atlantic* for June.

THE EFFICIENT STYLES. Contributors' Club, *Atlantic* for June.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA — IV. New York and the Making of a Metropolis. Algernon Tassin. *Bookman* for June.

EDWIN MARKHAM AND HIS GOLDEN SHOWER. Bailey Millard. *Bookman* for June.

MUSHROOM REPUTATIONS. *Bookman* for June.

THE "DIABOLIC" IN POETRY. Stephen Phillips. *Bookman* for June.

WAR AND THE LITERARY MARKET. *Bookman* for June.

JOHN DRINKWATER — AN APPRECIATION. Milton Bronner. *Bookman* for June.

HENRY BORDEAUX. With portrait. Elise de Merlier. *Book News Monthly* for June.

SAM MERWIN AND "THE HONEY BEE." With frontispiece portrait. Hewitt Hanson Howland. *Book News Monthly* for June.

THE AUTHOR OF "CONTRARY MARY" (Temple Bailey). With portrait. Sara Langstroth. *Book News Monthly* for June.

MARY JOHNSTON AT HOME. Illustrated. Alverda Van Tuyle. *Book News Monthly* for June.

THE GENESIS OF THE NOVEL. Raoul de Beaucrispin. *Book News Monthly* for June.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. With portraits. Moorfield Storey. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. *North American Review* for June.

BAYARD TAYLOR. Laura Stedman. *North American Review* for June.

JOHN G. PALFREY, EIGHTH EDITOR OF THE REVIEW. With portrait. *North American Review* for June.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE FLUTE. *Étude* for June.

A SEVENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD WOMAN REPORTER (Mrs. Josephine Clifford McCrackin). With portrait. Bertha Snow Adams. *American Magazine* for June.

RUPERT BROOKE. Edward Thomas. *English Review* for June.

SHAKSPERE'S HEROES AND RUSKIN'S GALLANTRY. Gilbert Cosulich. *English Journal* for June.

THE ORDER OF MONOSYLLABLES AND DISSYLLABLES IN ALLITERATION. John Whyte. *Modern Language* photographs. Josephine C. McCrackin. *Overland Notes* for June.

BRET HARTE IN THE "MOVIES." Illustrated from *Monthly* for June.

BIERCE — THE WARRIOR WRITER. H. M. East, Jr. *Overland Monthly* for June.

THE EVOLUTION OF IMPERIALISM IN GERMAN LITERATURE. Joseph McCabe. *Nineteenth Century and After* for June.

REMINISCENCES. XVII.—An Industrial Revolution. Illustrated. Lyman Abbott. *Outlook* for May 26.

THE EUROPEAN WAR AND THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER. James Melvin Lee. *Bellman* for June 19.

THE MAN WHO MADE THE KANSAS CITY STAR (Colonel William Rockhill Nelson). With portrait. William Allen White. *Collier's* for June 26.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Mrs. Humphry Ward had practically decided to write a book of her reminiscences this year, but she has now made up her mind to write three more novels and then quit, at least for a long time so far as novels go.

Ninety writers and artists in New York joined in giving a surprise dinner and testimonial May 24 to William A. Taylor, retiring editor of the Associated Sunday Magazines, who intends to take a long rest after his ten years of service.

"The Poets Laureate of England," by W. Forbes Gray, (E. P. Dutton & Co.) combines biographies of the sixteen laureates with a critical study of their odes.

"Twenty Years of My Life," by Douglas Sladen, (E. P. Dutton & Co.) contains reminiscences of many famous figures by the editor of the English "Who's Who."

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"Ralph Waldo Emerson," by O. W. Firkins, (Houghton Mifflin Company) is a biography based on the materials in the ten-volume edition of the "Journals."

"Bronson Alcott's Fruitlands," by Clara Endicott Sears, is an account of the founding of the "New Eden" at Harvard, Mass., in 1843, containing Alcott's diary, Miss Alcott's "Transcendental Wild Oats" and other hitherto scattered material.

"Writing of Today," published by the Century Company, gives as examples of good writing for the benefit of students models of journalistic prose, selected and discussed by J. W. Cunnife, D. Litt., Professor of English at the Columbia School of Journalism and Gerhard R. Lomer, Ph. D., instructor in English at Columbia University

"Newspapers and Libel" is a brochure written by William C. Henderson, a New York lawyer, and published by the Chemical Bank Note Company, Rutherford, N. J.

The "Index to Short Stories," compiled by Ina Ten Eyck Ferkins, (H. W. Wilson Co., White Plains, N. Y.) is a bibliography containing entries, with references to their sources in books and magazines, of many thousands of short stories in the English language.

"The Ballade," a study of the English ballad form from its origins in romance times to the present hour, by Helen Louise Cohen, is published by the Columbia University Press.

"The Modern Drama," an essay on interpretation, by Ludwig Lewisohn, is a critical discussion of the work of Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, Hervieu, Daudet, Zola, Wilde, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Pinero, Galsworthy, and others. It is published by B. W. Huebsch.

An autobiographical "Revery on My Childhood and Youth," by W. B. Yeats, is to be published by the Cuala Press of Dublin. A critical study of Mr. Yeats by Forrest Reid also will be published soon.

A bibliography of the works of Thomas Hardy from 1865 to 1915, to match the original Wessex Novels edition, has been compiled by A. P. Webb.

In "Contemporary Portraits," by Frank Harris, to be published by Michell Kennerley this month, Mr. Harris has set down his recollections of Renan, Oscar Wilde, Swinburne, George Meredith, Robert Browning, Verlaine, Anatole France, Sir Richard Burton, and others.

Professor George P. Baker of Harvard has in preparation a study of "The Technique of the Drama," based on the instruction given by him at Harvard and Radcliffe.

"American Authors' Ancestry," by John Osborne Austin, (Freeman Co., Providence,) traces the genealogy of 103 of our leading writers.

A pamphlet on "The Preparation of Photoplay Scripts," containing a model scenario, fully explained, with notations on each scene and leader, and several pages of practical hints, will be mailed to any one sending a two-cent stamp to the Lubin Scenario Department, Twentieth street and Indiana avenue, Philadelphia.

Louis D. Brandeis, through the Federation of American Zionists, announces the offer of a prize of $100 and a bronze medal for the best original essay on some phase of "Jewish Life and Culture in Palestine." The contest is open to students in any college or university of the United States or Canada. Manuscripts must be submitted before November 1.

The Southern Woman's Magazine (Nashville) invites the writers of the South to join in a competition for prizes of $500 to be given for the best three short stories sent to the magazine by October 1.

The New York Herald wants good news photographs, and is paying three dollars each for pictures published, with a weekly prize of five dollars for the best picture of the preceding seven days.

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The National Municipal League has established an annual prize of $250 to be awarded for the best essay of not more than 20,000 words on a subject connected with municipal government, offered by a post-graduate student at any college in the United States which gives instruction in municipal government. Essays for this year's prize must be sent before September 15, to Clinton Rogers Woodruff, secretary of the National Municipal League, North American Building, Philadelphia, who will give information as to the conditions of the contest.

The editor of Town Topics (New York) announces that he will give prompt and careful consideration to short stories, burlesques, verses, and jokes, and will pay liberally for acceptable material.

Frank Parker Stockbridge has resigned as the editor of Popular Mechanics, to become managing editor of the New York Evening Mail, which has been bought by S. S. McClure.

J. B. Summerfield, Henry M. Haviland, and Arthur N. Taylor are temporary directors for the North American Review Corporation, which is to publish the magazine owned and edited by Colonel George Harvey. The new capitalization is $850,000.

The Hannis Jordan Co., publisher of the Writer's Bulletin, New York. has gone into bankruptcy, with liabilities of $13,000. The Writer's Bulletin is the magazine that was started as the Magazine Maker, and was called for a time the Writer's Magazine for Literary Workers.

Richard S. Peale of 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, President of the Americana Company, the Scentific American Compiling Department, and the United Editors' Association, has gone into bankruptcy, with liabilities of $604,554 and nominal assets of $847,262.

The Centurion, a new twenty-page illustrated monthly magazine about books and authors, is published by the Century Company (New York) and will be sent free to all who ask for it.

Thursday, July 8, will mark the close of the first fifty years of the Nation. The issue for July 9 will be a semi-centennial number, and will be illustrated with pictures of former editors.

Instruction in the five-years' course of study at the University of Texas School of Journalism, started last September, covers the history and principles of journalism, comparative journalism and current events, editorial direction and writing, reporting and interviewing, copyreading, magazine and short-story writing, feature writing, editing and writing for agricultural, educational, scientific, and other class publications, newspaper jurisprudence, business management, illustrative art, advertising, mechanical printing, and other phases of journalistic work. The students edit and print a weekly paper, the Texas Journalist, which next year will be made a daily.

Walter Brown, who was the author of "Everywoman," which was produced several days after his death, February 9, 1911, left a net estate of $17,572, the only asset being the play, valued at $20,000. The earnings that accrued to the estate from the play from the date of its production up to April 17 of this year amounted to $90,884.

The estate of Charles Klein, the playwright, who died in the Lusitania disaster, is valued at about $1,000,000, practically all made in playwriting.

Mrs. L. B. Walford died recently in England, aged seventy years.

Marie Marguerite Bouvet died at the State Insane Hospital at Reading, Penn., May 28, aged fifty years.

James Eugene Farmer died in New York May 30, aged forty-five.

Eliot Gregory died in New York June 2, aged sixty-one.

Henry Beach Needham was killed by the fall of a military aeroplane in France June 17. He was forty-three years old.

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VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1915 No. 8.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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PROFITABLE SCRAP-BOOK MAKING.

A well known newspaper man, a distinguished critic, was compelled recently to sell a remarkable library that was wholly made up of some 800 scrap-books that had cost him a prodigious labor extending over fifty years. They were marvellously well indexed and of uniform and handy size. He found a buyer in his own line of work, and was paid $3,000. The library is now the most valuable asset in the editorial rooms of a big newspaper.

During the making of these books every important topic discussed at the time was represented by the various opinions of the leading journals of the world. For instance, all the most thoughtful estimates of Forrest and the Booths, father and son, begin the dramatic record, and simultaneously the accounts of the great operatic events of the day and the appearances of musicians and singers. The same plan was followed in regard to literary events and the work of new authors of promise, and here the critical judgment is represented in reviews of Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Reade, Collins, Disraeli, Cooper, Scott, ving. Many volumes were devoted to art and many to mechanical progress. Politics was splendidly recorded and the books are full of anecdotal features that would be of great value now in compilation. There were a number of volumes devoted to the curiosities of animal life, and in science some thirty volumes covered the progress in railway and marine transportation, and the development of electricity from the first accounts of telegraphic communication. Miscellaneous topics covered great surgical operations, cookery, spiritualism, hypnotism, particularly narrating the Charcot period, Christian Science, and psychology. Perhaps the most valuable part of the library, from a popular point of view, was a section of fifty volumes devoted to play bills, and some that were inset were a hundred years old.

Of course in the making of these scrap-books every clipping that could be obtained from rarely old papers, as the collector proceeded, was carefully added in, and many friends, aware of his splendid work, would contribute valuable scraps from their own preserves.

Perhaps the line that was of the most service to the collector in his own writing was in the way of criminal history—

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stories of notorious burglaries and adventures of all kinds of thieves. In this record alone he was enabled many times during his career to "make all kinds of money," as he said, by having at hand the stories of notable crimes that could be weaved in suddenly desired matter appertaining to some current sensation, or would suggest a plot for a detective story. He said to me: "My collection has not only been invaluable in the trade of writing, but it has given me profound pleasure. I never read a paper or magazine of any kind without a pair of shears in my fist. I had numberless big strong Manila envelopes at hand, under various subjects, in which I temporarily placed my casual clippings. One set in particular was labeled 'Stories of Prominent Men,' and it gave me constant income in my biographical notices. With my cookery clippings I supplied hundreds of short articles, by clever adaptation, being no mere amateur of a cook myself. Of course I gave good attention to feminine activities, like household economics, and I distinguished a well-known feminine name which I especially assumed as a pseudonym, being thus supposed to be more authoritative in my pronunciamentos regarding kitchen work and the pacification of babies. On several occasions I made myself quite rich on sudden demands for material regarding certain fads of the hour — in politics, religion, women's rights, spiritualism, and Christian Science. I was enabled on more than one occasion to supply hurry calls from lecturers and preachers. From several volumes of matter I gathered relating to church affairs I had some famous lectures and extracts from such preachers as Beecher, Collyer, Talmage, Brooks, Farrar, and Gibbons, that furnished me magnificent material for sermons that I would write and privately supply to some over-worked minister. My success in this scrap-book library was all owing to systematic arrangement in pasting and filing, when I began. I had saved clippings for a long while, but after I got started with a dozen differently labeled books I generally pasted in whatever I had on the day I got it. More often I did the work once a week, later on, when I could have my appliances more convenient. I always used paste, so that I could make a transfer by wetting the page and peeling the clipping off easily, which cannot be done when mucilage is used. As I advanced I found the work much easier in performance, and I learned to take more care in the juxtaposition of my subjects and in the pasting itself. At length, as my professional work engaged my time, my daughter took up the scrap-books for me. It was she who made the index volumes, and I regard her methods and arrangements as ingeniously clever."

Now it seems to me that herein is a suggestion that ought to attract the attention of many earnest women. There is money to be made in the pursuit of any one subject by intelligent clipping. I will warrant that if the topic of the drama is handled carefully for the next twenty-five years, with the inclusion of representative playbills, the scrap-books will find a quick buyer. Women are especially adapted for scrap-book making as a business. A friendly newspaper office will provide exchanges from all over the world, that would otherwise be thrown away. A book publisher once told me that there was a constant demand for newspaper records by authors compiling history, or anecdotal stories of animal life, and that he himself would have paid a liberal price some time ago for a collection of clippings about dogs and cats.

I once boarded in a private hotel in Twenty-sixth street, New York, where I had as a table companion twice a day for more than a year the delightful Louisa M. Alcott, the author of "Little Women." She loved to discuss what she called "the practicalities of life," and she was forever interesting herself in the possibilities of woman's work, believing that every young girl should learn to become proficient

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enough in some branch, such as stenography and bookkeeping, so that in case of unlooked-for disaster she could at once seek to earn her own living in the line she had studied. She had no use for idle women in a private home where there was so much in domestic life that could be learned for good account. She had a particularly interested leaning for the pleasant employment of making scrap-books, "not the kind," she said, "that are a mere collection of sentimental nonsense about birdies and Robert's prayer, but topical, treating some subject in an exhaustive way, so that the books may be invaluable for future use. The habit of reading with a pair of scissors in my hand has stood me in good stead for much of my literary work." *Deshler Welch.*

BUFFALO, N. Y.

COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED.—XXXVI.

"Up to date," unless the phrase is used as a modifying adjective, should not be written with hyphens. The sentence, "An up-to-date girl must wear a hat that is up to date," is correctly written. Some authorities say that "up to date" is a vulgarism, excepting when used as an adverbial modifier—for instance in the sentence, "That brings the story up to date"—but "modern" does not always express the up-to-date idea.

"Apparent" is a much weaker word than "evident," for the reason that "apparent" is used in two senses, meaning either that which is clear, or that which seems to be but may not be what it seems. "Evident," therefore, should be used instead of "apparent," in speaking of cases where the speaker has no doubt—for instance in the sentence: "It is thoroughly apparent that the increase in the price of bread is arbitrary and unjustifiable."

Exception may be taken to the sign in the South Station in Boston, "Spitting upon the floor of this building is prohibited," on the ground that "upon" means "up on" and that it is an impossibility for any one to spit up on the floor. It has been pointed out that one might possibly spit up on the wall, or, if his expectorating ability were sufficiently well developed, he might possibly be able to spit up on the ceiling, but he can only spit down on the floor—and he ought not to do that. "On" in place of "upon" would bring the sign nearer to the Boston standard.

That even Boston is not infallible is shown again by the signs scattered through the Common and the Public Garden, reading "Please Keep off of the Grass." The "of" is superfluous, and there would be no misunderstanding without it, since the grass has never shown itself to be aggressive.

One of the New York papers speaks of "secret conspirators," and certainly secret conspiracies are to be condemned. Even public conspiracies would not always meet with popular approval.

Usage in the newspapers is divided between "pacificist" and "pacifist." "Pacifist" is shorter and for that reason is likely to prevail, but lexicographers prefer "pacificist," which suggests pacific plus "ist," while "pacifist," suggests pacify plus "ist."

The consensus of expert opinion is that "consensus" should not be spelled "concensus."

The sentence, "He is both a writer and lecturer" is incomplete. It should be, "He is both a writer and a lecturer." The repetition of the article in such cases is required. *Edward B. Hughes.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to the Writer Publishing Co. If local checks are sent, ten cents should be added for collection charges.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers.

*** The rate for advertising in THE WRITER is two dollars an inch for each insertion, with no discount for either time or space; remittance required with the order. Advertising is accepted only for the three cover pages. For special position, if available, twenty per cent. advance is charged. No advertisement of less than one-half inch will be accepted.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XXVII. AUGUST, 1915. No. 8.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

A warning to writers is given in the story of the troubles of Mabel Herbert Urner (Mrs. Harper), reprinted from the Authors' League Bulletin in this number of THE WRITER. The injustice from which she is suffering is manifest. The publishers who brought out her first stories rightly hold the copyright on them, and they deserve credit for giving the stories circulation among a large number of readers, thus arousing interest in the characters and creating a demand for more stories of the same kind, but, as the New York Morning Telegraph has said, "This cannot justify any attempt to mislead the public and to capitalize the popularity won by the stories, by printing a second series masquerading under the title of the first." Legally, the publishers appear to be quite within their rights. The new series of stories does not infringe the copyright of the old series, since they do not reproduce any incidents in that series and the copyright of the old stories, in any case, is held by the publishers. The new stories do not infringe any copyright of the new stories that Mrs. Harper herself is writing. You cannot copyright a title or a name, and such trade right as there is in a title happens to belong to the original publisher of the stories. The fact that for a large public the titles of the originals had come to mean stories by Mrs. Harper is of no legal weight. Morally, Mrs. Harper is a victim of injustice, but legally she seems to have no case in court. The warning to writers is to take care in making contracts to see that a suitable clause is inserted reserving to themselves in each contract exclusive rights in the characters they create, even after the contract has expired. The copyright law also should be amended, to prevent misleading imitations like those of which Mrs. Harper has reason to complain.

* * *

Any one who is brought into relations with the general public sees some very interesting people. For instance, THE WRITER, which has been sending out some circulars lately — and incidentally has added a large number of subscribers to the list — has received the following letter: —

DEAR SIRS: —

I have received two consecutive synopses of your publication, THE WRITER. They have failed entirely in accomplishing your purpose; which was, of course, to secure me as a subscriber.

Unless you are willing to agree to my suggestion, herein given, I shall be greatly obliged

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if you strike my name from the list of those to whom you send these solicitations.

I am a book reviewer and a critic of English: a "purist," if you prefer that word. I have had good reason to disapprove of the use of words and the locutions in the published writings of such authors as Mabie, Van Dyke, Davis, and practically all the leading writers of the present time and of the recent past, both in the United States and in England. Hardly one of them places the adverb "only" in the proper place; most of them cause needless confusion by persistency in employing the locution "don't think," when it should be "think not"; and too many employ the verb "want" when it is manifest they mean "wish." These are but a few of the faults that are altogether too common. They are doubtless so ingrained as to be beyond correction in those who have gained a reputation, and whose contributions would be sought eagerly by editors and publishers: but they are faults which aspiring authors, who have not yet "won their spurs," should be taught to avoid. Few of these eminent writers so arrange their words as to ensure that "economy of attention on the part of the reader" which is so properly commended by Herbert Spencer; yet who, himself, fails in just that important matter.

If you choose to add me to your staff and to entrust such critical work to me, paying for my services according to an agreement which we shall make, I am willing to receive a copy of THE WRITER regularly, as it is issued; otherwise, I insist upon being relieved of the annoyance your persistency will cause.

Yours very truly,

* * *

"'Twenty Years of My Life' by Douglas Sladen, $3.50, net." At that rate what would Mr. Sladen's whole life cost? W. H. H.

THE SCRIBBLERS' CLUB.

A small band of East St. Louis women writers who call themselves the Scribblers believe in hard work as an aid to future greatness. At their meetings, which take place monthly at the different homes of the members, each writer reads some work which has been allotted as her share. Then the other members frankly criticise this work and offer the author such help as they are able to give. Through thus bringing others' brains to bear upon her work the author finds a new inspiration, and not infrequently when she reaches home she revises the manuscript according to the suggestions received and thus brings it into salable condition.

The president of the club has a habit of stopping the conversation abruptly at times and giving out paper and pencil to each member asking each to choose some theme quickly and develop it as much as is possible in ten minutes. The resulting efforts are then read aloud and commented upon. Sometimes there is a great deal of laughter occasioned by the different views, as, for instance, when one member wrote "a slender Jersey gathering sustenance," and another merely "a cow grazing," both speaking of the same thing.

The club had the pleasure recently of entertaining Miss Temple Bailey, who said among other things in giving the members her advice: —

"Do not think you 'arrive' only because you have a name to start you. Editors are only too happy to find and encourage the new writers, and if there is even a trace of talent in your work, the editor is likely to send you a note of encouragement. Editors are kindly folk. Do not believe all you hear about their aloofness.

"Do not be discouraged over the rejection slip. Keep on!

"The field is ripe for the writer of fresh romantic love stories.

"You must work to succeed. I work every day, whether the muse is calling or not. The morning is my golden time. I write three hours. The afternoons I give to my friends.

"I am always glad to give advice and encouragement to young writers. I have several who come to me for help, and I give freely of what experience I have had."

Now the members of the Scribblers' Club are wondering whether all successful women writers are as happy and charming as Miss Bailey is. She is a young woman of wonderful sweetness, and gives one the impression of absolute sincerity, boundless faith in God and her fellow man, and splendid health.

Annie O'Neill McGinnis.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Maxwell Struthers Burt, who wrote the story, "The Water Hole," published in Scribner's Magazine for July, says that by

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profession he is a cattleman. He was born in Baltimore in 1882, and lived in Philadelphia until he went to Princeton. For two years before going to college he was a reporter on the old Philadelphia Times. He was graduated from Princeton in 1904 and then went to Merton College, Oxford, England. Afterward he taught in the English department at Princeton for two years, and then took up ranching at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where he lives now. Mr. Burt has written much more verse than prose, and most of his output has appeared in Scribner's Magazine and in the Smart Set. His book, "In the High Hills," was published two years ago by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Lewis A. Harding, whose speeches, "The Consecration of the Sixties," and "Felicitations of a Five-Year-Old," have just been printed by the Hollenbeck Press, of Indianapolis, is the prosecuting attorney for the ninth judicial circuit of Indiana. Mr. Harding was graduated in law from the Indiana State University in 1909. In 1906 he won the Bryan prize in oratory on a theme relating to the principles underlying the American government, and in the same year he won the Austin Thompson prize for public speaking. In the spring of 1907 he won the oratorical contest in the inter-collegiate contest at Cincinnati. This admitted him to the Delta Sigma Rho, the national fraternity of orators and debaters. Mr. Harding is also the author of a pamphlet, "The Preliminary Diplomacy of the Spanish-American War," published in 1912; of a book, "The Call of the Hour," published in 1913 by the Sunflower Publishing Company, of Wichita, Kansas; and of a gift booklet, entitled, "The First Christmas."

Charles Boardman Hawes, whose story, "Mr. Jacob Eissenstein," appeared in the Youth's Companion for June 24, was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1911, and studied English at the Harvard graduate school the next year. He taught school at West Swanzey, New Hampshire, and at Harrisburg, Penn., during the year that followed, and at present he is on the editorial staff of the Youth's Companion. Mr. Hawes has worked as a forester and surveyor in the woods of northern Maine, and as clerk and line inspector for the Western Union. His "Mr. Jacob Eissenstein," and the other "Mr. Ballin" stories which have already appeared or are to appear, are the result of a year's residence in West Swanzey, where the scenes are laid. A series of "Abol River Stories," which he has placed with different publications, is one result of his work in the Maine woods.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell, author of the poem, "The Old Maid," in the July Century, was born in San Francisco, as were her father and mother. Her grandparents settled in the West in the "gold days" and her mother's father was a "Vigilante." Excepting for two broken terms at a girls' school when she was very young, she has never attended any institution of learning, and she attributes whatever success has come to her to the absolute freedom and inspiration accorded her at home, and to the training which she received from W. C. Morrow, the novelist, short-story writer, and purist, who has set so many Californian writers far on the road to achievement. Last October at the Grand Canyon of the Arizona she married William Sanborn Young, of Evanston, Illinois, and they have since made their home in New York. Mrs. Young's first verse was published when she was fourteen, her first story when she was seventeen, and her first playlet was accepted for the professional stage the same year. Soon afterward, however, her family removed to Los Angeles, and she went abroad for a year, and then to Mexico, so that it is only for the last four years that she has really been writing. Mrs. Young succeeds best, perhaps, in play-writing, and she has done one-act plays for Julius Steger, Lillian Burkhart, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Crane, and several other vaudeville "bill-toppers." She now has five three-act plays coming on for production by well-known stage people. Writing verse is her keenest delight, and is reserved for her reward of merit when she has cleaned the slate of other work. Her usual method is to find the theme

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first, and then get the cadence and beat of it before definite words come. She says she knows nothing of "inspiration," and holds that if one is really keen for the work any time, any place will answer. "The Old Maid," and "The Night Court," in the Century, she says, were mostly written in the New York subway. In addition to the poems in the Century, Mrs. Young has had poems published in the Smart Set, the International, and the Independent, and she has been represented in Mr. Braithwaite's last two Anthologies. Other verses will soon be published in the Century and in Poetry.

Nita Pierson, whose story, "The Court of the Four Seasons," was published in the July Sunset, lives in San Francisco, and has written a good many poems for the San Francisco Call. Miss Pierson has had little schooling, since, she says, at the age of ten she began to bear a share in contributing to the family income, and has been supporting somebody ever since. She has found the road, from doing chores in a longshoreman's boarding-house to composing sonnets which sell, a long, circuitous, trickily pitfalled, steep, and rocky one, but she is now succeeding. During the past year her time has been pretty much her own, and she is working hard with the hope that she may be able to write always. Her story in Young's Magazine for June shows that she has a sense of humor. She says that, such as it is, it was kicked and cuffed into her, and it's here to stay. Some day she hopes to write her autobiography, and she intimates that it will be an interesting one.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Churchill. — "Is it too personal a question to ask you how you gather your material for your novels?"

"Why, no," answered Winston Churchill. "Most of my political material came out of experience and living. It is a mistake for a man to write what he has n't lived. I remember one time when James Bryce was staying with me he said: 'Whenever I want to make up my mind on a subject I sit down and write an address on it.' Well, I write a novel in the same way. I go and see people who are puzzled about the same question that puzzles me. I talk with them, not letting them know, of course, that I am getting material."

"I don't go about it from a standpoint of curiosity — I do it most seriously and become a part of what I am getting at. After that I draw on my summaries. I lived 'Coniston' during my two years in the New Hampshire Legislature and my amazement over the fact that a corporation was controlling a State made me write the book to settle the matter in my own mind."

"And you settled the question to your own satisfaction?"

Mr. Churchill smiled and continued. "You remember the Lincoln Club was formed shortly after its publication and I ran for Governor."

"Was Virginia Carvel in 'The Crisis' a real girl?"

"Out in St. Louis there is all kinds of speculation about her," Mr. Churchill answered. "Some of the people say I meant so-and-so and others say so-and-so, but I really had no one particular in mind when I created the character. Virginia is just a general type of Southern girl, that is all. How did I gather my material for that book? Well, first of all, my family had practically lived through it out there in St. Louis. I remember when I went after the material for General Sherman I went over all the old war newspaper files. I read personal accounts of battles of the Civil war. However, my best material came from Henry Hitchcock, brother of the former secretary of the Interior. Mr. Hitchcock, you know, was one of Sherman's staff and I suppose he represents the Stephen Bryce in the book. Hitchcock lent me his diary and some letters he had written home to his wife during the war, and I tell you there was some mighty graphic material in those. He had jotted it down on the moment and consequently the vigorous detail was not forgotten.

"I had a great many letters from people following the publication of the book, asking me who Judge Whipple was. That interested a great many. The judge was no one in particular. He must have just been subconsciously

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in my mind." — Paul Waitt, in the Boston Post.

Philpotts. — Eden Philpotts has his own ideas about the writing of a story. "You may think it a topsy-turvy way," he said recently to Edwin L. Shuman at his vineclad home at Torquay, on the English Channel, "but I always select the setting first and evolve the plot and characters from it. I never create a story and then look for scenes into which to fit it. The people of a novel, I believe, should grow up out of the soil on which they act out their little drama."

In the case of "Brunel's Tower," he said, he lived among the Devon potters for three months before setting pen to paper, making friends among the workmen and even shaping earthenware with his own hands, until the red of the clay got into the blood of his characters. — New York Sun.

Rinehart. — "It just depends on which hand I happen to pick up my fountain pen with, which hand I start to write with," Mary Roberts Rinehart said once, when she was asked how she wrote. "I am ambidextrous. When I was a little girl I was left-handed, but my teachers and parents insisted that I learn to write with my right hand also and I did. Now I am glad of it, for when the fingers of one hand become cramped and tired, I just shift my pen to the other hand and go on with my work." Mrs. Rinehart writes all of her manuscripts in longhand, or at least she used to a few years ago, always with a fountain pen and using ruled tablet paper. Her writing is legible and her manuscripts are so neat it is hard to tell the difference between the first and the final draft of one of her stories. —Chicago Tribune.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

A Defect in the Copyright Law. — An interesting question of an author's rights that does not seem to be adequately covered by our copyright laws, and one that the Authors' League deems as important on which to base efforts for future legislation, has been recently placed before us.

For several years prior to the spring of 1914, Mrs. Mabel Herbert Harper (Mabel Herbert Urner) supplied the Hearst Publications with a series of short fiction articles under the titles of "Married Life the First (Second, and Third) Year," and later "Their Married Life." These stories portrayed the every-day life of the central characters, "Helen and Warren Curtis," and gained a country-wide circle of readers. Mrs. Harper has received hundreds of letters from people who watched her articles with interest and learned to look forward to their weekly appearance. She thus gained a large personal following, and her work, from the syndicate point of view, was of exceptional value.

In May, 1914, certain differences arose between Mrs. Harper and the Hearst Publications in regard to the number of stories to be furnished weekly. She severed her relations with them, and later placed the series with the McClure Syndicate.

For perhaps a month the stories ceased to appear in the Hearst papers, then their publication was resumed. The same title was used, and the doings of the same characters were described. In fact, incidents which had been left unfinished in the genuine series were taken up and completed. Throughout, Mrs. Harper's style was so closely followed that the intent to pass the stories off as her work is perfectly evident. Every effort has apparently been made to make them as similar as possible to the original ones. Numerous letters from readers received by Mrs. Harper, months after she had ceased writing for the Hearst papers, testify to the misleading character of the imitation stories. But that they did not approach the excellence of her own writing is plainly shown by the fact that many of her correspondents complain of deterioration, both as to style and interest. A competent judge of writing could instantly detect the difference.

The justice of a writer's protest against the use of her title and characters in such a manner as to injure her literary reputation with her readers will be quite evident to readers of the Bulletin. Unfortunately, however, the legal remedy in a case of this character is inadequate and uncertain. The stories, although in themselves the original creations of the author, were ordered and paid for by the Hearst

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Syndicate and copyrighted in its name. The imitation series cannot in any way be regarded as an infringement of copyright, as none of the incidents in Mrs. Harper's present stories, or even in the original series, are actually reproduced. Furthermore, no copyright can subsist in any title or name. There is, however, a trade right in a title, much of the same nature as a trade-mark right, which can be enforced when a title has become of commercial value to its owner through advertising or length of use, or when the purchasing public has learned to recognize a product by a certain name. There is no doubt that the title, "Their Married Life," has come to mean for a large public a story by Mrs. Harper, but as the copyright in the original series vests in the publisher and as it is the publisher who has, by business acumen and advertising, created the demand for the work, it would be a difficult point to establish the author's undoubted moral right to the exclusive use of the characters which she created.

But injury to her reputation as a writer is not the only harm suffered by Mrs. Harper through the publication of an inferior imitation of her work. The Hearst Syndicate supplies many newspapers with material under a blanket contract which covers all their features. The McClure Syndicate has found its market curtailed by this arrangement ; for why should the editor of one of these papers go to additional expense in securing the genuine stories when he gets a series "almost as good" without extra cost ?

We have gone into the above case rather fully because of the fact that writers are becoming more closely identified with the characters they create. And the tendency is more than ever toward a series of short stories written around the same established characters.

As the copyright and trade-mark laws are at present so inadequate in this respect, we advise our members when entering into contracts for special series to carefully guard that any characters they may create are reserved for their exclusive use when the contract has expired. — Authors' League Bulletin.

Mark Rutherford's Style. — The touch of austere restraint in the writer's style — so rare a characteristic in an age of tedious rhetorical exuberance and strained epigram — is particularly effective in situations which would tempt some very great writers to expatiate in satire or pathos. Here, for example, is a characteristic specimen from the supposed postscript to the "Deliverance" in which the "editor" relates the death of Mark Rutherford : —

> "His body was taken to a hospital and thence sent home. The next morning his salary up to the day of his death came in an envelope to his widow, without a single word from his employers, save a request for acknowledgment. Toward mid-day, his office coat, and a book found in his drawer, arrived in a brown paper parcel, carriage unpaid."

It would not be very hard to write the page of sarcasms by which Thackeray would have driven home the moral of the "carriage unpaid," or the moralizing tags which George Eliot would have thought appropriate. But, in truth, the satire is a hundredfold the more effective that the writer tells his tale in the fewest and simplest words and leaves the facts to speak for themselves without note or comment. As in the great situations in all imaginative literature of the highest order, such facts tell their own story, and point their own moral. It is in the same spirit of austere grace, which we rightly connect with the supreme effects of "classical" literature, that Plato ends the tale of Socrates' greatest and last day, as hardly a modern would consent to do, with the simple words, "And this, Echecrates, was the end of our comrade — as we think him, the best, wisest, and most upright man of that time with whom we had to do."— "The Novels of Mark Rutherford," by A. E. Taylor.

Can You Henry-James? — Golf and Henry-James are a good deal alike, the main difference being that you golf out of doors while you Henry-James in the house. The out-of-doors game consists in whacking a ball and then trying to find it. You Henry-James on the same principle by starting out with one of his sentences and seeing where it will land you. In golf you sometimes find the ball. In Henry-James you are never quite sure whether you have found it or not.

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In the July Atlantic there is a Henry-James game worthy the skill of the most expert player. This particular Henry-James game is entitled "Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields," but there is n't much in it about Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields — a fact that will not surprise a good Henry-James player. To play the game you take your stand with Mr. James at the beginning of the course and he tosses you this — which you are supposed to catch : —

> If at such a time as this a man of my generation finds himself on occasion revert to our ancient peace in some soreness of confusion between envy and pity, I know well how best to clear up the matter for myself at least and to recover a workable relation with the blessing in eclipse.

Point one, of course, is for you to get this — which really is an easy one — before he sends you the next one, for not even the best players can hold two at once. And the next one follows fast : —

> To the Boston constellation then almost exclusively belonged the higher complacency, as one may surely call it, of being able to measure with some closeness the good purpose to which they glittered.

This looks easy at first, because you instantly recognize Boston, but when you try to figure out, with some closeness, who it was that glittered you are using up time you ought to be devoting to watching this one coming at you and to deciding how you are going to stop it : —

> We knew in those days little of collectors ; the name of the class, however, already much impressed us, and in that long and narrow drawing room of odd dimensions — unfortunately somewhat sacrificed, I frankly confess, as American drawing rooms are apt to be, to its main aperature or command of outward resonance — one learned for the first time how vivid a collection might be.

Here is where you need a cool head. If you lose command of your outward resonance at this point you are in a worse fix than a drawing room, no matter how odd its dimensions or its relation to its aperature. If you can't hold it, drop it, for here comes another — Mr. James is getting into fast form now : —

> The register of his two American visits was piously, though without the least solemnity, kept in Charles street ; which assisted, however, at Dickens's second visit to the States and a comparatively profane contemporaneity.

Now you understand why you could n't stand around fooling with that one about the aperature in the drawing room. But wait, you are not yet through with the house in Charles street : —

> I liked to think of the house, I could n't do without thinking of it, as the great man's safest harborage through the tremendous gale of those even more leave-taking appearances, as fate was to appoint, than we then understood ; and this was a fact about it, to my taste, which made all sorts of other, much more prolonged and reiterated, facts comparatively subordinate and flat.

If you can follow the ball in that you stand a chance to get in the finals. Here is the qualifying test : —

> Her admirable gift, that artistic sensibility in her which rivaled the rare personal, that sense for the finest kind of truthful rendering, the sober and tender note, the temperately touched, whether in the ironic or the pathetic, would have deserved some more pointed commemoration than I judge her beautiful little quantum of achievement, her free and high, yet all so generously subdued character, a sort of elegance of humility or fine flame of modesty, with her remarkably distinguished outward stamp, to have called forth before the premature and overdarkened close of her young course of production.

Stop that one and you can Henry-James in the best circles, which is to say you can go round and round with him. That's the game. — Kansas City Times.

Tennyson's Inspiring Diet. — From a letter written by James Spedding to Lord Houghton in 1845 when Tennyson was writing "The Princess," we get a glimpse of the diet which inspired that poem. "Yesterday I dined with Alfred Tennyson at the Cock Tavern, Temple Bar. We had two chops, one

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pickle, two cheeses, one pint of stout, one bottle of port, and three cigars. When we had finished I had to take his regret to the Kembles ; he could not go because he had the influenza." — London Chronicle.

The Length of the Sentence.—Compare these two narratives with regard to rapidity of movement :

I.

Smith was the new man. The boys did not think he was a good "mixer." Perhaps that was merely because he sawed wood and said nothing. He didn't waste time displaying his knowledge of the firm's policies.

One day the assistant manager quit. The boss sent for Smith.

"Smith," he asked, "can you hold your tongue ?"

"I think I can, sir."

"So do I. Jones has left me. I need some one right away. I want a man who will not tell all he knows. Do you want the job ?"

Smith did.

II.

While the other men in the office displayed their knowledge of the firm's policies, Smith, who was the new man, sawed wood and said nothing, and for that reason was not considered a good "mixer."

One day, when the assistant manager quit, the boss sent for Smith, and asked him, "Smith, can you hold your tongue ?"

Upon Smith's replying that he could, the manager continued, "I think so too, and since Jones has left me and I need some one right away — some one that will not tell all he knows — I want to know whether you want the job."

To which question Smith replied in the affirmative.

Compare these two paragraphs with reference to dignity of movement :

I.

All men are created equal. They are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. Among these rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. These truths we hold to be self-evident.

II.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident : that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

It may be seen from the above two groups that no iron-bound rule can be framed governing the length of sentences. For rapid narrative, there is no doubt that short statements are preferable ; but even here, a continued use of them may result in a certain unpleasant jerkiness of style.

On the other hand, one cannot imagine the Declaration of Independence couched in Gatling-gun sentences. So framed, it would lose much of the grandeur and stateliness that make it so remarkable a document.

Rule. — Beware of the fanatic that prescribes short sentences as a cure for all literary ills. — Gilbert Cosulich, in the Des Moines Register.

Keats on Poetry. — "In poetry I have a few axioms," wrote Keats to John Taylor.

"1. I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity ; it should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance.

"2. Its touches of beauty should never be halfway, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of Imagery should, like the sun, come natural to him, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight. But it is easier to think what poetry should be, than to write it. And this leads me to

"Another axiom — That if poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all. However it may be with me, I cannot help looking into new countries with 'O for a muse of Fire to ascend !'"

Similarity of Methods in Dickens's Novels. — As everybody knows, Dickens left an unfinished novel behind him ; and a number of ingenious writers from time to time have essayed to finish the story of "Edwin Drood," constructing the whole from the fragment — yet not from the fragment only, since in the process they are forced into examining the plots of other novels of his ; so

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into recognizing that his invention had certain trends — certain favorite stage tricks, artifices, clichés — which it took almost predicably; and so to argue, from how he constructed by habit, how he probably would have constructed this tale.

For example, no careful reader of Dickens can fail to note his predilection for what I will call dénouement by masked battery. At the critical point in story after story, and at a moment when he believes himself secure, the villain is "rounded on" by a supposed confederate or a supposed dupe, a concealed battery is opened, catches him unawares, levels him with his machinations to the ground.

Thus Monks brings about the crisis of "Oliver Twist"; thus Ralph Nickleby and Uriah Heep come to exposure; thus severally Jonas and Mr. Pecksniff in "Martin Chuzzlewit"; thus Quilp and Brass in "The Old Curiosity Shop." Thus Haredale forces the conclusion of "Barnaby Rudge"; thus in "Bleak House" Lady Dedlock (though she, to be sure, cannot be reckoned among the villains) is hunted down. "Hunted Down," in fact, the name of one of Dickens's stories, might serve for any other of a dozen.

Sometimes the denouncer — old Chuzzlewit, Mr. Micawber, Mr. Boffin — reaches his moment after a quite incredibly long practice of dissimulation. But always the pursuit is patient, hidden; always the coup sudden, dramatic, enacted before witnesses; always the trick is essentially the same — and the guilty one, after exposure, usually goes off and in one way or another commits suicide.

I instance one only among Dickens's pet devices. But he had a number of them — and so had Shakspere. — Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in the North American Review.

The Mediocrity of Magazine Novels. — Says Walt Mason in the Emporia Gazette:—

All the fiction magazines have adopted the idea of publishing a book length novel in each issue, and if the stories were any good the plan would be a great one. But the people who write stories for the fiction magazines seem to hit the level of mediocrity and stay there. There are a dozen of them who write so much alike that nobody could distinguish the work of one from that of another. Francis Lynde, H. Bedford Jones. Fred Jackson, Edgar Franklin, James Francis Dwyer, Perley Poore Shehan, are names you see in the magazines every month, and their yarns are so much alike they might be turned out by machinery. Not one of these authors has a symptom of style; they have no humor, no genuine dramatic instinct; they seem to fashion their stories with hammer and cold chisel. Zane Grey and George W. Ogden are about the only contributors to the fiction magazines whose work has some literary value. It is simply astonishing how many writers manage to sell their stuff to the magazine editors.

The worst part of it is that nearly any one of the writers mentioned could do better stuff if he had a chance. The writer for the popular magazine does the sort of thing experience tells him will be accepted. He is coached and trained by the editors to do exactly what he is doing; he will tell you frankly that it is a business with him and that he has no illusions concerning the literary value of what he writes. He has to make a living, and he cultivates the market open to him; sometimes his power to turn out better stuff survives and sometimes it perishes. But he is doing what his editor wants.

Shall we blame the editors of these magazines for carefully training these young men into the production of mediocre stories? Not too harshly. These same editors are not fools; they are bright young business men and they sometimes have something like taste. They know, as a rule, that they are not publishing literature; some of them would like to publish it. They have no more illusions than the writers concerning the quality of the stories they print. They are employed to foster, buy, and publish the thing that will sell the most magazines, and they experiment until they arrive at a formula. They investigate and find what their particular public wants. Having found it, they coach writers in the production of it. It is a business proposition, like selling hats, shoes, or hay.

It is the particular public that buys, reads, and enjoys this sort of stuff and demands

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more and more of it that must be reformed. There are all sorts of publics. There is one large public that will buy pretty good fiction. It is scattered, and the publishers of fiction find it difficult to reach. But the public that likes cheap fiction is larger ; it is everywhere ; it is easier of access ; it is responsive ; it is a continual temptation to the writer who would like to do only good work but needs money, and to the publisher who would like to turn out nothing but good books and yet wants to keep his establishment running. It always has existed; it always will exist ; it will always be in the majority. We said that it must be reformed, but we don't think it ever will be, or even can be. For the only thing that can reach it is exactly the sort of thing that is reaching it now. — Don Marquis, in the New York Evening Sun.

Answers to Authors. — Suggestive advice to writers is given by Amos R. Wells, editor of the Christian Endeavor World, in these "Answers to Authors" who may be more or less fictitious, but who certainly are typical : —

John C. W. — If you *must* write spring poetry, refrain from calling it "Spring." If you cannot get a fresher title than that, your poem is not fresh enough for its vernal theme.

Mary C. — Your article on airships is plainly "made up" from the newspapers and magazines. My advice is that you do not write on airships till you have been up in one — and come down.

Helen V. McD. — I read five long pages of your manuscript before things began to happen — 1,500 words. No other person in the United States would have so much patience.

Dorothy G. — You saw somewhere, did you, that this paper likes nature-poems. That is so. But what you sent me is not a nature-poem. To be sure, it is about the sweet birds and the beautiful flowers, but there is not a line in it that makes us *see* a flower or *hear* a bird. You may be a nature-lover, but I'll wager you are of the indoor variety.

B. R. — If the girls out your way talk among themselves in the aphoristic, "smart Aleck," high-keyed way you represent in your story, they are utterly unlike any girl of my acquaintance. I suggest that before you write another story about girls you listen to a crowd of them talking, and write like that. Then send me the story.

Barton N. — You got your Western dialect out of books of a most unnatural type. They do *not* talk that way out West. In fact, they do not talk very differently from the way they talk right in your own town. Better not write Western stories till you have crossed the Mississippi River.

F. R. L. — "Gone" does *not* rhyme with "lawn."

Raymond W. — Never tell another editor that you are sending him your first story — or poem, or anything else. What do you think of a girl's first seam or a boy's first job of carpentry ? Don't you know that authorship is one of the most difficult of all arts, needing years of arduous work, generally, before anything worthy of print is turned out ? I except the genius, of course ; but it is not safe for any one to place himself in that exception.

Archibald N. — You are offended by my first letter of criticism and think me harsh and needlessly sarcastic ? All right, Archibald ; keep right on throwing away good money on postage-stamps.

Flossie D. — Why, yes ; I do not doubt that your parents are charmed with your writings, and that those writings have won the highest commendations from your pastor, and that they have been printed in the columns of your village weekly ; that is just what parents and pastors and village weeklies are for. But has any one yet given you hard cash for them ? That is the test that tells, Flossie. Come now, be sensible.

Henry O. S. — I cannot take the time to tell you what is the matter with the story I sent back. In the first place, I read a hundred manuscripts that day, and really I cannot remember what your story was about ; and in the second place, I have not the time to write criticisms on rejected manuscripts ; and in the third place, it would be of no earthly use to you if I should do so. Study books on writing, read the best books in your chosen field, and, above all, live and think with intensity and broad sympathy, and you will turn out

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good literature — if it is in you to write at all. You cannot make a purse out of a sow's ear, you know, Henry.

BOOK REVIEWS.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED. By William Henry P. Phyfe. 125th thousand. 776 pp. Cloth, $1.50, net. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1914.

Mr. Phyfe's useful manual, published first in 1889 under the title "Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced," has been enlarged twice since then as the compiler noted more mispronunciations, and now appears as virtually a new book, wholly reset and printed from new plates. The 5,000 words constituting the "Supplement" in the previous edition have been united with the 7,000 words forming the body of the book, and this combined list of 12,000 words has furthermore been increased by 6,000 additional ones, thus making one list of 18,000 words, alphabetically arranged for easy reference. A Supplement, "War Terms and Their Pronunciation," gives a selection of the more important of the names that have come into reference in the campaigns of the present European war. The pronunciation of English is so erratic that everybody needs a book like this, which is both a trustworthy and a handy guide. It gives all the information on disputed points to be found in the big dictionaries, and is much easier than they are to consult. The list includes a large number of proper names, personal, historical, and geographical, and words and phrases from foreign languages.

THE MIRACLE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA. Compiled by Vernon J. Selfridge. 60 pp. Paper. Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Corporation. 1915.

The old Missions of California are in a way to America what the ancient Cathedrals are to Europe. Mr. Selfridge's book gives an outline of their history, followed by sketches and full-page pictures of the different Missions.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

[THE WRITER is pleased to receive for review any books about authors, authorship, language, or literary topics, or any books that would be of real value in a writer's library, such as works of reference, history, biography, or travel. There is no space in the magazine for the review of fiction, poetry, etc. All books received will be acknowledged under this heading. Selections will be made for review in the interest of THE WRITER'S readers.]

NEWSPAPERS AND LIBEL. A concise summary of the law of libel as it affects the press. By William G. Henderson, of the New York bar. 120 pp. Flexible leather. Rutherford, N. J.: Chemical Bank Note Company. 1915.

JOURNALISM WEEK, 1915. From speeches in newspaper work and related topics delivered at the University of Missouri May 3 to 7, 1915. 87 pp. Paper. Columbia, Missouri: University of Missouri. 1915.

VISIONS OF THE DUSK. By Penton Johnson. Poems, with frontispiece portrait. 71 pp. Cloth. New York: Penton Johnson. 1915.

THE REAL UNITED STATES AND CANADA POCKET GUIDE-BOOK. By William Harmon Black. 305 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: The Association for New York. 1915.

THE GARDENETTE, OR CITY BACK YARD GARDENING. By Benjamin F. Albaugh. 138 pp. Cloth, $1.25, net. Cincinnati: Steward & Kidd Company. 1915.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodicals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

THE CLOSE OF JOHN HAY'S CAREER. From his unpublished letters and diaries. Compiled and edited by William Roscoe Thayer. Harper's Magazine for August.

IN SHAKSPERE'S AMERICA. Illustrated. William Aspenwall Bradley. Harper's Magazine for August.

THE SERIAL NOVEL. Editor's Study, Harper's Magazine for August.

HOW THEY BROKE INTO PRINT. — IX. With portraits of F. Hopkinson Smith, Mrs. Desmond Humphreys ("Rita"), Joseph Conrad, Mary Gaunt, Marjorie Bowen, Elliott Flower, and Albert Payson Terhune. Francis Arthur Jones. Strand for August.

COLONEL FRANKLIN P. SELLERS (Religious editor of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle). With portrait. American Magazine for August.

A DIAGNOSIS OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM (in France, England, and America.) Unpopular Review for July-September.

A POET OF INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION (Emile Verhaeren). Unpopular Review for July-September.

JULES LAFORGUE. James Hunaker. North American Review for July.

THE WAR AND LITERATURE. St. John G. Ervine. North American Review for July.

FRANCIS BOWEN. Ninth editor of the North American Review. With portrait. North American Review for July.

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN. Horace Traubel. Forum for July.

MADDENING THE MEREDITHIANS. William Chislett, Jr. Forum for July.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA. V. — When the Atlantic Was New. Algernon Tassin. Bookman for July.

WHAT SOUTH AMERICANS READ. II. — The Newspapers: a Survey of Editors, Press, and Policies. Illustrated. Isaac Goldberg. Bookman for July.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. A. Elwood Corning. Bookman for July.

THE SQUARE DEAL IN CRITICISM. Florence Finch Kelly. Bookman for July.

WAR AND THE LITERARY MARKET. Bookman for July.

THE LEATHERSTOCKING TRAIL. Illustrated. Ruth Kedzie Wood. Bookman for July.

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GRUB STREET ORGANIZED. Illustrated. Louis Baury. Bookman for July.

JOYCE KILMER. With portrait. Frances Fisher Byers. Book News Monthly for July.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. With frontispiece and other portraits. Jane Bates. Book News Monthly for July.

THE REAL MEASURE OF MRS. BACON. With portraits. Montrose J. Moses. Book News Monthly for July.

WHY CONTEMPORARY DRAMA GROWS MORE AND MORE "UNDRAMATIC." Current Opinion for July.

STEVENSON'S TAHITIAN "BROTHER." Illustrated. Paul Gooding. Overland Monthly for July.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A MEANS OF EXPRESSION. Illustrated. Bertrand H. Wentworth. Photo-Era for July.

A WRITER'S CAMERA. Illustrated. K. W. Baker. Photo-Era for July.

CAN CHILDREN BE TAUGHT TO WRITE? With portraits of Margaret Deland, Maravene Thompson, Coningsby Dawson, Marjorie Benton Cooke, Julie M. Lippmann, Kathleen Norris, Ellen Glasgow, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Beulah Marie Dix, and Juliet Wilbor. Tompkins. Albert Frederick Wilson. Good Housekeeping for July.

THE COMIC-ERS. With portraits of Bud Fisher, C. A. Briggs, R. F. Outcault, Tad, Cliff Sterrett, Rudolph Dirks, and R. L. Goldberg. Everybody's for July.

THE COLLEGE GIRL AND THE NEWSPAPER. Sagie Velle Fenton. National Printer-Journalist for July.

THE EDITORIAL PAGE. Herbert Cavaness. National Printer-Journalist for July.

TREITSCHKE. M. Jourdain. Open Court for July.

ANOTHER VIEW OF TREITSCHKE. Dr. Paul Carus. Open Court for July.

PROFESSOR CRAMB ON TREITSCHKE. With portraits. Open Court for July.

THE POETS AND THE WAR. J. Lewis Milligan. Canadian Magazine for July.

MUSIC PUBLISHERS' AGREEMENTS. Author (London) for July.

MR. AND MRS. FIELDS. Henry James. Cornhill Magazine for July.

THE WORKMANSHIP OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." Sir A. Quiller-Couch. Fortnightly Review for July.

WATERLOO IN ROMANCE. Lillian Rowland Brown ("Rowland Grey"). Nineteenth Century and After for July.

ESSAYS AND ESSAYISTS. Charles Leonard Moore. Dial for July 15.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD. Oscar Fay Adams. Christian Register for July 15.

MR. CHESTERTON AS A POET. J. C. Squire. Reprinted from the New Statesman in the Christian Register for July 15.

ENGLAND'S MOST UNPOPULAR EDITOR (Lord Northcliffe). Literary Digest for July 17.

DROWSY HUMOR. Literary Digest for July 17.

MINIATURE EDITION OF A GREAT AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Paul Hervey Fox. Bellman for July 17.

THE WHITMAN LEGEND. Bellman for July 17.

PUTTING MAETERLINCK ON THE STAGE. Illustrated. Arthur Row. Bellman for July 17.

PREFACES. Christopher Morey. Bellman for June 26.

REMINISCENCES. XVIII. — A Political Revolution. Illustrated. Lyman Abbott. Outlook for June 23.

LITERARY REALITY. Robert Lynd. Reprinted from the New Statesman in the Living Age for July 24.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. Herbert G. Snowden. Reprinted from the British Review in the Living Age for July 24.

AN UNRECOVERED POETESS (Emily Brontë). Reprinted from the London Times in the Living Age for July 24.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The Houghton Mifflin Company will publish John Muir's "Life, Letters, and Journals," which will have the authorization of his family.

"The Coming Newspaper," published by Henry Holt & Co., is a symposium of the latest developments in the methods and ethics of newspaper making, news-gathering and handling, advertising, circulation, administration and editorial direction, instigated and edited by Professor Merle Thorpe of the University of Kansas. Among the authors included are Oswald Garrison Villard, Melville E. Stone, Norman Hapgood, H. J. Haskell, George Fitch, and Roy W. Howard.

"Milton," by John Bailey, (Henry Holt & Co., Home University Library), is a biographical sketch and critical estimate of Milton's writings.

"George Bernard Shaw," a critical study, by Joseph McCabe, is published by Mitchell Kennerley.

Maxim Gorky's "My Childhood," which is the story of the author's life from his earliest memory to his seventeenth year, when he was pushed out of his grandfather's house to shift for himself, will soon be published by the Century Company.

"Goethe, With Special Reference to His Philosophy," by Dr. Paul Carus, is published by the Open Court Company, Chicago.

"The French Revolution and The English Novel," by Allene Gregory, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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"Allusions, Words, and Phrases That Should Be Known, and Where to Find Them," is compiled by Miss Florence M. Hopkins of Detroit.

The Church Peace Union offers $5,000 in prizes for the best essays on international peace. The sum is apportioned as follows: 1. A prize of $1,000 for the best monograph of between 15,000 and 25,000 words on any phase of international peace by any pastor of any church in the United States. 2. Three prizes, one of $500, one of $300, and one of $200, for the best essays on international peace by students of the theological seminaries in the United States. 3. One thousand dollars in ten prizes of $100 each to church members between twenty and thirty years of age. 4. Twenty prizes of $50 each to Sunday school pupils between fifteen and twenty years of age. 5. Fifty prizes of $20 each to Sunday school pupils between ten and fifteen years of age. All essays must be mailed not later than December 31, 1915, and all essays and questions should be addressed to the Church Peace Union, Prize Essay Contest, 70 Fifth avenue, New York city.

One of the features of the Woman's Home Companion for August is an unfinished story by Sophie Kerr. The publishers offer $100 in prizes for the best suggestion as to how the story should be concluded.

Baltimore offers $250 in gold for the best words for a city song.

The Baltimore Sun offers $200 in prizes for the five best short stories of not more than 2,500 words, preferably with the scene laid in Maryland, submitted typewritten before August 15.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (Boston) offers a prize of twenty-five dollars for a short, clever scenario upon which to make a moving-picture film that shall illustrate the value of humane education, particularly among the young. The story should be concerned with children and animals, and the scenario must be submitted before September 15.

The Newark, Paterson, and Jersey City Music Festival Associations have offered jointly a prize of $500 for the best composition by an American for mixed chorus and orchestra, with solo parts if desired, on an American subject. The first requirement is that "compositions must not be over twenty minutes long." They must be sent inscribed with a pseudonym, accompanied by the composer's name and address in a sealed envelope, and with return stamps. All compositions must be sent to Thornton W. Allen, 593 Broad street, Newark, not later than October 1.

Others (Ridgefield, N. J.) is the title of a new monthly magazine devoted to the interests of poetry. Its editors are Alfred Kreymborg and Walter Conrad Arensberg.

The Philistine ceased publication with the July number.

Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff has become one of the editors of the Poetry Journal (Boston).

Conde Nast has retired from the firm of McBride, Nast, & Co., taking with him House and Garden, which will hereafter be published under his imprint. Travel, Lippincott's, and the book publishing interests remain under the ownership and management of Mr. McBride.

Lippincott's Magazine will be called McBride's Magazine, beginning with the September number.

Doubleday, Page, & Co. will send to any address on request a copy of the "O. Henry Index," containing biographical information about the author and an index of his works in the style of the "Kipling Index."

The Bookman (New York) is publishing chapters from the autobiography of Richard Whiteing. The first chapter appeared in the July number.

Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong Reed died in Chicago June 18, aged seventy-three.

Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Flood died at Meadville, Penn., June 26, aged seventy-three.

Charles A. Conant died in Havana July 4, age fifty-four.

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"HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD WRITER" . . . Annie B. Wheeler

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S Essay on "STYLE IN LITERATURE," in full in THE WRITER for November, 1896. Sent post-paid on receipt of fifteen cents.

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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1915. No. 9.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD WRITER.

The household writer needs to remember that where one woman is seeking directions for some new sensation in entertaining, one hundred, yes, one thousand, are looking for plain, every-day common-sense directions in the economic conduct of the home, hints that save time, strength, and hard cash. The short-cuts and homely little economies one stumbles upon every day make acceptable copy.

The writer on home topics should seize what comes her way, in other words "steal the trade," that part of it that can be adapted to the work of maintaining a home, of any worker who steps across her threshold — even the coal-heaver may drop some information that in the course of a year would mean the saving of good clean dollars to every woman who read the article his casual words inspired. Perhaps it is the washerwoman who is as unwilling as the immortal Mrs. Wiggs "to pull agin a debt." With her "man" out of work she is making a mighty struggle to get through the winter without asking charity. Get her to tell you how she does it with the dollars and half-dollars she scrubs from your soiled clothes. The article will make the harpers on the high cost of living to sit up and take notice.

When bereft of ideas, the household writer needs the stimulus of visiting She needs to see how other women do the same things she does. Her quest for fresh ideas may lead her to the neighbor who enjoys the reputation of always looking "dressed up," and having her house in order any hour of the day. This particular form of magic is worth looking into; it may suggest several special articles and numberless "fillers." When you are looking for copy, a call upon that old friend of mother's, or upon the long-neglected school friend, may well repay you. From one you may secure choice recipes for making former-day goodies, from the other splendid suggestions for impromptu lunches, when your hostess confesses to having evolved the appetizing little meal "from almost nothing." The meat-cutter is yet to be born who does not relish a chat with an appreciative listener. He will probably enlarge upon the amazing amount of inefficient buying, of reckless waste, and incidentally reveal a few

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choice secrets of the trade. You will leave him primed for a dozen little stories on the ever-vital question of stretching the slender income to cover the needs of a large family. A visit to the school your children attend may open your eyes to some facts of permanent value to *you*, and to the mothers whom you reach through the household columns.

When it is impossible to go afield, there is always the not-to-be-despised interview with a batch of old household journals. I know of no more fruitful way to spend an occasional afternoon. As one reads what others have written, ideas just leap to the mind. One article suggests this, another that—"Strange I never thought of it before," you say, and you are amazed that the writer omitted the most important point. You read and clip—the result? Subjects to keep you busy for a month. Incidentally, that drawer or shelf has been put in order.

Have a method about your work and a place for the tools of your trade, where, unmolested, they may lie ready to be picked up at a moment's notice when the idea is born. It is a great disadvantage to have to resign the family desk to some one who has a letter needing an answer. Your little story may be finished, probably not, for the reason that the thought that came so freely has since run completely away, or at best dwindled to inanity. Keep pencil and pad in the most accessible spot in the kitchen, that you may be able to jot down the one luminous word which will keep the thought alive. The details of housework fill the mind too completely to risk remembering in the usual way.

Last of all, don't be "penny wise, pound foolish." If on hard days you can sit down and write an article that will bring you a little check, it is absurd for you not to give the more laborious work to one who is better fitted physically for it, and in time you may afford permanent help.

Give yourself an opportunity to do better work by investing in books and journals published for literary workers. Buy a typewriter. Be as generous to yourself and your one little talent as you are to your son's bent for the sciences, your daughter's gift for music. You owe it to yourself. *Annie Balcomb Wheeler.*

SALEM, MASS.

EDUCATING THE VERSE-WRITER.

True verse-writing is a gift that cannot be acquired. Let one study ever so carefully the laws that govern verse, let him hammer into his brain every rule of rhyme and meter, but unless he already possesses the gift of song he can no more succeed in writing real verse than the ordinary unblessed mortal can paint a picture or mould a living figure out of bronze.

On the other hand, if the gift is there, if the rhythm and the stress are right within him, he will write verse and, though untutored and untrained, he will write good verse. In his "first fine, careless rapture" he will write as the melody, pounding within him, bids him. He will not know whether he is using iambi or dactyls, or whether his finished verse is in octosyllabics or hexameters, but his ear will guide him rightly and he will make few errors in meter. The stress is strong within him. If, back of this, he has the divine fire so that his words live and breathe and speak truth he is, in very deed, a poet. In any case, the talented verse-maker is worthy of serious consideration. He should be encouraged to take time to learn

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thoroughly the principles of versification. By this means can he best perfect his art.

A knowledge of English Prosody can, of course, be acquired with the aid of any good book on the subject; but this is a day of master-training. Art students, music students, students of every craft get into their aprons and toil under the guiding hand of expert teachers. Why not the same training for the verse-writer? If he has been able to avail himself of a college education, with its opportunities for elective courses, he has received the necessary training. This is the reason why, today, our college graduates are putting out our best literature.

But, without this education, one may still find open to him the special graduate courses in the same colleges. I prepared for Wellesley College, but on account of serious illness was obliged to leave after the second month. A few years later, with no more of preparation, I took a course in Versification at the graduate school of Yale University. The course lasted through the college year and was given by one of the best-known academic professors. In applying for the course, as was to be expected, I had to convince the dean of the graduate school of my serious interest in the desired subject, but beyond professing this interest I was required to make no preparation for the course, and no entrance examinations were necessary. I believe that this rule holds good in all large eastern colleges.

I was especially fortunate in having for my instructor a man who had himself published verse and was an excellent and severe critic. It is easy to see how valuable to the would-be writer must be the training under such tutelage.

The moody, probably erratic, verse-maker becomes a college student. The same hard, unremitting work is required of him that is required of the college student. The discipline is good for him. It teaches him concentration — to the writer the most necessary of all requirements. It teaches him the tedious old adage, "Practice makes perfect!" He learns the hard and fast rules of metrical composition and abides by them. He goes through the whole gamut of older poets and imitates their stanzas. He writes a dozen sonnets and hundreds of lines of blank verse and of heroic couplets. Finally, he copies the verse-forms of well-established later poets. He imitates their styles of writing — now, the lyric quietness of Tennyson; again, Swinburne's lush music; and yet again, the pith and sharp fire of Rudyard Kipling.

The end of the college year finds the student with two valuable possessions in hand. One is the knowledge — beyond shadow of doubt to both his instructor and himself — that he either has, or has not, real literary ability. This is indeed a valuable possession, for it must be conceivable to everybody that even one with marked talent for the making of verse may be so far lacking in literary power as to be rendered quite out of the running as a possible successful author. The other possession is the mass of written material which his year of work has bequeathed him.

To the student-poet — his powers having been assured — most of this mass will seem mere rhythmical rubbish. It is true that he may find very little of it usable for literary output. Much of it will be copy, pure and simple. It may be well done, but it will lack original fire. Some of it, though excellent in theme and wording, will be in verse-form too archaic for modern use. He would need to rewrite such work in other form, or altogether to discard it. Yet there will probably be many a fire-brand in his heap of paper that burns with real genius; many a word-picture; many a vital bit of color. Among his short poems there will doubtless be gems that he will never in his lifetime surpass. But, best of all, there will be the sweat-drops of honest toil upon his brow. He will have increased his vocabulary sevenfold. He will have acquired a working familiarity with such embellishments of verse as alliteration and tone-color. Figures of speech will have become his handmaids. He will have attained force and virility. He will be able to go forth and meet his dreams with a free hand.

Frances Barber.

WATERBURY, Conn.

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THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to the Writer Publishing Co. If local checks are sent, ten cents should be added for collection charges.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers.

*** The rate for advertising in THE WRITER is two dollars an inch for each insertion, with no discount for either time or space; remittance required with the order. Advertising is accepted only for the three cover pages. For special position, if available, twenty per cent. advance is charged. No advertisement of less than one-half inch will be accepted.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 410,
P. O. Box 1905. BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. XXVII. SEPTEMBER, 1915. NO. 9.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Among the magazine changes of the past year has been the retirement of E. C. Burlingame from the editorship of Scribner's Magazine, with which he has been identified from its beginning. He is now giving all of his time to important advisory work in the literary department of the book-publishing work of the house of Scribner's. Robert Bridges is the new editor of the magazine, and J. B. Carrington is the associate editor. Both have been identified with the editorial department for many years. Scribner's is the one magazine the staff of which has not changed. Perhaps this accounts for the consistency with which Scribner's has maintained the standard established by Mr. Burlingame, to make "a magazine of good literature in the widest sense," and upheld the traditions and ideals of the great publishing house whose name the magazine bears.

* * *

Almost everybody is writing photo-play scenarios nowadays, but what's the use, considering the competition? For instance, see this letter received by a New York film concern: —

Dear Sir: —

I am taking the liberty to offer you an opportunity by entering in regard with your Company.

I am a photoplay scenario Author and I can procure to you, with two or more photoplays every month of the most thrilling incidences with new plots and new ideas. It is understanding that my scripts, will be not neither weak plots, nor not interesting, or similar to other copyrighted stories.

I can also write for your Company (if desired) high-class photoplays, from Turk and Greek stories ever produced; and also many national Oriental plays, being a specialist after an experience of residence in these countries for nineteen years.

If my proposition, will be kindly acceptable, contract can be made (if desired) for monopoly in the Oriental countries through the American consulate of Smyrna.

Here is the name of one just finished:

The illegitimate child in ten parts.

You may order it now, for test. Try me and be sure, that you will be quite satisfied.

Hoping to be favored by an early answer of your prices and conditions,

I remain very truly
Yours,

* * *

Noting literary fashions, a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune observes that fiction husbands this summer are all wearing bald spots upon which their wives drop tiny

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kisses, and that the season's fiction millionaires are invariably named Cornelius, Nicholas, or Peter.

* * *

Many who may have had the idea that the Yale Review is a local, academic publication will be interested to find that it is a broad, solid, readable quarterly, of interest to cultivated people everywhere. It prints high-grade essays, criticisms, and general articles, aiming, as the editors say, to give solid information without pedantry, and lasting pleasure without sensationalism.

* * *

Perhaps there may be something humorous about this slip, received with a check by an author : —

> Please cash this at your earliest convenience, so that the canceled check may be returned to us with as little delay as possible.
>
> W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Mollie Best, who wrote the story, "What Worried Him," in the American Magazine for August, is by profession a monologist rather than a writer. Miss Best has told her stories in England and Ireland, as well as in this country, and before such people as Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Miss Ann Morgan, and Miss Ida M. Tarbell. Her first story, "The Sinews of Peace," appeared in the American Magazine for January of this year.

Mary Alice Dandy, whose poem, "The Rose and the Bee," was printed in Munsey's for June, is the daughter of the late John Milton Dandy, who was owner and editor of the Chicago Saturday Evening Herald. Miss Dandy is a college girl, a graduate of Goucher, who inherited a natural bent for writing from her father. She says that Eugene Field, who was her father's close friend, may have "wished" the poetic muse upon her when he chose her as the subject of two of his poems, "Beard and Baby," and "Miss Dandy," both of which appear in the latest edition of "Poems of Childhood." Miss Dandy's home is in Baltimore, but this year she has been instructor in English and Latin in the Hyattsville High School.

Una Hunt, whose story, "Her First Marrying," appeared in the August Scribner's, is also the author of the book, "Una Mary," a few chapters of which came out in Scribner's last year, the book being published by Charles Scribner's Sons at Christmastide. The book is the story of Mrs. Hunt's own childhood, and President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, comparing it with the childhood reminiscences of the early years of George Sand, Marie Bashkirtseff, Hartley Coleridge, Charles Dudley Warner, and William Dean Howells, says : "I would rather have written it myself than to have made any study of childhood that has ever appeared." Mrs. Hunt was born in Cincinnati, but her father, who is a chemist by profession, was made chief chemist of the United States Geological Survey when she was a small child, and she grew up in Washington, and there got her information about the colored people. When she was eighteen, she left Washington and went to Boston to study art. She became an artist and supported herself by painting and by teaching in the art school in Providence, and it is only since her marriage to Rev. Arthur P. Hunt, who is professor of ethics in the General Theological Seminary in New York, that she has begun to write. She is now at work on more negro stories and upon a novel. The two stories in Scribner's are the first and the last of a series which Mrs. Hunt hopes soon to write, making a volume about the principal character, "Hallelulah."

Lawton Mackall, who wrote the story, "The Night of the Fleece," in the August Century, is a young man of twenty-seven, now living in New York. He attended the Lawrenceville school, where he was on the board of the "Lit." He was graduated from Yale in 1910, being awarded a fellowship in English, and took his M. A. degree at the same university in 1911. While in college he wrote for the Yale Record and was musical critic for one of the New Haven papers.

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After leaving college he was an editorial assistant for a time on the Century Magazine, then on Vanity Fair, and then with G. Schirmer, Inc., music publishers. His first published work in a "real magazine" was the translation of Pierre Loti's "Impressions of New York," published in the Century for March and April, 1913, but his name as translator was not given. His first work was a series of articles on musical subjects published in the Opera in the fall of 1913. Mr. Mackall began his humorous work with a parody published in the Century for December, 1913. The favorable comment on this by Oliver Herford, Stephen Leacock, and Charles Hanson Towne encouraged him to continue in this line, and since then the Century has published nine more, and Puck has published twelve, including one which won a hundred-dollar prize. He has also had articles published in the American, Judge, Musical America, and the Smart Set. Mr. Mackall's wife, Virginia W. Mackall, is also a writer. She is a constant contributor of prose and verse to the Designer, and had a story in St. Nicholas last September.

Cameron Mackenzie, author of the serial, "Mr. and Mrs. Pierce," begun in McClure's Magazine for August, spent seven years in newspaper work, principally on the New York Sun. In 1907 he joined the McClure Magazine staff, succeeding S. S. McClure as editor of the magazine in 1911. This position Mr. Mackenzie resigned last January in order to devote all his time to writing. Since then he has written the ten-part novel, "Mr. and Mrs. Pierce," which had been previously planned, and a series of articles and one short story, most of which have been published in McClure's. Several years ago Mr. Mackenzie wrote a number of articles, among them one entitled, "Some American College Boys," published in McClure's, telling of the heroism of Cornell students upon the occasion of the burning of a fraternity house.

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, whose poem, "Tradition," was published in Scribner's for August, is Mrs. Douglas Robinson, of New York, and she sent her first poems, "The Call of Brotherhood" and "Awakening," to Scribner's in 1910 without giving her name, feeling that the fact that she was ex-President Roosevelt's sister might influence an editor to publish the poems regardless of their literary merit. The poems were accepted at once. Later the editors wrote that although the poems were accepted anonymously they would prefer to have them appear in the magazine under the author's name, which, of course, Mrs. Robinson was then willing to give. In 1912 her first volume of poems, "The Call of Brotherhood and Other Poems," was brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons. It went into a second edition in about six months, and in October, 1914, her second volume, "One Woman to Another," was brought out by the same firm. Mrs. Robinson never thought of offering her poems for publication, although she had written many, until her friend, Mrs. James Russell Parsons, author of "How to Know the Wild Flowers," begged her to send those first two poems to Scribner's. Since then she has had poems published in Scribner's, Collier's, the Outlook, and several other magazines, and in the 1914 edition of Mr. Braithwaite's Anthology of Magazine Verse her "If You Should Cease to Love Me" and "From a Motor in May" were among the final eighty-three poems chosen out of the eight hundred or more examined.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Brady. — A business-like maker of books is Cyrus Townsend Brady. "I have dictated more than a score of millions of words," he says. "In my long career as author, preacher, lecturer, and publicist, I have always made use of a private secretary who was also a stenographer. In modern business — and I have made a business of each of those vocations — the terms are synonymous. I could not dictate to a machine. I tried it once. My first novel I talked to a phonograph. It was awful — the dictation, I mean. I want a thinking person, but one who knows when to think and when not. Discretion is another phase. Above all things, your ideal stenog-

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rapher must have sympathy. . . . I had one helper who was a regular mentor. Sometimes I would not feel like dictating, but in the face of a severe young lady who would appear at the appointed hour, lay her book on the table, seize her pencils, and shoot at me a commanding glance, I was scarcely equal to say that I did not feel like working that morning. I simply had to go at it. For myself, I am always glad when the secretary smiles at the humorous points and brushes away a surreptitious tear at the pathetic periods, for it shows me that I am getting somewhere and reaching somebody, which is a consolation for many failures. . . . A thing I dislike is to be interrupted by requests for repetition, especially when I am in the midst of some dramatic scene and dictating rapidly. I remember dashing off this line on one occasion to a new stenographer: 'He was caught on the vertiginous periphery of a vast vortex.' Naturally any hero who finds himself in such a situation is necessarily at the exciting climax of his story, and I was going ahead like a house afire only to be interrupted by a pensive ejaculation from the lady of the word 'How?' 'How?' in that sense is a word I abominate; but really there was some excuse for her, I will admit. . . After a long course of work with me I fancied that one stenographer had acquired a reasonable proficiency in the use of adjectives. I remember that after having dictated a tremendous and gory battle scene I asked: 'How do you like that?' She said it was 'nice,' and with great difficulty I refrained from throwing something at her."

Irwin. — There was a bon mot about Will Irwin that was popular some years ago and is probably just as true now as it was then: "Although Will Irwin has never actually written with a cigarette, it is doubtful if he has ever written without one." The same person who said that about him divulged the secret of his "copy." "The first draft of one of Will Irwin's stories," he said, "has much the appearance of an object lesson in hieroglyphics. He abbreviates every word for which he can devise an abbreviation and, in addition, he uses a code of signs and symbols, which he alone can interpret. After the first draft is completed he puts it aside for several days, at the end of which time he betakes himself to his typewriter and 'works up the diction,' as he explains it."

McGrath. — Harold McGrath, one of the successful writers of "best sellers," when he wants a plot, or a part of a plot, goes up and down the streets of whatever city or town he may be in, looking for it. He picked up a card, the ten of hearts, on the street one day and began wondering how it happened to get there. As he thought this over, he evolved his plot for "Hearts and Masks." Another time he saw one of those ancient, stoop-shouldered Italians hurrying along with a burden of cheap plaster casts. He began thinking about the man and his wares, and "A Splendid Hazard," another successful novel, got its start right there. A lame man, a girl who mistook him for another person, a man who dropped a bundle, a lost glove — all these things observed on the streets by Mr. MacGrath have been utilized by him in his plots.

When he starts to write he does it as the eager girl starts to read a book — by turning to the last chapter first to "see how it comes out." He always starts with the end of his story and works it out in skeleton form, going backward to the start of the novel; then, taking this skeleton, he goes forward again, writing a story sometimes five times. Some days he writes fifty words, some days eight thousand — he writes only when he feels like it. — Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Webster. — Jean Webster relates an experience which must be joyous to other writers who have had their manuscripts returned. It dates back to the time shortly after her graduation from Vassar, when she collected together some of her college writings under the title, "When Patty Went to College," and tried to sell them to a publisher.

"I remember Mr. McClure's letter in particular," says Miss Webster. "He said: —

Dear Miss Webster: If you had read our magazine as carefully as we have read this manuscript, you would know that it is not fitted for us.

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I thank you for submitting it, and hope to see something in the future.

Yours truly,

S. S. McClure.

"For some reason I had reserved the Century Company until the end. I had read their magazine, and I had an idea they were too dignified for my Poughkeepsie Sunday Courier style, but finally, when all else failed, I sent the manuscript to them, and they accepted and published and sold it. About six months after its publication I was pleased to receive a letter, which said : —

Dear Miss Webster : Have you not something to offer us in the line of "When Patty Went to College" ? I have been searching for years for just such a manuscript for my magazine.

Yours truly,

S. S. McClure.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Stories for Boys. — Stories for boys seem to run in grooves. When the editor of the Youth's Companion was young, they were all of one kind, and a very good kind it was. They were invariably about a poor boy who by dint of honesty, industry, thrift, and, it must be admitted, extraordinary luck, acquired education and business success. Perhaps, like the popular heroes of a still earlier time, he began as a bobbin boy, or came up from the towpath. Stories of that kind no longer appear — why, we do not know. Do not modern boys care for education and honorable business success ? If not, the sign is a bad one.

What we do have now is the story of the private schools, and the athletic activities of the boys who attend them. The boys that Mr. Pier and Mr. Corcoran and Mr. Dudley — to mention no others — give us are wholesome young Americans, who make you hopeful for the future of the country ; for, although by comparison they are little favorites of fortune, the tests they have to meet in their athletic and other rivalries seem severe enough to make pretty sound men of them. We could ill spare these justly popular young gentlemen ; but why should all our present writers for boys follow invariably the same model ? There are other boys in the country than those who go to fashionable schools, and they are quite as interesting and valuable. There are boys on the farms and in the villages, north, east, south, and west ; there are boys still working their way up in this occupation or in that ; there are boys whose parents are foreign, and who are meeting, not only all the ordinary problems of boyhood, but also the still harder problem of turning themselves into good American citizens. And just to make an end to a list to which really there is no end, there are the boys in that great democratic institution, the American public school. Why does not some one write about them ?

One man who ought to know answers that question by saying that the chief interest of the modern boy lies in athletics, and that nowhere are athletics so well organized as in our big private schools and colleges. If that is so, then of course the writers of boys' books are following a sound instinct when they lay the scenes of their stories in the private schools ; but we feel very sure that a real story-teller who knew boys of the other kind could toll his readers away from their athletics, and interest them in a real human boy, even if he did not know a racing shell from a mud scow, or a tennis racket from a butterfly net. To us, the truth of the matter seems to be that wherever there is human life there is a story. We do not wish to give up the portraits of any of the boys in our present gallery, but we do wish to see them companioned with the portraits of boys of many another kind, no likenesses of whom now exist.

Gentlemen who write, you are missing some of your chances ! — Youth's Companion.

The Modern Short Story. — Professor Henry Canby of Yale is not enthusiastic over the American short story. He has this to say about it in the July Atlantic : —

"The modern short story must begin, it appears, with action or with dialogue. A mother packs her son's trunk while she gives him unheeded advice mingled with questions about shirts and socks ; a corrupt and infuriated director pounds on the mahogany

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table at his board meeting, and curses the honest fool (hero of the story) who has got in his way ; or, 'Where did Mary Worden get that curious gown ?' inquired Mrs. Van Deming, glancing across the sparkling glass and silver of the hotel terrace. Any one of these will serve as instance of the breakneck beginning which Kipling made obligatory. Once started, the narrative must move, move furiously, each action and every speech pointing directly toward the unknown climax. A pause is a confession of weakness. This Poe taught for a special kind of story ; and this a later generation, with a servility which would have amazed that sturdy fighter, requires of all narrative. Then the climax, which must neatly, quickly, and definitely end the action for all time, either by a solution you have been urged to hope for by the wily author in every preceding paragraph, or in a way which is logically correct, but never, never suspected. O. Henry is responsible for the vogue of the latter of these two alternatives, and the strain of living up to his inventiveness has been frightful. Finally comes a last suspiration, usually in the advertising pages."

What Is a Short Story ? — Those interested in the short-story contest now running in Life may have remarked upon the fact that in the published conditions there is no precise definition of a short story. There was a reason for this. It was discovered, after discussion, that no two agreed as to precisely what a short story is, and it was thought best, therefore, not to pin the contestants down to a prescribed formula. There are, however, certain broad lines upon which it is possible to discuss what a short story is, and a few words upon the subject may possibly serve as a guide. In the first place, it ought to be immediately evident to any one who gives the subject the slightest thought that a short story, in the broad sense in which it is used in the contest, is not an anecdote, a piece of repartee, or an epigram. The short story, as it is recognized by competent literary people, has established enough history for itself to give it a general identity. What Poe, de Maupassant, Kipling, and O. Henry have done makes us feel in a certain definite manner what a short story is.

A short story must contain at least two characters, for otherwise there would be no contrast or struggle. A situation must be depicted in which there are two opposing forces.

A short story must be a picture out of real life which gives the reader a definite sensation, such as he gets upon looking at a masterpiece of painting. While it must be complete in itself, the art of it lies in what it suggests to the reader beyond its own limits. That is to say, it must convey an idea much larger than itself. It is the open sesame to a golden principle.

Every short story must of necessity deal with human beings, either directly or indirectly. It must reveal in the briefest possible manner — as it were, like a flash — a situation which carries the reader beyond it. It is, therefore, inevitable that the supreme test of the short story lies in its climax. This climax must gather up everything that has gone before, and perhaps by only one word epitomize the whole situation in such a way as to produce in the reader a sense of revelation — just as if he were the sole spectator to a supremely interesting human mystery now suddenly made plain.

The technique of a short story should be such that no word in its vocabulary will suggest triteness or the fatal thought that the author is dependent upon others for this form. When, for example, we read such phrases as, "With a glad cry she threw her arms about him," "A hoarse shout went up from the vast throng," "He flecked the ashes," we know at once that the author is only dealing in echoes. — Life.

Publishers' Devices. — How many lovers of literature know the devices of our leading publishing houses ? And yet they are worth studying. Let us take a passing look.

There is, first of all, the lamp of the Scribners. It does not shine on their title pages ; but under its radiance they have begun to announce their wares, an inviting measure — "At the Sign of the Lamp." Light, indeed, is a favorite symbol of these devices. Per-

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haps we should have begun, therefore, with the Century Company's open tome in a flaming sun. Another arrangement of sun and books is found in the vignette of Dodd, Mead, & Co. The seven-branched candlestick of B. W. Huebsch is a striking suggestion of the light that reading brings ; and the Harpers pass on the torch of knowledge from hand to hand in their title pages.

A Greek pastoral design, with the motto, Tout Bien ou Rien, distinguishes the books of the Houghton Mifflin Company. Minerva's owl perched on a tome looks at us with unwinking wisdom from the device of Henry Holt & Co. ; acorns entwined form the design of A. C. McClurg & Co. The Appletons tell us, beneath a tree in bloom, that Inter folia fructus. Very sagely the vignette of Little, Brown, & Co. preaches, around another leafy tree, that quality, not quantity, should be our aim in collecting books — Non refert quam multos sed quam bonos habeas. The symbol of the leaves and the fruit is found again beneath the branch-laden book on Doubleday, Page, & Co.'s title page : Fructus quam folia. But the most ambitious of all these devices is that of Small, Maynard, & Co., with its motto, Scire quod sciendum, making all knowledge our province. Sun and tree — light and fruition — are combined in the vignette of the Lippincott Company — with its motto, Droit et avant. — New York Tribune.

A Manuscript Rejected for Fifty Years Wins a $2,500 Prize. — More than fifty years ago an old-fashioned schooner bore Miss Clara Bouvier across the Gulf of Mexico from her home in Guadeloupe, in the French West Indies, to the mouth of the Mississippi River. A little later she sailed up the river to St. Louis, where she disembarked with the determination that the majestic stream should furnish the inspiration that was to carry her to success in the career of literature of which she dreamed. When she had learned the ways of the river and the customs and habits of the queer folk of the isolated villages along its banks, she wrote a tale of weird adventure. Even before the Civil War her manuscript had been read by publishers in every section of the country. Everywhere its fate was the same. It was rejected. So it was that for more than fifty years the closely-written pages reposed in a battered trunk, unopened and unused except when some publisher added a sting, rejecting another manuscript.

Miss Bouvier married Jacob C. Ewald, a grain broker, of St. Louis. To her new home she carried with her the trunk, partly filled with rejected manuscripts — all she had ever written. At times she read them over, making minor changes, to submit them again to publishers. Always, however, they were returned.

Six years ago Mr. Ewald died and Mrs. Ewald came to Seattle to live. With her she brought the old trunk, now nearly filled with manuscripts, constantly being added to because of her persistency in the thought that some day the ambition of her childhood would be realized and the worth of her stories and poems recognized.

The first of her manuscripts was several times withdrawn from the battered trunk to be read by the younger generation of Mrs. Ewald's family. Among them was a niece, for whom the story of the Mississippi held a peculiar fascination. Several months ago this young woman noticed an announcement of a contest for fiction conducted by Collier's Weekly. She urged her aged aunt to send her first story for perusal by the judges. Mrs. Ewald first demurred, then agreed. Now has come the realization of the half-century ambition. Not only was the manuscript accepted under the title of "The River" — the title inscribed upon the first page by Mrs. Ewald when she wrote it — but it was awarded the second prize of $2,500. The first of the two instalments of the story is printed in the current issue of Collier's Weekly.

Mrs. Ewald's triumph comes at a time when, she declares, she is able to appreciate it most. She is now seventy-three years old, active of mind and body, but finding her greatest enjoyment in continuing the writing of stories and poems — for which, with one

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exception, she never has been able to find a market. — Seattle Special in New York Herald.

A Tip From a Publisher. — From the editorial high person of one of the big publishing firms comes this bit of advice to a young author : "Do write your novel. But let me warn you of one thing — don't let it by any chance have either a newspaper woman or an authoress in it ! It's almost incredible the number of novels by women, and, though less frequently, men, which try with a fine sincerity to be original, but which sound all exactly alike because always their heroines are (1) at home, (2) broke and out of a job, (3) breaking into the writing game and into 'Bohemia,' (4) in love. That exact formula is so amazingly much used now that I'm imploringly begging every newspaper woman I know not to follow it." — Chicago Tribune.

Poe Seeking a Publisher. — One of the literary properties of the late Adrian H. Joline was a letter from Edgar Allan Poe to Professor Charles Anthon, entreating the latter's influence to secure him a publisher. The letter reads, in part : —

> "Holding steadily in view my ultimate purpose — to found a magazine of my own or in which at least I might have a proprietary right — it has been my constant endeavor in the mean time, not so much to establish a reputation great in itself as one of that particular character which should best further my special objects, and draw attention to my exertions as editor of a magazine. Thus I have written no books, and have been so far essentially a magazinist, bearing not only willingly but cheerfully sad poverty and the thousand consequent contumelies and other ills which the condition of the mere magazinist entails upon him in America, where more than in any other region upon the face of the globe, to be poor is to be despised. . . .
>
> "Setting aside, for the present, my criticisms, poems, and miscellanies (sufficiently numerous), my tales, a great number of which might be termed fantasy pieces, are in number sixty-six. They would make perhaps five of the ordinary novel volumes. I have them prepared in every respect for the press ; but, alas, I have no money, nor that influence which would enable me to get a publisher — although I seek no pecuniary renumeration . . . I know that you have unbounded influence with the Harpers, and I know that if you would exert it in my behalf you could procure me the publication I desire."

The Influence of the Century Magazine. — The most powerful magazine influence during the 80's was that of the Century Magazine, and it is not easy for the writer of today to realize the importance of its position or the reverence with which its judgments were regarded as the final literary authority. Its metamorphosis from the old Scribner's into an independent magazine, untrammelled by book-publishing interests and conducted on lines of its own, marks the beginning of an entirely new period in our literary annals. This period followed close on the heels of that golden age in which such men as Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Holmes wrote, with the Atlantic as their mouthpiece, for a public that was poor in numbers but rich in leisure, was keenly appreciative of the literary quality, and had not yet learned to despise sentiment in fiction or melody in verse. It was to an audience of a somewhat lower grade of intelligence that the Century made its successful appeal.

It was hard sledding for writers in the early '80's, with the market for good matter limited to Harper's, the Atlantic, and the Century. The Bacheller and McClure syndicates were as yet unborn, and neither Frank A. Munsey nor E. W. Bok had given public evidence of their genius. More than one good writer found it necessary to draw upon the weekly story papers for pot-boilers. And such was the influence of the Century that when a newspaper writer succeeded in worming his way into its columns he became, automatically, a literary man.

Not until the establishment of the Century were contributors allowed to sign their names in Harper's Monthly. Incredible as it may seem, one of the best of William Black's stories was published serially in that magazine without the author's signature. Payment on publication was the policy generally followed in those days. And sometimes, when a mute,

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inglorious Gouverneur Morris had died without seeing himself in print, the check for his contribution was placed reverently upon his grave.

The Century shattered many of these ancient traditions and established not a few of its own. Its offices in Union square were like certain modern stage interiors — "furniture arranged and costumes designed by Miss Elsie De Wolfe." In a subdued light a corps of editors softly edited, while young women in richly decorated gowns touched the ivory keys of their typewriters in chaste harmony. Persons having business with the editor were invited to sit down; nor were poets expected to give up their chairs to serial writers and lean against the walls.

In reading and deciding on manuscripts the object sought — and not always obtained — was the survival of the fittest. No less than six experts read, tasted, smelt out, listened to, brooded over, and not infrequently slept with every story that was offered, hoping to find something that might offend some one. As a housekeeper hunteth the bug, so did they hunt for the split infinitive or some allusion that might be pronounced coarse. The result of their labors was the development of much that was mediocre and not a little that was remarkably good, but it was hard on native genius and originality. The story writer was expected to please every one and offend no one, and the readers of the magazine were not slow in calling the attention of its editor to anything that offended them. Like the mills of the gods, the Century staff ground exceeding fine and many a good pen was ruined in the process.

But, after all, the Century created a group of writers who compare well with those of today. George W. Cable and Frank R. Stockton had their beginnings in the old Scribner's, but their best fruit appeared in the Century. It was here that "The Lady, or the Tiger?" appeared, and gained such a wide circle of readers that for ten years afterward imaginative persons kept sending sequels to the story to the Century office. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was another Scribner story teller who developed under the Century method. Thomas Nelson Page's best story, "Marse Chan," was printed here after having slept long in the office pigeon-holes, and it is to this work more than to anything else that we may trace the craze for dialect fiction with which our literature was for years inundated. James Lane Allen, Frederick J. Stimson, Anne Warner, John Fox, Hamlin Garland, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and John Luther Long may also be credited to the Century of this age.

Richard Harding Davis, who, according to Mr. Morris, "showed them how" in the early '90's, made his appearance simultaneously with Ward McAllister, and unquestionably gave an impetus to what is known in the trade as "society fiction" by springing "The Second Man" upon a public that had accepted the myth of the Four Hundred in a spirit of childlike eagerness and delight. At this time the butler, as a splendid type of menial service, had scarcely begun to crowd the old-fashioned "hired man" from the pages of fiction, but Mr. Davis in the arrogance of his youth passed him by completely and set up in his niche the "second man." Gouverneur Morris thinks that this character was an improvement on Rip Van Winkle. — James L. Ford, in the New York Herald.

BOOK REVIEWS.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER'S XENIONS. Selected and translated by Paul Carus. Second edition. 179 pp. Cloth. Chicago: The Open Court Company. 1915.

The Xenions of Goethe and Schiller — satirical epigrams written in the first place to attack those who were hostile to the two friendly poets — were published in the Musen-Almanach of 1797, and had the effect of a literary thunder-storm. The word Xenion originally meant a gift presented by a host to a stranger who enjoys his hospitality. The Roman poet Martial called his book of satirical epigrams Xenia, and Goethe and Schiller, adopting the name, agreed to publish all their Xenions together and to regard them as their common property. The form of the Xenions is like that of their Latin prototype, the elegiac distich. Many of them are of permanent value, and Dr. Carus has both rendered useful service and done good work in selecting and translating those that are

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presented, both in German and in English, in this attractive little volume. W. H. H.

THE GARDENETTE, OR CITY BACK YARD GARDENING. By Benjamin F. Albaugh. 138 pp. Cloth, $1.25, net. Cincinnati : Steward & Kidd Company. 1915.

For literary workers, as for all who lead sedentary lives, physical exercise is essential for health, and, as many of them have found by experience, this can be obtained most pleasantly in gardening. Even those who live in cities need not in all cases be deprived of this benefit and pleasure, for, as Mr. Albaugh shows, the possibilities of city backyard gardening are great, particularly when the "sandwich system" which he describes is utilized. Apart from the benefits of the exercise the value of the crops is to be considered, as well as the freshness and fine quality of the vegetables fresh from the soil. Mr. Albaugh's book, which has been so well received that it is now in its third edition, gives practical directions for growing both vegetables and flowers, and is an excellent manual for the guidance of the amateur. Good half-tone pictures add to the attractiveness and value of the book.

THE REAL UNITED STATES AND CANADA POCKET GUIDE-BOOK. By William Harmon Black. 305 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York : The Association for New York. 1915.

Guide-books are valuable not only to travelers, to help them on their journeyings, but to stay-at-home writers, who not infrequently need to know something about the countries of which the guide-books treat, and to whom, therefore, they are useful as books of reference. This pocket guide-book of the United States and Canada is No. 3 of the Nutshell Travel Series, and answers practically every question the traveler in this country is likely to ask about routes, distances, cost, and interesting features. Six transcontinental tours are mapped out in detail, together with about 175 side-trips, covering some eighty-five cities and towns in the United States and Canada. A concise description is given of the Lincoln Highway, from New York to San Francisco, with a list of the towns through which it passes. There has been no other new guide-book of the United States since 1909, or of Canada since 1907, so that Mr. Black's book is the only one that gives up-to-date information.

ITALIAN GRAMMAR. By C. H. Grandgent. Revised by the author and provided with new exercises and a vocabulary by E. H. Wilkins. 184 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston : D. C. Heath & Company. 1915.

Grandgent's "Italian Grammar" aims to present in convenient form and the smallest possible compass all the grammar needed by ordinary students of Italian, and it has undoubtedly had a larger sale than any other Italian grammar published in this country. It has now been thoroughly revised by the author, provided with new exercises by Professor Wilkins of the University of Chicago, and entirely reset, so that it is practically a new book. Professor James Geddes of Boston University, whose authority is unquestioned, says of the book : "It seems to me easily to out-class anything of the kind as yet published. Moreover, brief as it is, if there be occasion to look up anything whatever differing from ordinary usage, the chances are that the point will receive attention here rather than in any other of the available works of the kind that have appeared in English."

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A FREE LANCE. Being the observations of S. G. W. Benjamin, late United States Minister to Persia, author, artist, and journalist. 430 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Burlington, Vt. : Free Press Co. 1914.

Rarely does a book of reminiscences possess such varied interest as this posthumous work of S. G. W. Benjamin, author, artist, journalist, and diplomat, whose world-wide wanderings and experiences gave him a great wealth of material, and whose career was so unusual that the story of his life has the fascination of romance. Born in Argos, the son of a missionary, his early life was spent in Greece and in Constantinople. On the death of his father he entered Williams College, where his first literary work was done. His associations with artists and authors were very interesting, and he writes of them in a most entertaining way, as he does of his experiences as minister to Persia. Altogether his autobiography is a fascinating book.

MOTHERCRAFT. By Sarah Comstock. 216 pp. Cloth, $1.00, net. New York : Hearst's International Library Company. 1915.

"Mothercraft" is a reprint in book form of a series of articles first published in Good Housekeeping, giving practical information for mothers gathered from the teachings of physicians, nurses, teachers and other specialists. It is written in a plain, common-sense way, and tells mothers just what they need to know about feeding, dressing, and caring for the baby, every statement being based on unimpeachable authority.

BOOKS RECEIVED :

[THE WRITER is pleased to receive for review any books about authors, authorship, language, or literary topics, or any books that would be of real value in a writer's library, such as works of reference, history, biography, or travel. There is no space in the magazine for the review of fiction, poetry, etc. All books received will be acknowledged under this heading. Selections will be made for review in the interest of THE WRITER's readers.]

NEWSPAPERS AND LIBEL. A concise summary of the law of libel as it affects the press. By William G. Henderson, of the New York bar. 120 pp. Flexible leather. Rutherford, N. J. : Chemical Bank Note Company. 1915.

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THE COMING NEWSPAPER. Edited by Merle Thorpe, professor of journalism in the University of Kansas. 323 pp. Cloth, $1.40, net. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1915.

GOETHE. With special consideration of his philosophy. By Paul Carus. Illustrated. 357 pp. Cloth, $3.00, net. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1915.

H. G. WELLS. By J. D. Beresford. 127 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1915.

ARNOLD BENNETT. By F. J. Harvey Darton. 128 pp. Cloth, 50 cents, net. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1915.

ANATOLE FRANCE. By W. L. George. 128 pp. Cloth, 50 cents, net. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1915.

ENGLISH-YIDDISH ENCYCLOPEDIC DICTIONARY. A complete lexicon and work of reference in all departments of knowledge. Prepared under the editorship of Paul Abelson, Ph.D. Quarto, 1749 pp. Half leather. New York: The Jewish Press Publishing Company. 1915.

AS THOUGHT IS LED. Lyrics and sonnets. By Alicia K. Van Buren. 48 pp. Cloth. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 1904.

FIREFLIES. Lyrics and sonnets. By Alicia K. Van Buren. 47 pp. Cloth. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 1913.

THE VOICE. A play in one scene. 36 pp. SANCTUARY. A play in one scene. 23 pp. COURAGE. A play in one scene. 21 pp. By Joseph Lawren. Paper. Boston: Edward S. Everett. 1915.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodicals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

JOHN HAY'S YEARS WITH ROOSEVELT. From the unpublished letters and diaries of John Hay. Compiled and edited by William Roscoe Thayer. Harper's Magazine for September.

POETRY. W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for September.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. Henry Mills Alden. Editor's Study, in Harper's Magazine for September.

A VISIT TO ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Illustrated. Hildegarde Hawthorne. Delineator for September.

IF YOUR DAUGHTER WANTS TO BE A NEWSPAPER WOMAN. Rose Young. Good Housekeeping for September.

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S COUNTRY. Illustrated. Brooks Henderson. Bookman for August.

WHAT SOUTH AMERICANS READ. III. — Novels, Novelists, and Novel-readers. Illustrated. Isaac Goldberg. Bookman for August.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA. VI. — South and West — Athenses That Might Have Been. Algernon Tassin. Bookman for August.

A THACKERAY PORTFOLIO. Illustrated. Collected by Brander Matthews. Bookman for August.

THE POPULARITY OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER. Frederic Taber Cooper. Bookman for August.

ANDREW P. PEABODY. Tenth editor of the North American Review. North American Review for August.

JOURNALISM AND PERMANENCE. Gamaliel Bradford. North American Review for August.

FRIAR ROGER BACON. Frederic Harrison. North American Review for August.

DOSTOIEVSKY. W. B. Trites. North American Review for August.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S MEXICO. A lost fragment. Joseph F. Taylor. Bookman for August.

ELBERT HUBBARD'S WORTH AS A WRITER. Leigh Mitchell Hodges. Book News Monthly for August.

NORMAN ANGELL. With portraits. George W. Nasmyth. Book News Monthly for August.

ERNEST POOLE. With frontispiece portrait. Book News Monthly for August.

DOSTOIEVSKY AND TOLSTOY. James Huneker. Forum for August.

WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN. Horace Traubel. Forum for August.

A NEW AMERICAN POET (Robert Frost). Edward Garnett. Atlantic for August.

A NEW PROFESSION FOR WOMEN (Establishing bookstores). Earl Barnes. Atlantic for August.

CARD-INDEX HUMOR. Contributors' Club, in Atlantic for August.

BRET HARTE AND TRUTHFUL JAMES. Illustrated. Robert L. Fulton. Overland Monthly for August.

BRITISH WARS AND THE POETS. R. K. Gordon. Canadian Magazine for August.

MOTION-PICTURE PHOTOGRAPHY FOR THE "PRESS." Charles I. Reid. American Photography for August.

BOOK PLATES. Illustrated. Gardner Teall. American Homes and Gardens for August.

RURAL JOURNALISM. H. C. Hotaling. National Printer-Journalist for August.

THE SMALL NEWSPAPER AS A BIG FACTOR IN AMERICAN JOURNALISM. Mr. O'Flaherty. National Printer-Journalist for August.

WHAT THE SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM ARE DOING. Bruce Ormsby Bliven. National Printer-Journalist for August.

EDITING WOMEN. Mary O'Connor Newell. National Printer-Journalist for August.

WHY PLATO WAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST NOVELISTS. Current Opinion for August.

RUPERT BROOKE. S. P. B. Mais. Fortnightly Review for August.

EDITH SICHEL — A STUDY IN FRIENDSHIP. F. W. Cornish. Cornhill Magazine for August.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESS. Austin Harrison. English Review for August.

A BYRON (?) DISCOVERY. By the late Bertram Dobell. English Review for August.

REMINISCENCES. XIX. — A Religious Revolution. Lyman Abbott. Outlook for July 28.

UNIVERSAL CITY (Where moving pictures are made). Spectator, in Outlook for August 4.

MAARTEN MAARTENS. Outlook for August 18.

FREE VERSE. Outlook for August 4.

THE STUPENDOUS IMPORTANCE OF NAMES. Paul Hervey Fox. Bellman for July 31.

MODERN VERSE: A CONJECTURE. Stephen Phillips. Bellman for July 31.

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DECAYING WORDS. Bellman for August 7.

R. L. STEVENSON AND SOCIALISM. Reprinted from the London Spectator in the Christian Register for August 5.

WAR AS THE GRAVE OF LITERARY REPUTATIONS. Literary Digest for August 7.

VIVISECTING THE WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT. With portraits of Eleanor Gates, Harriet Ford, Margaret Mayo, Jean Webster, Beulah Marie Dix, Rachel Crothers, and Alice Brown. Clayton Hamilton. Vogue for August 15.

NEWS AND NOTES.

A committee of more than a hundred prominent citizens of Indianapolis, headed by former Vice President Fairbanks, is planning to give a banquet to James Whitcomb Riley on his birthday, October 7. Distinguished people from all over the United States will be invited to be present, so that the banquet will be a nation-wide tribute to Mr. Riley.

Admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson are to erect a memorial to him at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Several English writers have answered the question, "How do you pronounce your name?" W. Somerset Maugham says: "My name is pronounced exactly as written. It rhymes with shaugham as in 'with trumpets also and shaughams' vide Psalm xcviii. Likewise with waugham, as in waugham weather." Horace Annesley Vachell says: "My name is pronounced, like Rachel, with the 'a' long." William Le Queux says: "It may perhaps interest some that for a number of years the meaning of my name puzzled me, as it was not French. I, however, found in an early work in Norman-French that 'Le-Queux' was the King's head cook! In French it is, of course, pronounced 'Le-Cur,' but the English pronunciation has always been 'Le-Kew.'"

It has transpired that Mrs. Norman Hapgood, whose husband is editor of Harper's Weekly, obtained a divorce last spring in Paris.

"Helen Mathers" (Mrs. Ellen Buckingham Reeves) wrote "Coming Through the Rye" when she was twenty years old, and sold it for thirty guineas. Thus she lost about £20,000.

Kate Douglas Wiggin's publishers announce — with her sanction, no doubt — that she has an income of $50,000 plus a year, in part royalties from her books and in part from the dramatized version of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Robert Frost's "North of Boston" was first issued by an English and not by an American publisher simply because he happened to be in England when the idea came to him of collecting his poetry manuscripts into a volume. He did this, and with the manuscript in his pocket went up to London and left it with a publisher, who promptly accepted it.

The Century Company announces "A History of American Literature Since 1870," by Fred Lewis Pattee, professor of English in the Pennsylvania State College. The date 1870 was chosen as a beginning point, because the author holds that only then, with the consolidation of national sentiment following the Civil War, did a really national literature begin. The book will consider all the significant American literary figures of the last forty years, not excluding authors still alive.

The Century Company announces the publication in book form of "Me: A Book of Remembrance," the anonymous "piece of life" of a well known woman novelist, which has been running serially in the Century.

A practical book by Miss Fanny Cannon on "Writing and Selling a Play" will be brought out this fall by Henry Holt & Co.

Dr. Richard Burton has contracted to write for Henry Holt & Co. a book tentatively known as "Bernard Shaw: The Man and The Mask," which they hope to issue next March.

The Jewish Publication Society of America announces a prize of $250 for a book of fiction in the English language. The story must treat of Jewish life in America; it must be an original story not printed or published before; must contain not fewer than 25,000 and not more than 35,000 words, and the manuscript must be in the office of the Jewish Publication Society of America (Broad Street and Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Penn.) on or before February 1, 1916.

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The Church Peace Union $5,000 prize essay competition will close December 31.

Prizes of $1,000, $500, and $250 are offered by the United Historical and Patriotic Societies of New York for the three best manuscripts of an historical work on New York, to 1790, the beginning of Government under the Federal Constitution. Manuscripts should be of about 100,000 words, and must be typewritten and submitted by October 1, 1916. A further prize of one hundred dollars is offered for the best essay containing about ten thousand words, based on facts, with authorities given, on certain subjects designated. Particulars may be obtained from Abram Wakeman, secretary, 96 Water street, New York.

Only Southern writers are eligible for the prizes of five hundred dollars offered by the Southern Woman's Magazine (Nashville) for the three best stories of not more than 6,000 words submitted by October 1, but residence away from the South will not bar competition.

The Woman's Section of the Navy League, which has its headquarters in the Southern Building, Washington, D. C., has offered a prize of $100 for the scenario of a national defence pageant. The competition is open to everybody.

Short Stories (New York) is always on the lookout for bright, original, unusual short stories of from 4,000 to 6,000 words. Just now the editor is working on the mid-winter issues, and is looking for stories appropriate for publication in January, February, and March, — such as stories of winter sports or athletics, good prize-fighting stories, if they come within the general requirements of the magazine, also stories treating of ice-boating, hockey, or any of the other typical winter themes. Stories must have strong, fresh, original plots, primarily of masculine interest, preferably of adventure or humor, avoiding over-sophistication, mawkish sentimentality, and psychological and sex problems. Short Stories has no set word-rate of payment, but pays for stories on their merits, regardless of whether they are short or long — within the usual short-story length.

The Order of Elks has authorized the board of trustees to offer $2,500 as a prize to any author who shall compose a national anthem that congress will adopt.

The Texas Review is a new quarterly published at the University at Austin, Texas.

Prosperity is the name of a handsome new publication which calls itself "the Republican National Magazine," and has its headquarters at 303 Fifth avenue, New York.

Dr. Addams Stratton McAllister has resigned as editor of the Electrical World.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Maxwell ("Miss Braddon") left an estate valued at £ 68,112.

In valuing the estate of Mrs. Bronson Howard the plays "The New Henrietta" and "The Henrietta" are estimated at $9,754. "Aristocracy" and "Shenandoah" are valued at $1,000 each; "The Banker's Daughter" at $750; "One of Our Girls" at $500; and "Kate" at $250.

Mrs. Martha Baker Dunn died at Waterville, Me., July 22, aged sixty-seven.

Sir James Augustus Henry Murray died in London July 26, aged seventy-eight.

Dr. William A. Croffut died in Washington July 31, aged eighty years.

"Maarten Maartens" (Joost Marius Willem Van der Poorten-Schwartz) died at Zeist, Holland, August 4, aged fifty-seven.

Mrs. Eva Wilder Brodhead died in Denver August 5, aged forty-five.

David A. Wasson died at Colorado Springs August 9, aged thirty years.

George Fitch died at Berkeley, Calif., August 10, aged thirty-eight.

"Max Adeler" (Charles Heber Clark) died at Eaglesmere, Penn., August 10, aged seventy-four.

Richard Marsh died in London August 10.

Vanderheyden Fyles died in New York August 10, aged thirty-eight.

John E. Gunckel died in Toledo August 16, aged sixty-nine.

Charles Austin Fosdick ("Harry Castlemon") died at Hamburg, N. Y., August 22, aged seventy-three.

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RILEY BIRTHDAY NUMBER

With personal tributes to JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY by Lyman Abbott, Kate Douglas Wiggin, John Kendrick Bangs, George W. Cable, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Robert Grant, Alice Brown, Amelie Rives, Edwin Markham, George Ade, Meredith Nicholson, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Octave Thanet, Hamlin Garland, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Carolyn Wells, Agnes Repplier, Florence Earle Coates, H. M. Alden, Robert Underwood Johnson, Edith M. Thomas, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Theodosia Garrison, Hermann Hagedorn, Richard Burton, Will N. Harben, and Other Leading American Authors.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR LITERARY WORKERS

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1915. No. 10.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

These personal tributes to James Whitcomb Riley, whose birthday will be fittingly observed at Indianapolis October 7, have been written at the request of the editor of THE WRITER : —

James Whitcomb Riley is more than a dialect poet, more than a merely humorous poet. Dialect and humor are the instruments through which he gives expression to the best type of American, perhaps I should say democratic, feeling — to human sympathy and human kindliness, through which there sometimes shines a deep spiritual faith, as in the first two lines of his poem, "Away" :

> I cannot say and I will not say
> That he is dead. — He is just away !

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to define poetry, but if it is true that poetry expresses in rhythmical form the subtler and more delicate feelings which are impossible of accurate definition and which can be awakened in one heart only by the well expressed sympathetic feeling of another heart, then James Whitcomb Riley deserves to be remembered as one of America's true poets.

Lyman Abbott.

OCTOBER 7, 1915.
James Whitcomb Riley, take
This howdy-do,
And eat your birthday cake —
And have it, too !

Witter Bynner.

James Whitcomb Riley is loved in Indiana because he has revealed the Hoosiers to themselves. He has aroused among the people of our state a sort of smiling pride in their neighbors and home surroundings. He is the only writer in the Hoosier collection who hob-nobs sentimentally with the LL. D. and the farm hand at the same moment. He is the quintessence of all that gives characteristic flavor to life in Indiana. He is the most likable individual ever grown in the state.

George Ade.

Riley is the poet all the people love. Before his recognition and acceptance by the literary critics he was firmly established in popular affection. His earlier verses were clipped

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from newspapers by all sorts and conditions of men and women, to be carried in pocket-books and treasured in scrap-books. He is to Indiana and the whole Middle West what Burns was (and remains) to Scotland. It is a pleasure to those of us who are privileged to call him friend to witness constantly the many ways in which his wide constituency pay him tribute from year to year. Time has not diminished his serenity and sweetness, but added to them ; he is the cheeriest and hopefullest spirit in American literature.

Meredith Nicholson.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Dear Riley : —
You who've made a sad world smiley,
Now who
Could find the words to speak his love for you ?
Not I, indeed, who've mongered words for years !
Not I whose soul has found relief from tears
In your rich stores of humor, pathos, wit !
Not I, forsooth, who'd ask no greater boon
Than at your feet to sit,
And list enthralled unto the magic rune
That from your lips, like love-light from the Moon,
To bless this world of suffering and woe
With Sympathy and Brotherhood doth flow !
Not I, in truth, but every star that shines above you,
And planets all combined, combine to say, " I Love You ! "

John Kendrick Bangs.

If I were a Hindu I would say : " Many happy returns of Mr. Riley to this planet ! " As it is, I wish Mr. Riley many happy returns of the day that made us all more happy.

Amélie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy.)

CASTLE HILL, COBHAM, Virginia.

James Whitcomb Riley started his life work with the aphorism : " Nothing but good belongs in poetry. " He has kept to this high conception religiously, hence he is to-day the best loved man in Indiana.

Gene Stratton-Porter.

LIMBERLOST CABIN.

Mr. Riley scarcely needs this assurance of the regard in which he is held by innumerable members of his countrymen and women, but it was a happy thought to allow them to express their sincere admiration, both of the poet and his works. Some of us may respond soonest to Mr. Riley's humor, others may prefer his verse in any personal estimates made, but all of us will gladly testify to our love for him.

Oscar Fay Adams.

The most distinctively American poet. He will long live in the hearts of people of all classes.

Will N. Harben.

What is the thing in the work of Riley that gives it its subtlest and its strongest appeal ? Sometimes I think it is the dialect, which captures the accent of the soul as well as the tongue. Sometimes I think it must be the eye of the student and psychologist that discovers and reveals beneath his personages a people. Sometimes I think it is his fund of nonsense and whimsy ; his child-love and child-lore ; his gallery of Dwainies and Amphines, of Armazindy and Zekesbury, of Little Orphant Annie and the home-grown and only authentic Man-in-the-Moon. Sometimes I think it is a blend of all of these. And sometimes I think that, after all, the finest quality in Riley's work is James Whitcomb Riley.

Louis Untermeyer.

Congratulations and good wishes for Mr. Riley.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE BUNGALOW, SHORT BEACH, Conn.

Is there among us an artist in letters dearer than the poet whose perpetual Spring we celebrate in this Autumn month ? His Muse lives beyond the reach of the seasons, because he is beloved of the gods.

Owen Wister.

James Whitcomb Riley, one of that very small group who have earned a right to sit on that classic step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

Carolyn Wells.

Riley is not merely American, he is *homely* American. His genius is for the tenderly commonplace, the quaintly humorous. Others attain the phonetics of the vernacular, Riley embodies the spirit of it. His best verse springs from a certain era of western settlement. It is a weedy crop gathered along the

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rail-fences, from village gardens, still streams and dusty turnpikes far from the stress and strife of factories, and his poems will not die so long as we who have come the same trail live in the memory of the "Airly Days." Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone and his generation have passed, the fields they cleared with the axe and the cross-cut saw have passed into alien hands, but their spirits live in "Afterwhiles" and I am persuaded that our grandchildren in turning back to this day in search of the speech of their ancestors will smile and feel a little clutch in the throat as they face "the Hills of Somerset" and loaf around "old Kingry's Mill."

Hamlin Garland.

To J. W. R.

You made my childhood glorious with mirth,
Your songs were golden toys
That now I treasure, conscious of their worth,
For other girls and boys.

To-day to eager hearers at my knee
I bring again these golden rhymes I knew
And say: "This gift a poet gave to me,
To give to you."

Theodosia Garrison.

It would be impossible in the short space of a paragraph to express the love and admiration that we all feel for James Whitcomb Riley, whose work has found response in our hearts, and has been full of blessing.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

One does n't have to urge that he's a poet,
Nor take a book and read it out, to show it,
But when it comes to writing charming letters,
We vow he has few equals, and no betters!

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

The poetry of James Whitcomb Riley has brought cheer and comfort to the American people. He is truly the exponent of poetic democracy. Every time I have looked into his eyes I have felt that before me stood the Lincoln of American poets.

Joe Mitchell Chapple.

The enthusiasm of Indiana for Mr. Riley is one of the most cheerful proofs I can see anywhere of the fundamental health and highheartedness of the American people. But the enthusiasm is not confined to Indiana. When farmer-folk hereabouts foregather it is as likely as not that half the poems recited will be Mr. Riley's, and the sophisticated listener, scoffing a bit at first, perhaps, will be amazed to discover that he is as deeply moved as the rest by the honest humor, or sentiment, or pathos. Many more birthdays to Mr. Riley! They are always a delight to read about, and an inspiriting matter to ponder on.

Hermann Hagedorn.

SUNNYTOP FARM, FAIRFIELD, Conn.

Once in a generation or so, author and man are inextricably interwoven in affectionate regard. Such a man, such an author, is Riley, who reminds us that it is the prime business of sound literature to speak to the common people with a native smack and an infectious fellow-feeling. Hence has God blessed him and his work.

Richard Burton.

One might as well try to make a home attractive without flowers as without the grace of James Whitcomb Riley's verses.

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

All lovers of the country pent in city walls, old folks wistful of childhood and children still unconsciously sharers of its poetry, these and all Americans, sprung deeply from the soil of these United States, join in affectionate tribute to James Whitcomb Riley on his birthday.

Percy MacKaye.

CORNISH, N. H.

HOW MANY YEARS YOUNG!

The leaves of the Autumn are falling around,
A banquet is spread, and a guest is crowned.
"You ask me my age — but I know not, in truth —
I feel like a boy!" * cries that poet of youth.
And we rise at that, and the pledge we name —
"Here's to the 'Boy!' and his love-cherished fame!"

Edith M. Thomas.

* In a recent interview these words were spoken by Mr. Riley.

Writers who have made us smile with fresh and simple pleasure have always a peculiar hold upon our tenderness and affection; but

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at periods when the world, too greatly troubled, forgets the way to smile, the return to such a writer is restorative as a draught of pristine purity from a virgin mountain spring. Our humorists are loved, if they be kind and gentle, for a beneficent influence which heals us of our tragedies, and the humor of James Whitcomb Riley, clothed in winning artistic form, has not only "added to the gayety of Nations," but has helped to keep a sad world sweet and sound and sane.

Florence Earle Coates.

Permit me to offer my hearty felicitations to Mr. Riley on this auspicious occasion.

Agnes Repplier.

No poet has ever come so close to the heart of the earth-tiller as Mr. Riley; and we Americans are still a nation of earth-tillers; therefore he is and he is likely to remain the best loved of all our poets; a true poet and a true man. Bless him!

Alice French ("Octave Thanet").

Mr. Riley owes his great reputation to the fact that he has advanced the frontier of poetry into a region where all who have the sympathies of ordinary humanity can follow. To many it may seem easy to write the homely and dramatic episodes which make so strong a pull at our heart strings. For him this *is* easy, but that it is an art of rare skill is shown by the failure of his imitators to reach his plane. This is because in art nothing can take the place of sincerity and insight.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

As one of the host of his countrymen whom Mr. Riley's verse has delighted by its sentiment and humor, I offer to him my grateful congratulations on his birthday.

Robert Grant.

I am glad of the opportunity to express my admiration of the distinguished poet and humorist who has given us lyrics too beautiful to die, and other pieces which can hardly be forgotten so long as American character preserves the racy flavor which Mr. Riley found in his neighbors and has expressed for our delight. My congratulations and enthusiastic good wishes to this fine poet of our Middle West. May he have many more birthdays!

Harriet Monroe.

Are you familiar with that tenderest of poems to a bereaved mother — which Mr. Riley sent to Mrs. Edgar Wilson Nye, the wife of "Bill Nye," on the death of their baby — called "Bereaved"? The wistful note running through it, the effort of the poet to comfort the mother by contrasting his poverty with her treasures of motherhood in those pathetic words,

> "How sadder far am I
> Who have no child to die,"

must have made her forget her own sorrow for the moment in pity for his lack. I was with Mrs. Nye when she received this message from Mr. Riley, and she read the verses to me with streaming eyes.

May Riley Smith.

I once had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Riley read from his own poems. It is a charming recollection. Not only the poetry was poetry, but there was a delightful unconsciousness in Mr. Riley's manner of reading. He seemed to be telling his audience something sweet and interesting and comic which had that moment occurred to him. Long life to him!

Molly Elliot Seawell.

The American people have a homelike familiarity with this poet as with no other. He is therefore our most popular poet — one whose verse will be cherished by many generations to come. The man is as dear to us as the poet.

H. M. Alden.

To write verse that is hall-marked, "To be remembered," is to be happily endowed. But to write verse that is also remembered lovingly by all sorts and conditions of mind and temperament is a very great gift indeed.

Alice Brown.

Mr. Riley is a close friend of my son-in-law, Kirk Munroe, and stays at his home when he

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is in that neighborhood. I always heartily join in any just appreciation, either of a good man, a good writer, or a good worker of any kind, and Mr. Riley is all of these. Kindly present to him my sincere congratulations personally. I am sure he merits all his friends can offer him. *Amelia E. Barr.*

Invited to state offhand and in a mere line or two the special debt we owe to James Whitcomb Riley, I would most gratefully say that a very conspicuous part of it lies in this fact: —

That in peculiarly American terms of thought and emotion, and totally without direct appeal to or dependence on the outward equipments and embellishments of culture (music, literature, science, the arts) he has revealed the sources and pure flow of joy, sorrow, courage, fortitude, love, — all, or nearly all, the elements of spiritual strength and grace, — as they are realizable in the average character and everyday experience — individual and communal — of our American democracy.

George W. Cable.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

From the sun and the rain of my smiles and my tears — smiles that I've been remembered at your birthday feast, and tears that I may not be there — I am sending you herewith, as seems fitting, my best rainbow wishes, the arch spanning life, one end in my heart (this being my rainbow) and the other in the pot of virgin gold from which you mint the matchless coin which most enriches our American Golden Treasury of Song, dear Poet Pre-eminent of tenderness, of the two childhoods, of laughter and of glad tears we are better for having shed.

It was a Mayday in October when you were born, dear James Whitcomb Riley. We bless the day. *Ruth McEnery Stuart.*

They don't call him James Whitcomb Riley 'round about where I live. Taking the liberty of old friends, they telescope the James, amputate the Whitcomb, and just say "Jim Riley." And they pronounce the words, too, with a loving heart as they might say "Sweetbriar Rose," or "Winesap Apple," or "The Old Folks at Home," or any other tender fragrant epithet bringing dear quick memories of summer garden or winter hearth.

For, more widely perhaps than any other singer of our generation, Riley has got over to the plain people, especially the village and the farmer folk. He has bound into scented sheaves for them the old lavendered memories of Back Home and Long Ago. There is sometimes a catch in his voice at the pathos, as well as a twinkle in his eye at the humor, but always there is love in his heart.

What American does not recall Riley's landscape in such happy haunts as "The Old Swimmin' Hole," and the town where the folks were "so happy and so pore"? What American does not rejoice in that Riley spell of weather "Long about knee-deep in June," or "When the Frost is on the Punkin"? Who of us has not chortled and perhaps choked a little, over "The Raggedy Man," and "Grandfather Squeers," and "Little Orphant Annie"?

The all-equalizing telephone and automobile are fast removing the pleasant isolation which made possible many of the quaint types that Riley has thus framed in whimsical vista and vignette. But happily these beloved folk whose quips and quirks make us "smily round the lips and teary round the lashes," have been held fast forever by Riley's cheery magic, for the delectation of the future, as well as the delight of the present.

Perpetual youth to his genial pen! Eternal joy to his friendly heart!

Edwin Markham.

To be the man whose every written line has made the men and women reading it warm with tenderness for him and feel it thereby easier to warm with tenderness toward every other human thing — to have filled the world with gentle laughter and gentle lovely catchings of the breath through sheer exquisite lovableness — is surely one of the most beautiful good fortunes of life, and surely also it has been the beautiful good fortune of James Whitcomb Riley. He does not know me personally, but he is one of my best beloved.

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

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Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

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88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. Boston, Mass.

VOL. XXVII. OCTOBER, 1915. No. 10.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

THE WRITER joins most heartily in the birthday congratulations to James Whitcomb Riley, and takes pleasure in presenting the expressions of appreciation of the poet and his work written by the leading authors of the country and printed in this number.

* * *

The responsibility of authors to their readers is illustrated in many ways. One illustration is afforded by the experience of the director of the American Museum of Natural History, which in the last few months has received many pathetic letters coming from all parts of the country, asking how the writers can sell moths and so get money to accomplish some desired object. One girl in a backwoods hamlet of Arkansas writes : "Please rite me how much you pay for moths. I want to make money to go to school." How did the idea of selling moths to the Museum occur to her ? Professor Lutz explains : "In 'The Girl of the Limberlost,' written by Gene Stratton-Porter, we are told how a young girl with a strongly developed love of nature is able to make money enough to pay for her education and provide herself with the necessaries of life by hunting rare specimens of moths, which she sells to a dealer who supplies museums and collectors. Soon after the book made its appearance letters like this began to come in, — only a few at first, but the number has increased steadily. One pathetic letter was received from a woman who hoped she could sell enough rare moths to go to Denver to be cured of tuberculosis. So you see there is a tragic as well as an amusing side to all this correspondence. The author of 'The Girl of the Limberlost' sold Elnora's moths for four times what a wholesale dealer would pay even for perfect specimens. But hundreds of readers of the novel evidently have regarded her story in the sense of a report on the market for moths, and the letters still keep coming in."

* * *

A. noteworthy addition has been made to the synonyms of "say." In a magazine story David Douglas writes : —

> When Casey came to himself again he was lying on a bed — where he knew not. He was conscious only that Marian, her face tear-stained and very near his own, was kneeling beside it.
>
> "Well ?" he HUSKED.

* * *

The Missouri Writers' Guild will hold its annual camp at Powersite on Lake Taneycomo

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in the Ozarks October 1 to 7, inclusive. The announcement naively says : "The primary object will be the enjoyment of the guests, but every night the members of the guild will gather around a camp fire and talk."

* * *

Ingenious, if not admirable, are the ways of the literary press agent. Having set afloat an ingenuous story that Oliver Onions pronounces his name to rhyme with "lions," he is now getting the author's name in print again by sending out an "indignant protest" from Mr. Onions, who says that his name is pronounced "in the common, or garden, way."

W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Maud Mary Brown, whose story, "In Quest of Beauty," appeared in the Youth's Companion for August 25, was, until her marriage to Walter Stanley Brown, Maud Mary Fuller. Mrs. Brown is a native Vermonter, and after receiving her training in private and normal schools she taught in and near New York. Underlying all her work as a teacher there was a strong impulse to write, but she found no leisure for it until after her marriage four years ago and her return to Vermont. There, under the shadow of Mount Mansfield, she wrote her first story, which was accepted for the Youth's Companion. Since then she has written fairly regularly for the Companion, as well as for the Ladies' World, the Woman's World, American Motherhood, and other magazines. Mrs. Brown's slogan is "A story a month or self-censure," and in spite of her many and varied interests she has yet to fail in keeping to that standard. She thinks there is nothing more interesting in her work than the vindication of her theory that what one seriously and sincerely wishes to do, he may do.

Dudley Burrows, author of the story, "A Latterday Cyrano," in McBride's Magazine for September, and of "Geraniums," in the August Lippincott's, is assistant scenario editor of the National Film Corporation, of Hollywood, California, and devotes most of his time to the preparation of feature productions for that concern. For fifteen years before taking up this line of work he was a free-lance newspaper man, traveling the three Americas, Europe, and the Far East in search of material for various metropolitan dailies of New York and California. He was schooled in this work by the late William Eleroy Curtis, of the Chicago Record-Herald, whom Mr. Burrows served as private secretary for four years, during which time the pair covered more than 100,000 miles in search of news and adventure. Two years ago Mr. Burrows gave up newspaper work to try his hand at the art of telling fiction stories. Since then his work has appeared in Lippincott's Magazine, Romance, the Churchman, Snappy Stories, and other well known magazines and periodicals. Mr. Burrows was born at Erie, Pennsylvania, thirty-five years ago and was educated at Washington and Jefferson College. He says he hopes to make enough money out of the magazines and the moving pictures to buy a coral island somewhere in the fastnesses of the South Pacific, where he and his wife may spend their declining years at the more or less exciting business of raising Airedale terriers and alligator pears.

Evans Clark, whose first published verses, "Appeal," appeared in the Century for August, was born in Orange, N. J., in 1888, and has lived in New York city most of his life. He was graduated from Amherst in 1910, and has since been engaged in post-graduate study in law and political science at Harvard and at Columbia. He is now teaching at Princeton University, where he holds an instructorship in the History and Politics Department.

Alfred Elden, who wrote the story, "The Runaway Dory," in the September St. Nicholas, is associate editor of the Portland (Maine) Express-Advertiser. For the past fifteen years he has been a frequent contributor of feature stories and special magazine articles to the New York Herald, the Boston Transcript, the Associated Sunday Magazines, and other publications. An enthusiastic yachtsman for the past twenty years, he has long written fascinating stories of the sea, both descriptive

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and fiction, for Motor Boat, Yachting, and other magazines devoted to outdoor life. There are few nooks and crannies of the New England coast that Mr. Elden has not visited, and this has given him exceptional opportunities for studying the people and the life around which he generally builds his stories. A book-length serial, "The Lobster Runners," written by Mr. Elden last winter, has been running all summer in the Lewiston Saturday Journal. In addition to being a lively action story of the Maine coast, it shows the workings of Maine's much-mooted lobster law, and has attracted considerable attention among those familiar with the coast folk. In addition to two or three columns of editorials daily, Mr. Elden finds time for magazine articles, newspaper features, and considerable fiction.

Dana Gatlin, whose story, "One Day — and Another," was printed in McClure's for July, took his A. B. degree at the University of Kansas, and his M. A. at Columbia University. He then began work on the New York Sun, where for six years he has been connected with the literary department. During the past four years he has contributed special articles and fiction to McClure's Magazine, the World's Work, the Century, the Cosmopolitan, the American Magazine, and Collier's. Short stories of his will shortly be published in Collier's, McClure's Magazine, and the American Magazine.

Beatrice Grimshaw, who had a story, "The Swan-Song of Jane Meakin," in Lippincott's Magazine for February, has just sold the American serial rights of her latest novel, "Red Bob of the Bismarcks," to the Associated Sunday Magazines. The scene of the novel is laid in New Britain and the surrounding islands. Miss Grimshaw has been living in the island town of Samarai, at the tail-end of New Guinea, but she has taken up land on Sariba Island, a mile away, where she has had a large and beautiful house built by New Guinea natives, under white supervision. The house is constructed of sago palm thatch, red mangrove piles and frame, sago-palm-sheath walls, and black palm floor. It is built in Sariba fashion, with gables rising to a high point, and it stands on a small headland projecting over the sea, which is full of beautiful coral and shells at this point. There are palms below the house, and a very lovely, curving bay, and a small island. The furniture is all bamboo, wicker, and matting, to suit the house, and it is decorated solely with the large, wonderful shells one finds there, and with groups of white coral off the reef. The name of the place is "Coralsands." Miss Grimshaw adds that if anybody feels inclined to go and do likewise, land can be had on Sariba for practically nothing, and a beautiful native house can be built for about fifty pounds. Market gardening on a small scale would pay decently, and fever is not a serious question. It is plain malaria, and many escape and the rest get acclimatized to it, as a rule. The climate is hot the year 'round, with cool nights and no very high temperatures. There are no amusements except what one makes for himself, but the white society is pretty fair, and there are steamers from Sydney once in three weeks. The mainland of New Guinea is two miles away. There are no other white people resident on Sariba, though occasionally a white man comes over to beach a schooner and repair. "The Swan Song of Jane Meakin" was based on events that occurred some years ago on Misima Island, about a day's sail from Samarai, and Miss Grimshaw says it ran very close to the actual facts, even to the name of the song.

Anne Hard, who wrote the story, "Come Hither," in the Delineator for September, is the wife of William Hard, the managing editor of Everybody's Magazine. She was graduated from the University of Wisconsin with the degree of M. A., and held a fellowship in that University, which she gave up to go into newspaper work on the Chicago Evening Post. Mrs. Hard says she gets about one story in every fifteen published.

Aileen Cleveland Higgins, whose story, "A Double Gift," was published in St. Nicholas for September, lives in Duluth, Minnesota, and

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writes stories for grown people as well as for children. "A Double Gift" has for its setting the pearl-fishing industry of the Illinois river, with which the author is familiar, and the story is one of a series which she has written for young people. The Penn Publishing Company announces this season "A Little Princess of the Stars and Stripes," the last book in Miss Cleveland's Little Princess Series, in which the heroine learns what it means to be an actively patriotic American girl, and several years ago Duffield & Company published her book of verse, entitled "Dream Blocks," illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. Miss Higgins is an enthusiastic gardener, and sometimes contributes to garden magazines, besides writing fiction. She has had contributions of various kinds published in the Youth's Companion, Harper's Monthly, Harper's Weekly, Collier's, the Craftsman, and the Bellman.

T. D. Pendleton, author of the story, "The Peyton Amethysts," which was published in the Youth's Companion for August 19, was born in Hartford, Kentucky, and besides "The Peyton Amethysts" has published a number of other stories which reflect the quaint charm of the old town. During years of residence in Virginia, Mr. Pendleton devoted much time to study of the life of Poe, following slender clews, interviewing every survivor of the Poe acquaintance circle, and collecting many valuable reminiscences. A story, "The 1827 Tamerlane," published in the San Francisco Argonaut, was an excursus of the Poe historic study, and several published special articles on the subject are the beginning of a book. For the past two years in Kentucky Mr. Pendleton has been engaged upon study of the pioneer history of the state, including the life of the forbears of Abraham Lincoln, Nancy Hanks being a relative of the author's father. Besides being a writer, Mr. Pendleton is a camera enthusiast, and one of his pictures, "Memories," received honorable mention in a Boston international competition. He plans now to devote all his time to fiction, some of which will be done for filming. He has already had stories in the Smart Set, the Bellman, and the All-Story Magazine. Mr. Pendleton does not hold, with many modern critics, that "red blood" is ninety-nine per cent. of a story's worth, but remembers that the master, Flaubert, said that there is just one noun, one verb, one adjective, out of all the language, that expresses the exact meaning, and that a writer's talent is in the exact proportion of his ability to find that word.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Maeterlinck. — Maurice Maeterlinck began his literary career with three apparent failures. The first was the founding of a literary review, which quickly went under ; the second, the publication of a volume of poems; which failed to attract attention ; and the third, the issue of a play, "La Princess Maleine," of which he printed just twenty-five copies with his own hands and gave them away. A year later chance brought a copy of the play into the hands of Octave Mirbeau, who wrote a glowing eulogy of it in the Figaro, and Maeterlinck awoke one morning to find himself famous. — Detroit News.

Riley. — The sunlight filtered through the shutters and threw a soft golden glow over the old-fashioned room. The parlor in which I was waiting looked like the "company parlor" in my grandfather's house when I was a boy. The furniture stood out in silhouette ; a stray ray of sunlight fell on the gilded coal hod in front of the wide grate ; the pictures on the walls were inclosed in heavy, dull gilt frames ; the chairs and sofa with their fringed bottoms were deeply upholstered, and on an antique stand lay the family album and the family Bible.

A moment later in walked the man who four years ago told his friends : "My work is finished, and my end is come."

"I feel like a boy," he said, with a cheerful laugh, as he extended his left hand. "I have n't felt so strong for years. Every day I drive out in my car and am enjoying life in spite of the war in Europe. You see, I never read the newspapers and don't know anything about what's going on over there. It has always been my aim to avoid things that are disagreeable and that cause pain. I have n't even voted for thirty years. I dislike politics as much as I dislike war. Both are inhuman. War and

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politics bring nothing but sorrow. They are wrong."

Then, looking down at his right hand, which, in spite of the recovery of his general health, is still paralyzed, he added : —

"This nearly drives me to crime. For four years now I have been practising using a pen with my left hand. It has been slow work and looks so untidy."

Riley is probably the most fastidious poet in the history of literature. His clothes are neat and plain and of the latest fashion. His cuffs always protrude from the coat sleeve a precise distance. His shoes shine like a mirror, his cravat looks as if it had never been worn before. And every hair on his head looks as if it knew its own particular groove.

He is a small, light-haired, blue-eyed man and has the general appearance of a New York banker.

Jim Riley abhors things unnatural. Every week he goes from Indianapolis out to Greenfield. He chats with every farmer he meets by the way. The children all know him and flock around him.

The day I visited with the poet a committee representing the citizens of Indianapolis called on him at his old-fashioned red brick house in Lockerbie street. They told him the city wanted to tender a banquet on the occasion of the anniversary of his birth, October 7. The committee was headed by Mayor Joseph A. Bell and Meredith Nicholson.

"It makes me so happy, I want to laugh," said Riley.

No one seems to know his exact age. I asked him why he kept it a secret, and he replied : "I never want my friends to think I'm getting old."

He still has the heart of a boy. Nothing would grieve him more than to have some one say he is aging. He still has the same cheerful, light-hearted, sympathetic nature he had when he played clown with the rest of the "fellers" up in the hayloft many years ago.

So they are going to have this banquet in October, and the committee has invited the most distinguished persons in literature and public life from all parts of the country. It will probably surpass any banquet of its kind ever held. Similar ones have been tendered Mark Twain and William Dean Howells.

Where and when Riley was born matters little. He belongs to the world. He speaks a universal language. Old and young, rich and poor, understand him. His father was Reuben Riley, a lawyer. As a schoolboy Jim delighted in playing hookey. What the world calls "education" never bothered him.

His father thought Jim was spending too much time down at the "old swimmin' hole," so he took him into his office and gave him Blackstone, Kent's Commentaries, and other heavy leather-bound volumes to read. Instead of reading them he wrote rhymes on their margins.

His nature was always full of rhyme. "I walk, I run, I write, and wrestle, but I cannot shake it off. I lie down to sleep and all night long it haunts me. Whole cantos of incoherent rhymes dance before me and so vividly, at last I seem to read them as from a book. All of this is without power of my own to guide or check and then occurs a stage of repetition — when the matter becomes rhythmically tangible at last and shapes itself into a whole of sometimes a dozen stanzas, and goes on repeating itself over and over until it is printed indelibly on my mind.

"This stage heralds sleep at last from which I wake refreshed and free from the toils of my persecutor. But some senseless office of rhyme is printed on my mind and I go about repeating it as if I had committed it from the pages of some book. I often write these jingles afterward, though I believe I never could forget a word of them.

"This is the history of the 'Craquedoom.' I have theorized in vain. I went gravely to a doctor on one occasion and asked him seriously if he did n't think I was crazy. His laconic reply that he never saw a poet who was n't is not without its consolation."

Riley never likes to talk about himself. He has not written an autobiography and never will. He doesn't even like to have any one quote him. "It seems so conceited" is his way of explaining.

The story of his life has never been written. Many years ago a number of Chicago writers

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decided to put out a biography. They wrote it carefully and had it set in type. Then they thought it would be a wise plan to have Riley verify it. When the proofs were taken to him he was greatly mortified. He protested and asked his friends to leave him alone, saying his life was too commonplace to interest any one. The authors were insistent, so the poet in despair agreed to look over the proofs.

Many months after that he sent them back. With wonderful cleverness he had doctored the biography beyond recognition. Not a specific or direct statement was left. Every date was scratched out and every story was changed to make it appear to a reader as if it was doubtful whether it was about him. And on top of that, when the book was published it was discovered he had bought all rights to it and had everything destroyed.

Riley won great fame as a reader of his own poems. But it has been many years since he has been on a platform. Those fortunate enough to have heard him can never forget his inimitable presentation of "My Grandfather Squeers," "Little Orphant Annie," "When the Frost Is on the Punkin and the Fodder's in the Shock," "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," "Doc Slifers," "Knee Deep in June," "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," and others. Sir Henry Irving once said the American stage lost its greatest actor when Riley refused to make acting his life work. He and Bill Nye stumped the country together for several seasons. Riley retired from the lyceum platform in 1903, and no monetary inducement would bring him out of his seclusion in his home on Lockerbie street, in Indianapolis.

He has never liked to be called a poet. He prefers to be known as a rhymester or writer of jingles. His great love has always been for the commonplace. He brings out his idea of poetry in the following famous verse :—

What we want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' yours and mine—
Somepin' with live stock in it and outdoors
And old crick bottoms, snags, and sycamores ;
Put weeds in—pizen vines and underbresh
As well as Johnnyjumpups, all so fresh
And sassylike—and groun' squir'ls, yes, and "we,"
As sayin' is, "We, Us, and Company."

Riley has immortalized himself with his verses for children. He talks their language as no other poet ever did :

Giunts is biggest mens they air
In all this world er anywhere ;
An' Tom Thumb he's th' most little-est man
'Cause onc't he lived in a oyshture-can.

When he was fifteen years old Riley left Greenfield with a circus. He worked his way back that fall, painting barns and signs on fences along country roads. During another season he beat a drum on a patent medicine concert wagon and drew caricatures on a blackboard. He could do anything, and do it well. — Philadelphia Public Ledger.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Criticism of Contributions. — A large number of contributors send with their manuscripts a request for special criticism and advice. In the majority of cases, the only comment that could justly be returned would be disappointing to the recipient ; for however eagerly the immature may press for utterly candid remarks, their real and natural desire is for some measure of praise ; and when this is not forthcoming, few can take the incident calmly. Whatever their former faith in the editorial judgment, inexperienced contributors often feel that a serious mistake has been made in their own case, even if sheer malignancy cannot be alleged. Budding genius has been discouraged ; the midnight oil or the modern Mazda has been overworked in vain ; and one more unfortunate has found how stony are the hearts of those who sit temporarily in high places.

There is little that is amusing, and much that is far from amusing, in such circumstances. However helpful an editor may desire to be, he has usually numerous duties and only a certain amount of energy. That he should be expected to reply each day to the importunities of unknown correspondents is hardly fair ; for the task would be thankless at the best, and if more than an indifferent word or two were offered in each instance, time would be consumed that a stranger has no right to demand. For, of course, it is almost invariably the inexperienced and unproved who make such requests. Those who have fitted themselves for

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the work, and whose work is therefore valuable, know too much of the exigencies and chances of literary life to be concerned about one man's personal opinion, hurriedly expressed.

For those who have little confidence in themselves, or, having confidence, are perplexed that others apparently do not share it, the fate of their manuscripts should be a fair indication. There may be many reasons for the return of a contribution, apart from the question of literary merit ; but the article or story which comes back repeatedly carries its own message to the author, though there have been striking exceptions and every aspirant may properly hope that his own case is exceptional.

For the true neglected genius who may need a kindly word, the breath of recognition that will sustain his smouldering fires, a fairly keen watch is kept by most editors and their colleagues. Even so, mere accident or the pressure of work may result in oversights ; but the writer is not confined to a single opportunity. He may try again, without unduly tempting fate.

If there is any unusual promise in work that is still not quite satisfactory, the author may receive a little personal note that would not have been written if he had applied for it. For editors are human, in addition to their other faults ; and they prefer a certain freedom of choice and action. To be expected, a dozen times a day, to compose an elaborate criticism of the work of a tyro, does not seem reasonable. To send a message of encouragement or advice to one who is quietly working on, without heroics or hysterics, is quite another matter.

But the whole question of criticism — of the critics and the criticised — is interesting and perplexing. Most of us remember the case of the newly appointed Colonial judge, who was advised to give his judgments boldly, for they would probably be correct ; but in no case to state his reasons, for they would almost invariably be wrong. So, sometimes, it may happen in editorial offices ; though the majority of editors can give reasons for their decisions and just reasons, if the occasional act of pleasure is not transformed into a distasteful task. — The Forum, for September.

How "Colonel Carter" Began. — I have understood that the way "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" came to be written was this : Hopkinson Smith was the best raconteur of a formal story I ever heard. I recall that a mutual friend once told me that Hopkinson Smith's stories had changed the tone of stories told at men's dinners in New York. I give the account as it was given to me. He had become known as a delightful after-dinner story teller, and presently his stories made so much impression that one day Gilder of the Century Magazine said to him that the stories he told — in the form in which he told them — ought to be preserved, and suggested his writing them for the Century. Out of this grew a paper which was styled, at first, something like "The Colonel's Dinner Table," the colonel being simply a peg to hang the stories on. But before the paper was finished "the colonel" had captured the narrator, and out of it came "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," with "Miss Nancy" and her air of lavender and grace, and all the chivalry and charm of a beautiful picture of the old times in a new setting. — Thomas Nelson Page, in Scribner's Magazine.

Adjectivitis a Popular Disease Among Writers. — We have come to the conclusion that the main trouble with most of our young writers is inflammation of sundry parts of speech — notably of the adjective — and to this disorder we have ventured to attach the name "adjectivitis." In aggravated cases the patient is unable to use a noun without burdening it with a qualification. As thus : —

"She walked across the richly furnished room, pulled aside the heavy curtain and gazed out into the darkening landscape."

Here we see every substantive neatly fitted with its adjective, and every adjective is entirely superfluous. We are chiefly concerned to know what, in the evident crisis, the young woman did. It is unkind to arrest her in her walk in order to call our attention to the facts that the room was richly furnished and the curtains were heavy.

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Some of these cases are chronic, and the sufferer can use nothing but adjectives which have so long been joined together with some noun that no man can put them asunder. In these cases evening clothes are always immaculate, thuds are dull and sickening, waltzes are dreamy, reports (of firearms) are sharp, ditto (any other kind) are eulogistic, and so on. One is pleased to see, though, that the ravages of this awful complaint are more restricted both in area and virulence, being chiefly confined to those slum areas of literature in which "Our Great New Serial Story" is concocted.

The reason of this is chiefly commercial. The contracts of these merchants call for the delivery of so many thousand words — no more, no less. The cultivator who can make two words grow where but one grew before does therefore greatly score over his fellows. The easiest and simplest method is to load an adjective on to every noun.

The present war has been responsible for a violent outbreak of adjectivitis among correspondents and descriptive writers, not to mention experts and the constructors of leading articles. Some thousands of times has the battle line in Flanders been labeled as "far-flung." (I thank thee not, Kipling, for teaching our young writers that word !) Any activity shown in entrenching or fortifying is pretty certain to be "feverish." A retirement by the Allies is "stubborn" ; by the enemy it is "sullen." And let us not forget the allied generals are always attended by a "brilliant" staff. There is a curious discrimination between a feat of arms on sea and on land. On land it is "heroic," at sea "daring." If any correspondent uses the word "heroic" in connection with a sea affair or "daring" to qualify some exploit on land, it is safe to put him down as a blundering novice who does not know his business. But it is the maddening repetition of "far-flung" that offends us most.

We are not hostile to the adjective as such. In fact, we look upon it as Artemus Ward looked upon baked beans, which in an immortal passage he pronounced "a cheerful fruit when used moderately." Strict moderation in the use of adjectives should be the first lesson impressed upon all writers. There is no habit more insidious than that of using adjectives where there is no need. It grows upon the victim till he writes himself into an acute attack of adjectivitis, and can no more do without the qualifying words than the dope fiend can do without his syringe or the alcoholic without his bottle. Little by little he sinks into a state when he can no longer control the flow of adjectives, when he dribbles them continuously in one unbroken stream. Then the proprietors of the fiction mill pounce upon him, bristling with contracts and fountain pens and checks on account. Before the wretched creature has realized the seriousness of his position he finds he has signed to write eight serial stories a year for the next quarter of a century. Writers, take warning ! — London Globe.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A DICTIONARY OF SIMPLIFIED SPELLING. By Frank H. Vizetelly. 151 pp. Cloth, 75 cents, net. New York : Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1915.

Just how far the advocates of simplified spelling have progressed toward making English orthography scientific is shown by this new dictionary, which gives 12,000 words spelled according to the rules recommended for adoption from time to time by the American Philological Association and the Simplified Spelling Board. The first page gives abhord, (for "abhorred") abrest, abuv, abuze, and accru, among other scientific forms, and the last page wun (for "won," not "one") and wrigl, though why "wriggle" should not be spelled phonetically "rigl" it is hard to see. There are practically no indications in current books and newspapers that the "simple spellers" are making any progress in securing the adoption of their rules, and writers preparing manuscripts for the press should spell in the old way, to save labor in editing their copy for the printers. If the new forms are used, the copy must be changed to accord with the office style, and it is conceivable that an editor would reject a manuscript with words scientifically spelled, rather than take the necessary trouble to put it in proper shape for his compositors. W. H. H.

INDUSTRIAL AND VOCATIONAL EDUCATION, By S. H. Comings. Second edition, with revision and supplement by Mrs. S. H. (Lydia J. Newcomb) Comings. 191 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston : Christopher Publishing House. 1915.

Mr. Comings advocates industrial education, not alone for the practical reason that every man should be prepared to earn his own living, but also because, as he insists, hard work is itself an integral part of any true

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education and only by making education self-supporting can it be made universal, without dependence on endowments. His book is a thoughtful one and his arguments will convince many readers that there should be established a complete system of free, self-supporting industrial schools and colleges in every part of our country.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodicals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

WALT WHITMAN IN NEW ORLEANS. R. Emory Holloway. Yale Review for October.

NIETZSCHE : A MODERN STOIC. Charles M. Bakewell. Yale Review for October.

"HAMLET" WITH HAMLET LEFT OUT. Brander Matthews. Yale Review for October.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL LIARS. Albert Bushnell Hart. Harper's Magazine for October.

MY DÉBUT IN PARIS (A reminiscence of Alexandre Dumas). Francis Grierson. Century for October.

A CHALLENGE TO AUTHORS. Illustrated. James Montgomery Flagg. Everybody's Magazine for October.

IN MOTION-PICTURE LAND. Illustrated. William Allen Johnston. Everybody's Magazine for October.

MAKING THE FIRST PICTURE PLAY. Alexander Black. McBride's for October.

EUGENE FIELD, THE INFORMAL. Elsie F. Weil. McBride's for October.

TALKS ON READING. I. — How to Read. J. B. Kerfoot. Delineator for October.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Her life story. With portraits. Laura E. Richards and Maude Howe Elliott. Delineator for October.

A GIRL ALONE. III. — The confessions of a famous novelist who dared to live her own life. Ladies' Home Journal for October.

HOW THEY BROKE INTO PRINT. — X. With portraits of Justus Miles Forman, Booth Tarkington, Sidney L. Nyburg, Margaret Widdemer, Oliver Onions, Richard Marsh, and the Misses Findlater. Francis Arthur Jones. Strand for October.

MAKER OF NEWSPAPER REPORTERS (Dr. Talcott Williams). David W. Bowman. American Magazine for October.

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS. I. — The City That Was. Illustrated. Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Bookman for September.

RUPERT BROOKE. Milton Bronner. Bookman for September.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA. VII. — Putnam's and the New Journals of Opinion. Algernon Tassin. Bookman for September.

BUTTERED SIDE UP. The significance of Edna Ferber. Joyce Kilmer. Book News Monthly for September.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR. Jules Bois. Bookman for September.

IS DRAMATIC CRITICISM NECESSARY ? Brander Matthews. Bookman for September.

EDNA FERBER. With frontispiece portrait. George Fitch. Book News Monthly for September.

WHAT EDNA FERBER BELIEVES. Illustrated. Book News Monthly for September.

LITERARY INSPIRATION OF CALIFORNIA. With portraits of Harold Bell Wright, Dane Coolidge, Amanda Matthews, Grace Sartwell Mason, and Mary Roberts Coolidge. Russell E. Smith. Book News Monthly for September.

THE POETRY OF RUPERT BROOKE. St. John G. Ervine. North American Review for September.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH. With portrait. Thomas Nelson Page. Scribner's Magazine for September.

WAR NOTES FROM A NEWSPAPER DESK. Simeon Strunsky. Atlantic for September.

DISRAELI AND CONSERVATISM. Paul Elmer More. Atlantic for September.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION AS A MEANS TO FULLER LIVING. Helen Ogden Makin. English Journal for September.

SOME INSIDE INFORMATION ABOUT THE MUSICAL PLAY. Harry B. Smith. American Magazine for September.

HORACE ROSE : A SATIRIST WHO IS SOUTH AFRICA'S MOST POPULAR AUTHOR. Current Opinion for September.

MEMORIES OF MARK TWAIN. Recollections of W. W. Barnes, of Oakland. William Alfred Corey. Overland Monthly for September.

THE CRIMINAL IN THE DRAMA. Ella Costillo Bennett. Overland Monthly for September.

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES. Illustrated. Harold D. Eberlein. American Homes and Gardens for September.

CARLYLE AND THE WAR. Marshall Kelly. Open Court for September.

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF ELBERT HUBBARD. James W. Beckman (Mr. Hubbard's secretary). National Magazine for September.

THE PASSING OF THE FRA. Illustrated. Mitchell Mannering. National Magazine for September.

ALICE MOORE HUBBARD (Mrs. Elbert Hubbard). With portrait. Mary Eleanor Kramer. National Magazine for September.

WALTER BAGEHOT. Arthur A. Baumann. Fortnightly Review for September.

MADAME DE STAËL IN THE LIGHT OF CURRENT EVENTS. Abbé Ernest Dimnet. Nineteenth Century and After for September.

PRESENT TEACHING OF JOURNALISTIC ETHICS. Jesse H. Bond, Ph. D. National Printer-Journalist for September.

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE (Washington Irving). Rev. James Mudge. Methodist Review for July-August.

BRYANT AND "THE NEW POETRY." John L. Hervey. Dial for August 15.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES. Charles Leonard Moore. Dial for September 2.

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THE IMPERISHABLE ELEMENTS OF POETRY. Louis C. Marolf. Dial for September 16.

JOHN GALSWORTHY. Edward E. Hale. Dial for September 16.

A MASTER OF PICTORIAL IRONY (Louis Raemaekers). With portrait. Bellman for August 21.

JOHN HAY AS A YOUNG DIPLOMAT. With portraits. Joseph B. Gilder. Bellman for August 28.

FICTION AND PLEASURE. William B. Endicott. Bellman for September 4.

HOW A DICTIONARY GREW. With portrait of Sir James Murray. Literary Digest for August 21.

THE GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD (The New English Dictionary). Literary Digest for August 21.

AN ATTACK ON THE TAGORE "CRAZE." With portrait. Literary Digest for August 21.

THE ANCIENT NATIONAL POETRY OF SERVIA. Literary Digest for August 28.

OUR "GREAT RENUNCIATOR" (Henry James). Literary Digest for August 28.

GEORGE FITCH, HUMORIST. Literary Digest for August 28.

ORGANIZING OUR PLAY-WRITING FORCES. Literary Digest for September 4.

THE HUMORISTS' NEUTRAL SHAFTS. Literary Digest for September 4.

THE WAR'S GREATEST CARTOONIST (Louis Raemaekers). With portrait. Literary Digest for September 11.

THE INVENTOR OF THE BOY-THRILLER ("Harry Castlemon"). Literary Digest for September 11.

SKELETONS IN THE NEWSPAPER CLOSET. Literary Digest for September 18.

HOW WRITERS DO IT. William Thomas McElroy. Christian Endeavor World for September 9.

WALT WHITMAN AND MUSIC. Aubertine Woodward Moore. Christian Register for September 9.

A LUMBERMAN BIBLIOPHILE (Edward E. Ayer). With portrait. Donald Wilhelm. Outlook for August 25.

REMINISCENCES. XX. — Looking Forward. Lyman Abbott. Outlook for August 25.

THE CASE OF MR. JAMES. Outlook for September 22.

NEWS AND NOTES.

J. T. Trowbridge, who observed his eighty-eighth birthday September 18 at his home in Arlington, Mass., is in excellent health and seems to those about him much younger than he really is.

The centenary of the birth of Richard Henry Dana, Jr., author of "Two Years Before the Mast," will be celebrated in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Mass., under the auspices of the Cambridge Historical Society, Wednesday evening, October 20.

Jean Webster was married September 7 to Glen Ford McKinney, a New York lawyer.

The Authors' League and the Society of American Dramatists have together organized a Plagiarism Board to hear complaints of dramatic plagiarism. Augustus Thomas, Rex Beach, Winthrop Ames, George H. Doran, and Dennis F. O'Brien have agreed to serve upon it.

The League of Advertising Women in New York city has arranged an interesting program for its meetings for the coming year. Copies may be had on application to the secretary, Miss Mabel Graswinckel, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York. The president of the league is Miss J. J. Martin, advertising manager of the Sperry-Hutchinson Company, and the vice president is Mrs. Caroline L. Overman, of Churchill-Hall.

A partnership has been arranged between Laurence J. Gomme and John J. Marshall to conduct, under the firm name of Gomme & Marshall, the Little Book Shop Around the Corner, 2 East Twenty-ninth street, New York city, and do a publishing business. The new firm will publish in October Braithwaite's Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915.

Edmund Gosse's "Life of Swinburne" is finished, but will not be published until after the war.

"Rudyard Kipling: A Critical Study," by Cyril Falls, is published by Mitchell Kennerley.

"Photoplay Scenarios," by Eustace Hale Ball, (Hearst's International Library), is a manual of motion-picture technique for the amateur and the professional playwright.

"Bernard Shaw," by P. P. Howe; "Maurice Maeterlinck," by Una Taylor; and "W. B. Yeats," by Forrest Reid, are published by Dodd, Mead, & Co.

"John M. Synge: A Few Personal Recollections, with Biographical Notes," by John Masefield, is published by the Macmillan Company.

"Contemporary French Dramatists," by Barrett H. Clark, (Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati), is made up of a series of papers discussing the leading dramatists connected with the Théâtre Libre — Hervieu, Brieux, Lemaitre, Lavedan, Rostand, and others.

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"The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls," by Jacqueline M. Overton, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Modern Study of Literature," by Richard Green Moulton, (University of Chicago Press), is intended as an introduction to literary theory and interpretation.

A prize of $5,000 for the best code of morals for children and youth, to be used in schools as a basis for character education of children, is to be awarded by the executive committee of the National Institution for Moral Instruction, Washington, D. C. A national group of seventy "code writers" is to be organized, at least one from each State, and these are to be assisted in interpreting intelligent public opinion by letters of advice from people in all walks of life who are interested in the character education of the children of the nation. These seventy code writers are to be selected by a board of "co-operating educators," one in each State, of which Milton Fairchild is chairman.

The National Security League offers a prize of five hundred dollars for the best essay or article on the wisdom and necessity of reasonable preparedness against war by the United States. The article must not exceed five hundred words, and manuscripts must be at the headquarters of the National Security League, 31 Pine Street, New York, not later than noon, November 1. The name of the winner will be announced on Thanksgiving Day. There is no limitation as to age or sex and all competitors must use a pseudonym or number.

A competition for a prize of fifty dollars offered by the Athenée Louisianais for the best essay offered before March 1, 1916, on the subject, "1815-1915 — Comparison," is open to all residents of Louisiana. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Athenée Louisianais, 1009 Hibernia Bank Building, New Orleans, La., Lionel C. Durel, secretary.

For acceptable contributions to the department, "The Family's Money," in the American Magazine the editor will pay three cents a word.

The editor of Physical Culture (New York) will be glad to consider short stories, preferably those having a direct or indirect bearing on health and sex problems. Above all a magazine of health, Physical Culture seeks manuscripts discussing household health problems, treated in a popular manner and designed to appeal to the man in the street and the woman in the home.

The Modern Publishing Company of New York city has acquired the Popular Science Monthly and will merge with it the World's Advance, formerly Popular Electricity. The title of the Popular Science Monthly will be retained and Waldemar Kaembffert will continue as editor.

American Homes and Gardens will be consolidated with House & Garden beginning with the October number, and will be published by Condé Nast & Company, Inc., 443 Fourth avenue, New York.

The price of Munsey's Magazine, which publishes a complete novel in each number, will be reduced to ten cents a copy, or one dollar a year, beginning with the November number.

A petition in bankruptcy has been filed against the Pedagogical Publishing Company, New York. The liabilities are $20,000 and the nominal assets probably $5,000, chiefly the rights to publish the School Journal, which was established forty years ago, and the Teachers' Magazine. The company did not get out its September magazines.

The Overland Monthly is republishing the stories and poems contributed to it by Bret Harte when he was the magazine's first editor. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is printed in the September number.

The estate of Paul Armstrong is valued at less than five hundred dollars.

Hon. John D. Long died at Hingham, Mass., August 28, aged seventy-six.

Paul Armstrong died in New York August 30, aged forty-six.

Sereno S. Pratt died in Troy, N. Y., September 14, aged fifty-seven.

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IN THIS NUMBER:

A DIRECTORY OF PERIODICALS,

SHOWING THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET.

"Short-story Writing" . . . . . Sara Goldsmith
"Legal Plots" . . . . . M. L. Hayward
"The Rest Cure for Writers" . . . . . William H. Kofoed
"Personal Gossip About Authors," "Life's Short-story Contest,"
"Books About the War," "Literary Articles in
Periodicals," "News and Notes."

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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR LITERARY WORKERS

BOSTON, MASS.:

VOL. XXVII. No. 11. . . . . NOVEMBER, 1915

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The Writer's Directory of Periodicals.

The information for this Directory, showing the magazine market, has been gathered directly from the periodicals, and is strictly up to date. The Directory will be continued in THE WRITER, and changes and additions will be made monthly as required. Subscribers for the magazine will thus get this valuable information free of cost. Suggestions from subscribers will be welcome.

Advance (W), 223 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago. $2.00 ; 5c. Rev. William E. Barton, editor.

Ainslee's Magazine (M), Street and Smith, 79 Seventh ave., New York. $1.50 ; 15c. Robert Rudd Whiting, editor.

All Outdoors (M), 145 W. 36th st., New York. $1.00 ; 15c. L. W. Hutchins, managing editor.

All Round Magazine (M), Street and Smith, 79 Seventh ave., New York. $1.50 ; 15c. A. L. Sessions, editor.

Ambition (M), International Textbook Co., Scranton, Penn. 50c ; 5c. Dennis F. Crolly, editor.

American Boy (M), Detroit, Michigan. $1.00 ; 10c. Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor.

American Cookery (formerly Boston Cooking School Magazine) (M), 372 Boylston st., Boston. $1.00 ; 10c. Janet M. Hill, editor.

American Homes and Gardens (Consolidated with House and Garden, October, 1915).

American Motherhood (M), Cooperstown, N. Y. $1.00 ; 10c. Mrs. Della Thompson Lutes, editor.

American Photography (M), 221 Columbus ave., Boston. $1.50 ; 15c. Frank R. Fraprie, editor.

American Political Science Review (Q), Baltimore. $3.00 ; 75c. W. W. Willoughby, editor.

American Review of Reviews (M), 30 Irving Place, New York. $3.00 ; 25c. Albert Shaw, editor.

American Sunday Monthly Magazine (M), 119 West 40th st., New York. (Issued with the Hearst Sunday newspapers). Sewell Haggard, editor.

Argonaut (W), 207 Powell st., San Francisco. $4.00 ; 10c. Alfred Holman, editor.

Arts and Decoration (M), 434 Lafayette st., New York. $3.00 ; 25c. Guy Pene du Bois, editor.

Associated Sunday Magazines and Every Week (W), 95 Madison ave., New York. $1.00 ; 3c. Bruce Barton, editor.

Atlantic Monthly (M), 4 Park st., Boston. $4.00 ; 35c. Ellery Sedgwick, editor.

Baseball Magazine (M), 70 Fifth ave., New York. $1.50 ; 15c. F. C. Lane, editor.

Bay State Magazine (M), 6 Beacon st., Boston. $1.00 ; 10c. W. Burton Ellis, editor.

Bellman (W), 118 South Sixth st., Minneapolis. $4.00 ; 10c. William C. Edgar, editor.

Bird-Lore (B-M), American Museum of National History, 77th st. and Eighth ave., New York. $1.00 ; 20c. Frank M. Chapman, editor.

Black Cat (M), Salem, Mass. $1.00 ; 10c. Herman E. Cassino, editor.

Blue Book Magazine (M), 1912 N. American Building, Chicago. $1.50 ; 15c. Ray Long, editor.

Bookman (M), Dodd, Mead, & Co., 443 Fourth ave., New York. $2.50 ; 25c.

Book News Monthly (M), Philadelphia. $1.00 ; 10c. Mrs. Norma Bright Carson, editor.

Case and Comment (M), Aqueduct Building, Rochester, N. Y. $1.50 ; 15c. Asa W. Russell, editor.

Century (M), 353 Fourth ave., New York. $4.00 ; 35c. Robert Sterling Yard, editor.

Chautauquan (now merged with the Independent).

Christian Endeavor World (W), Mt. Vernon and Hancock sts., Boston. $1.50 ; 5c. Rev. Francis E. Clark, editor ; Amos R. Wells, managing editor.

Christian Herald (W), Bible House, New York. $1.50 ; 5c. George H. Sandison, editor.

Christian Work (W), 70 Fifth ave., New York. $3.00 ; 10c. Rev. Frederick Lynch, editor.

Churchman (W), 434 Lafayette st., New York. $3.50 ; 10c. Rev. Charles K. Gilbert, editor.

Collier's Weekly (W), 416 West 13th st., New York. $2.50 ; 5c. Mark Sullivan, editor.

Congregationalist (W), 14 Beacon st., Boston. $3.00 ; 10c. Rev. H. A. Bridgman, D. D., editor.

Cosmopolitan (M), International Magazine Co., 119 West 40th st., New York. $1.50 ; 15c. E. G. Sisson, editor.

Country Life in America (M), Doubleday, Page and Co., Garden City, L. I., N. Y. $4.00 ; 35c. Henry H. Saylor, editor.

Countryside Magazine and Suburban Life (M), 334 Fourth ave., New York. $3.00 ; 25c. Arthur Tomalin, editor.

Current Opinion (M), 134 West 29th st., New York. $3.00 ; 25c. Edward J. Wheeler, editor.

Delineator (M), Butterick Building, Spring and Macdougal sts., New York. $1.50 ; 15c. Mrs. Honoré Willsie, managing editor.

Designer (M), 12 Vandam st., New York. 75c ; 10c. James E. Tower, editor.

Dial (S-M), 632 Sherman st., Chicago. $2.00 ; 10c. Waldo R. Browne, editor.

Dramatic Mirror (W), 1493-1505 Broadway, New York. $2.50 ; 10c. Frederick F. Schrader, editor.

Dress (See Vanity Fair).

Education (M — 10 nos.), 120 Boylston st., Boston. $3.00 ; 35c. Frank Herbert Palmer, editor.

Educational Review (M — 10 nos.), Easton, Penn. $3.00 ; 35c. Nicholas Murray Butler, editor.

English Journal (M — 10 nos.), 68th st. and Stewart ave., Chicago. $2.50 ; 30c. James Fleming Hosic, editor.

Etude (M), 1712 Chestnut st., Philadelphia. $1.50 ; 10c. James Francis Cooke, editor.

Every Week. (See Associated Sunday Magazines).

Farming Business (W), 500-508 N. Dearborn st., Chicago. $1.00 ; 5c. W. D. Boyce, editor.

Field and Stream (M), 331 Fourth ave., New York. $1.50 ; 15c. Warren F. Miller, editor.

Garden Magazine (M), Garden City, L. I., N. Y. $1.50 ; 15c. Leonard Barron, editor.

Good Housekeeping (M), International Magazine Co., 119 West 40th st., New York. $1.50 ; 15c. W. F. Bigelow, editor.

Graphic Arts (M), 530 Atlantic ave., Boston. $3.00 ; 30c. Henry Lewis Johnson, editor.

Green Book Magazine (M), 1912 N. American Building, Chicago. $1.50 ; 15c. Ray Long, editor.

Guide to Nature (M), Arcadia, Sound Beach, Conn. $1.00 ; 10c. Edward E. Bigelow, editor.

Harper's Bazar (M), International Magazine Co., 119 West 40th st., New York. $1.50 ; 15c. W. M. Johnson, editor.

Harper's Magazine (M), Franklin Square, New York. $4.00 ; 35c. Henry Mills Alden, editor.

Health Culture (M), 1133 Broadway, New York. $1.00 ; 15c. Elmer Lee, M. D., editor.

Hibbert Journal (Q), 6 Beacon st., Boston. $2.50 ; 75c. Professor L. P. Jacks, editor.

Home Progress (M), Houghton Mifflin Company, 4 Park st., Boston. $3.00 ; 25c. Elizabeth McCracken, editor.

House Beautiful (M), 3 Park st., Boston. $2.00 ; 25c. Grace A. Kimball, editor.

House and Garden (M), Condé Nast & Co., Inc., 440 Fourth ave., New York. $3.00 ; 25c. Richardson Wright, editor.

Housewife (M), 30 Irving Place, New York. 50c ; 5c. Miss Lilian Dynevor Rice, editor.

(To be continued in the December WRITER.)

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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1915. No. 11.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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LEGAL PLOTS.

Among the various sources of plots for stories, I have found that legal points arising from my reading or legal practice furnish quite a number of salable manuscripts.

My favorite method is to take a point of law, make the villain take advantage of it, and then have the hero win by utilizing some loophole in the law which the other did not foresee. It also adds to the interest of the story, I think, to give the references to the actual authorities, showing that it is a real legal principle which is involved.

For example, A cheats B out of some money and B has no legal redress. He gets A to the state line, and B (in Massachusetts, say) compels A (in New York) to deposit the cash to B's credit in a New York bank. B cannot be prosecuted in Massachusetts, for the crime (according to the law books) was committed in New York. He cannot be arrested in Massachusetts and sent to New York for trial, as interstate extradition applies only to "fugitive" criminals, and B, not having been in New York, could not "flee" into Massachusetts, within the meaning of the law.

Again, B compels A to sell him a piece of land in state No. 1 fronting on the line between states No. 1 and No. 2. A has land left in state No. 1 adjoining the land sold, and some more in state No. 2 just across the line. The sold land is covered with surface water, and A builds a dam on his land in state No. 2 which floods the sold land in state No. 1 and renders it useless. B then builds a similar dam on the sold land in state No. 1 and floods A's land in state No. 1. Each party sues the other for damages for flooding the land. B fails because by the law of state No. 2 an adjoining owner is entitled to dam up surface water, and A succeeds as by the law of state No. 1 an adjoining owner cannot do so. Iowa and Minnesota are two States where these rules apply.

Again, if A sells goods to B on credit and after they are shipped finds that B is insolvent, A can exercise the "right of stoppage in transit" and retake the goods so long as they are in possession of the railroad. If B is not insolvent, A must pay damages. Suppose A fills a three-hundred-dollar order for B, but by mistake sends goods worth ten thousand dollars. A stops the goods "in transit," pays B a few dollars for damages, and saves the shipment.

Or, A insures his life for ten thousand dollars in his wife's favor, the policy to be void

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if A is executed within a year from the date of the policy. A is a criminal and is arrested for murder, and asks B to defend him. The evidence is clear and A is found guilty, but B by appealing delays the execution for a year, and saves the insurance for the widow.

These are only a few instances selected at random, but they indicate the wide field that is open to a writer having even a superficial knowledge of law. Of course, the love element is essential and can be easily supplied. For example, in the last case, the lawyer B might be an old lover of the widow.

HARTLAND, N. B. *M. L. Hayward.*

THE REST CURE FOR WRITERS.

I had heard of it before, but never regarded it as seriously applicable to my own efforts. I forget just who it was that said something really clever about getting away from one's work and viewing it from a distance, but the gist of his or her saying remained hidden under an unwary brain cell of mine for some time before making itself in any way useful. In fact, nothing short of a lucky circumstance was what brought the rehashed little thing out from its hiding place and set it up for inspection.

All this happened quite a while ago, so there will hardly be need of obscuring things in the telling. Although my fictions had, of late, grown more stilted than usual, I assure you I thought nothing of the rest cure until it had been completed. It was, in short, accidental.

I had written a short story of love at first sight, and it was absolutely the flattest, most insincere, and impossible cross-section of life I ever conceived, even in my high school days. I knew it. I had observed its coming. Other mediocre stuff had led up to it; yet I never dreamed of the rest cure.

Gazing over the poor mistake of a manuscript, I wondered, rather vaguely, whether or not I was losing what little hold I had on the short story. Wiggling about in disgust, I pushed the prettily typed thing in a pigeonhole of my desk, and turned to the morning's mail. In the second envelope to yield its flap to my bitter onslaught lay my swastika.

It was only an assignment for a series of trade paper articles, and probably where the luck comes in requires an explanation. Very well. Here you are, sir: —

Those manuscripts at once occupied my undivided attention for about three weeks. Submitted in bulk they gained such favor with the editor as to pry from that worthy person another immediate order of even larger dimensions. Again I concentrated on fact and for still another month attempted no fiction. My routine positively forbade excursions in the unreal. If I was not out among the business houses gathering material, then was I chained to chair and roll-top, scribbling away for dear life. But the result was appreciated, and by return mail came an offer to conduct a weekly department. I snapped at it.

The work connected with this department was easy in that it occupied but two days' time each week. I am frank to say that for twenty-six delightful days I loafed, doing nothing but my new department each week. I read much during my rest from the grind of those two previous assignments, absorbing magazine short stories and new novels with great gusto. It's surprising how much a writer can learn by laying off his own stuff for a while and wading through reams of another fellow's efforts, picking his mistakes with the natural ease of a critic and for the first time noting that he himself made the same and more flagrant errors in a number of his latest spasms — surprising, indeed.

I came to life with a sudden jolt. Musing, one evening, upon an exceptional labor story in the current issue of a popular publication,

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that rehashed little thing hiding behind one of my brain cells most suddenly and unexpectedly confronted me with the startling truth that for approximately three months I had completed no fictions whatever. All unconsciously I had been taking the rest cure.

Next day I started a story. When it was completed, somebody was kind enough to say it was the best I had ever produced. I, too, knew it was good. The next was good also, and I felt within me a power which I had never before experienced. I believed myself capable of big things. So I plunged into fiction-writing once more, filled now with confidence where only doubts of staleness had hitherto lingered. Time and reasonable effort alone can tell whether or not my hitched-up Pegasus will take to its star-led course, but the value of that rest cure will ever linger in my mind. As Shorty McCabe would say, "It's good dope"; and whether the writer be young or old, should he experience that depressing "I'll never amount to anything" feeling, let him drop his work for a while and, unprejudiced, view it from a different angle — from the angle of the reading public. Then, permit me to assure you, the rest cure will prove its value.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn. *William H. Kofoed.*

SHORT-STORY WRITING.

"The most popular profession in the world is short-story writing," said Robert H. Davis, who has had many years of experience as editor of the Munsey publications.

"Writing a modern short story is the hardest work there is," says Samuel Merwin. "The effort comes through the fact that in producing fiction you have to pull incidents, characters, themes, out of your subconscious self, to visualize them — get them over to the public. Every author has a different method of getting out his stories. Now Inez Haynes Gillmore! I remember one day, summer before last, she took some of us up to her workroom in her summer home. On the wall lay a big board — maybe twelve feet by six. On this scraps of paper were pinned, covered by handwriting in different colored inks. Mrs. Gillmore devoted blue ink to her character work, red ink to her theme, and purple ink to her plot. As the story progressed to the climax she moved the slips of paper nearer each other, corresponding to their convergence in the story. To reach some of them she had to climb on chairs.

"Personally, I write out the development of my theme, of my plot, and of my characters separately, but just at my work table, and afterward weave them together to form the story. I rewrite laboriously. Sometimes I live with a story for six weeks before it is done. I try to show a character to the reader not through my description of his personality, but through his action, which is, of course, the modern way. I hunt and hunt in my mind to hit upon the illuminating incident. Once I wanted to present a heedless, spoiled, rather dissipated young man, who was irresponsible, self-centred. During a walk I hit upon an incident that I thought — and still think — got him over to the reader. Upon his entrance into the tale I had his father call him forward to speak to a Chinese official. Throwing his cigarette — naturally he would be smoking — heedlessly away and never even noticing that it landed on a pile of embroideries, starting a small blaze, the boy walked up to the official. Don't you think that, after reading about that little incident, the reader would be prepared later to find that young man acting selfishly, irresponsibly? It took me three days to think up that incident. I cut the telling of it to 149 words.

"What stimulates me to write? Well! anger, mirth, excitement. In a strong state

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of emotion a man does n't feel like writing, but it is practical to utilize such moments. A friend of mine — a very successful novelist — always walks up and down the room reading Elizabethan poetry before he writes his love scenes. It works him up to the proper pitch. I don't read poetry. It does n't help me. If it did I would."

Edna Ferber established herself in the fiction "game" as easily as a bird flies ; and she advises those who would go and do likewise to practise describing current events in simple words and with condensation ; or else to serve, as she did, several years of apprenticeship upon a newspaper.

"Our managing editor !" said Miss Ferber, "he'd devote three sticks to a murder, two to a prominent suicide, and I do believe if the end of the world had come he'd just have called on somebody to do half a column about it. 'Keep it down, fellows,' he'd roar, 'keep it down ! We're full !' "Receive" ? Blue-pencil it ! "Get" is a good old Anglo-Saxon word. Say "get."'

Miss Ferber keeps as regular hours as a stenographer. "I get to my desk never later than nine every morning, just as if I had to appear there or be fired. Sometimes a beautiful idea comes. The position, the atmosphere, the tools induce it. Then sometimes I'm so wretched and so miserable I just want to die — not writing a single, solitary word. People I meet, people from outside, they help me : I'm groping for light and somebody 'll come along and" — Miss Ferber flung out her arm — "you'll see it ! A farmer said to me once : 'I made a killing today,' — and right away I knew that was just what my hero was choking to say and I had n't been able to distinguish the words. Every day, on pink days and blue ones, and just nice, ordinary tan ones, too, I sit at my desk until lunch, at least.

"My first draft is a hash, a mesh of unrelated ideas. Just scraps, that's all. When I change whole paragraphs and ideas in the fourth draft I seem to put the kick into the story — to make it actually live — to breathe into the characters the final life."

Miss Ferber's recipe for acting as literary creator to the creatures of her imagination is : "I am those people." Unconsciously she speaks out loud the lines they say, and gestures their motions. "If anybody were in the room with me he'd find it perfectly idiotic to watch me. Why, I catch myself doing utterly imbecile things !

"Do I keep a notebook ? Certainly, a scrambled, messy notebook. Have you ever lived in a house that had an attic ? Then you know how you have to hunt in boxes and under bed clothes and through trunks to get hold of something, don't you ? Well, my notebook's an attic notebook. I ought to keep a six-room-apartment sort of notebook ; but any kind's better than none. Trivial ideas sometimes turn into stunning material."

And now for the editorial point of view upon the stories that are streaming daily under its notice.

"Most of the stories we turn down," says Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, editor of Adventure Magazine, "are lacking in character work. The author gives his folks names — 'John Jones' or 'Mary Smith' — without any other attempt to make them stand out. Somebody said the assigning of only one trait to a character would fix him in the reader's mind. Well, that's pretty elemental, but it's better than nothing.

"We also find in many of the manuscripts submitted a lack of relative proportion in plots. A tremendous temptation beckons the amateur writer who is telling the story of something that actually happened to enlarge on one interesting thing far beyond its merits. Because it was important at the time, it is more vivid in the writer's mind than big incidents in the plot development, and he goes to pieces on that. Besides this, a man who has actually experienced adventure is often unable to know what incidents really were thrilling. He lacks the sense of dramatic values. A fellow dropped into the office the other day — began to tell me about killing an elephant. I did n't care how they killed elephants. Quite nonchalantly he mentioned that there had been room on the tree concealing his servant and himself for only one man, so his little black servant boy had

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swung off to the ground. Then he went right on with his story — never even noticed the dramatic value of that incident. An elephant was more important to him than a little black boy, and he did n't have the imagination to see that possibly others would n't see the thing in the same light.

"Rules for writing? Well, if I were writing, I'd put more trouble on the first page than on any other. I should say to writers: 'Try to be accurate in your details. Don't have a man shoot with a rifle on page three that you mention was broken on page two. Of course a Reader can draw his pencil through these things easily enough; but they irritate him. After he's come across a couple they antagonize him toward the story.'

"There is a field for authors in the detective story. The creation of Sherlock Holmes was a sad event for editors. Ever since, writers have been copying it. And there's a Dr. Watson. Always a Dr. Watson. Every once in a while I hear an exasperated ejaculation from my assistant and the thud of a manuscript falling into the basket. 'There's another!' he says. Once in every six months or so we get a detective story that's a little different. It's a great joy."

"Always remember," said Cameron Mackenzie, editor of McClure's Magazine and author, "that the person we aim to interest by our magazine is the average man and woman in the United States. Our fiction slants a little toward the woman's side. The reason for this is that a magazine lives by its advertising, and as women are the money spenders, it must get itself into their hands.

"The themes of fiction should be of basic interest: those with which an ordinary person can sympathize. We ran a story about a man who gave up the woman he loved so that he could devote himself to his art. It did n't get over — fell awfully flat. A few artists might appreciate a story like that, but to the vast mass of men and women it lacked appeal. Few men would give up a woman for such a reason.

"The motives for a story? Well, the biggest thing in fiction, just as it is the biggest thing in life, is the relation of men and women. Then, the desire to make money. Also the desire to realize one's self.

"The action should be based on common, general, human experience. It should articulate with that. The stories should n't happen in the souls and minds of the characters. My advice to a writer would be: 'Put into your tale real, hard, human action — have the characters go out and do it! Externalize the action! Bring in the mental states of the characters as merely incidental to it.'

"Other things being equal, a girl makes a better principal character than a man. She's more appealing.

"A good technical rule, I think, is to paint one scene, one crisis, so graphically that it will stick in people's minds. It drives a nail into their minds — makes 'em remember the stuff. For instance, a story was brought into the office a while ago by a clever young fellow about a professional entertainer who was driving himself to his death through overeating and drinking for the sake of earning money for his little girl. Somehow the story was n't convincing. It did n't get over. We had the author put in a scene describing the man riding in a mad, drunken revel in a fast train through the night to meet his girl. Every time anybody speaks of that story he mentions that scene.

"I advise writers to learn technique before they rip out stuff. I should say that generally it takes ten years to learn. Coningsby Dawson, who has just 'come across,' spent twelve years in studying the great love scenes of literature, the climaxes, the introductions, dissecting them, watching the wheels go round.

"Begin with writing short stories. Serials need big names. Good things don't always get over, and a magazine does n't like to turn over, say, twenty pages a month to a thing that might fall flat.

"To make a permanent, lasting monetary success I believe a writer has to turn out fiction. The special article alone is not dependable. There's no fortune in fiction, but to one who succeeds it offers a comfortable living." *Sara Goldsmith.*

The Chicago Sunday Herald.

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THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to the Writer Publishing Co. If local checks are sent, ten cents should be added for collection charges.

*** THE WRITER will be sent only to those who have paid for it in advance. Accounts cannot be opened for subscriptions, and names will not be entered on the list unless the subscription order is accompanied by a remittance.

*** The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, and their branches, are wholesale agents for THE WRITER. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct from the publishers.

*** The rate for advertising in THE WRITER is two dollars an inch for each insertion, with no discount for either time or space; remittance required with the order. Advertising is accepted only for the three cover pages. For special position, if available, twenty per cent. advance is charged. No advertisement of less than one-half inch will be accepted.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. Boston, Mass.

VOL. XXVII. NOVEMBER, 1915. NO. 11.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

A new feature of THE WRITER is the Directory of Periodicals, the publication of which begins in this number and will be continued monthly. Changes and additions will be made each month as required, so that for WRITER subscribers the Directory will be always up to date. It will give in each case the name of the publication, the frequency of issue, the address to which manuscripts should be sent, the name of the editor, and the subscription and single copy price. This information, which is given to WRITER readers, cannot fail to be of practical value to them in the way of suggesting markets for their manuscripts and showing how the markets may be reached. Subscribers whose subscription term is about to expire will do well to renew promptly and so not miss any of the numbers containing the Directory of Periodicals.

* * *

A letter from James Whitcomb Riley to the editor of THE WRITER says : —

> THE WRITER does me an exceedingly great honor — a veritable bouquet of honors — for which my appreciation goes to you most fervently, and to all who have participated with you.
>
> Very gratefully and faithfully yours,
> JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

* * *

Unfortunately this tribute to James Whitcomb Riley was received from Booth Tarkington too late to be included in the October number of THE WRITER : —

> Mr. Howells called James Whitcomb Riley "our national poet." That is what he is, and Mr. Howells has been confirmed in his definition by the nation. Mr. Riley is sure of his statue. That should be plural : statues. Universities and critics and academies are not the first to crown a great poet ; they follow the people. They have followed the people in crowning Mr. Riley. And he has the supreme distinction : the school-children keep his birthday. Rarer felicity still, he sees the celebration with his own living eyes year after year. His immortality has begun during the best time of his life.
>
> *Booth Tarkington.*

* * *

The American publishers of the Hibbert Journal are now advertising that review as "the 'trade paper' of the philosopher, educator, and preacher." So THE WRITER is the "trade paper" of the literary worker.

* * *

Every now and then the editor of THE WRITER receives a letter expressing appreciation of the magazine, commending its usefulness to writers, and saying : "If I can do anything to help THE WRITER, let me know." How can friends of THE WRITER help the

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magazine? First, of course, by subscribing for it, and renewing their subscriptions when the time of expiration comes. Second, by recommending THE WRITER to others to whom it would be profitable to subscribe. Third, by sending to the publishers the addresses of writers or those interested in literary work. (It is not profitable to advertise THE WRITER in general publications. Subscriptions are secured best by direct circular appeal, and to bring THE WRITER to the attention of all those to whom it would be useful it is essential to have the addresses of all who are engaged in literary work.) Fourth, by recommending THE WRITER at public libraries, and asking the librarian to subscribe. (Requests of this kind are generally complied with, if they are found to be reasonable, and THE WRITER ought to be received regularly in every library.) Fifth, by contributing to the magazine articles with practical suggestions, based on experience, which will be helpful to writers generally. Sixth, by mentioning THE WRITER in correspondence with advertisers. In all these ways friends of THE WRITER may help it if they will; and in helping THE WRITER they will benefit themselves and other writers, for the first purpose of the magazine is to be helpful to its readers, and the more subscribers, and contributors, and advertisers it has, the better it will be.

* * *

A friend of the editor of THE WRITER brought to him not long ago perhaps the best compliment the magazine has ever had. She had overheard two ladies talking. One of them said to the other: "You ought to have THE WRITER every month. It's an inspiration!"

* * *

That is precisely what the magazine is meant to be. W. H. H.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Willard Connely, whose story, "It Can't Be Done Without a Blue Book," was printed in the Metropolitan for October, has been a newspaper man since he was sixteen. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1911, and while in college was editor of the Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern, and was also connected with all the other college publications. His first job after graduation was on the New York Sunday American, where he remained for two years, going to McClure's Magazine at the time when the McClure people took over Harper's Weekly, under Norman Hapgood. After being with Harper's Weekly for six months, he became assistant editor of McClure's Magazine. He severed his connection with McClure's last January, and has since been writing on his own account. Mr. Connely had stories in McClure's for May, June, and July, and from January to September the Sunday American ran his series, "How to Have a Thin Time." The same paper is printing in weekly instalments an account of his trip through the Panama Canal to San Francisco and back across the country. Mr. Connely is also writing the series, "By-Products of Business Life," now running in the Sunday American; "Letters of a Self-Made Widow," for which syndicate arrangements have been made, to be followed by their publication in a book; and a series of short personal adventures, entitled "You Can't Be Annoyed."

Mary Samuel Daniel, who wrote the poem, "The Guest," which was printed in Harper's Magazine for September, was born in South Pelterton, Somerset, England, where she still has her home. She left college with honors in literature, and for seven years taught in an English high school. Literature had always been her longed-for goal, and her first poem, published in Chambers's Magazine, brought her ten shillings, six pence, and bought, she says, — or nearly bought — a pair of boots! Miss Daniel has had verse and short stories published in various magazines, and she is the author of two novels, "Through the Break in the Web," published in 1911, and "Choice," published in 1914. Her first poem in Harper's

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Magazine was "The Open Door," published in the July number.

Louis Dodge, author of the poem, "The Plea," in Harper's Magazine for October, was born in Burlington, Iowa, in 1870, and is now the literary editor of the St. Louis Republic. He has had short stories in the Youth's Companion and in Outing, and verses in the Youth's Companion, Reedy's Mirror, the Smart Set, Lippincott's Magazine (now McBride's Magazine), and various newspapers. Mr. Dodge served in the Philippines during the Spanish-American war, and wrote descriptive articles relating to the war for the Boston Transcript and the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Elizabeth Lloyd Gilbert, whose story, "Into the Silence," was printed in the Modern Priscilla for September, is Mrs. Gurney Gilbert, of Damascus, Ohio. A college woman, she is now a farm-woman, a housekeeper and a mother, so of necessity her stories have been short. Of these, "The Buttermilk Boy," "Just for the Day," "Marthy," and "The Last Straw," with many rhymes and household articles, have appeared in Farm and Fireside, the Farmer's Wife, the Country Gentleman, Home Progress, and similar magazines.

Fannie Kilbourne, who had a story, "And Forsaking All Others," in the October Ladies' Home Journal, is a young newspaper woman, now on the Minneapolis Journal. She is just starting in literary work, and this story and one in the September Ladies' Home Journal embracing the same characters are the only ones she has had published so far.

Janet Priest, author of the story, "The Persistent Wooer," in the October Red Book, though a young writer, has already been both actress and newspaper woman. As a "pocket edition" comedienne, she has appeared in several musical comedies. She has done newspaper work for the Duluth News Tribune, the Minneapolis Tribune, and the New York Tribune, and as dramatic and musical critic for the Minneapolis Tribune she has criticised or interviewed many of the country's celebrities. Miss Priest is a native of Maine, but she has lived much in Minneapolis, where she was graduated from the University of Minnesota, taking honors in English under the tutelage of Professor Richard Burton. Her mother, Elizabeth Gordon, is a popular writer of children's books. "The Persistent Wooer" was originally called "Her Cross-Eyed John," and Doll-Baby and Hester, the merry chorus beauties described in the story, are real girls. Miss Priest says there will be more stories about the members of the "Juliet of Joliet" company.

Frank Leon Smith, whose story, "Here Comes Grover!" which the Century printed in its October number, is his first in that magazine, was born in Everett, Mass., in 1890. After leaving high school, he worked for a while in a Boston advertising agency, and then went to the syndicate department of the Boston Traveler for a year and a half. He left the Traveler to work in the editorial and advertising departments of a New York woman's magazine, now defunct. From New York he went to Chicago, and during the year and three months he was there he got "caught" in two magazine failures, and took a "bread-money" job as night manager of a taxicab company which failed. He finally got a place editing a hardware tradepaper, but the work was uncongenial. "It seemed to me," he says, "to consist mostly — outside the routine of putting a magazine together — of writing stirring stories about patent stove lifters, flues, and firebrick, and an infinite number of glowing tributes to the memory of prominent stove, nail, and lock magnates who died during my administration. In addition I had to write each week a lengthy market report about the latest quotations on pig iron, lead, zinc, etc., including spelter, and I never yet have learned what spelter is." Mr. Smith resigned this position, greatly against the wishes of his employer, who, having been at some pains to teach him, naturally wanted him to stay. For more than two months he was unable to find work, and he says there were moments when

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he wished he were back writing obituaries and hardware realism, but he finally got an opportunity with a newspaper syndicate in New York, and returned to that city. For a long time he had had a desire to write fiction, and after something more than a year in the office of the syndicate, he gave up his place and became a free lance. His first fiction story had been published in one of the failures in Chicago, and his experience in magazine offices had taught him something of editorial requirements, which helped him to sell his stories. His short stories have appeared in the All-Story Magazine, the Argosy, Collier's, Everybody's, Ainslee's, Adventure, the Green Book, and the Century, and, in collaboration, he has had a serial published in Everybody's and one in the Designer.

Charles Trethewey, author of the story, "The Spell," which appeared in Collier's for October 2, grew up in a mining settlement on the north shore of Lake Superior, known as Silver Islet, where his father was for years resident manager. He received his education in the Ontario public schools, and for a time followed newspaper work in the same Province, later going to the Southern states, where he served for some years as city editor of the Roanoke, Virginia, Times. The local color for "The Spell," which is his first story to be printed in Collier's, is largely a result of experiences with fisher folk, both on Lake Superior and the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Mr. Trethewey has, however, had two stories with a Newfoundland background published, one, his first attempt at fiction, in Harper's Magazine two or three years ago, and another in Adventure. A story, "The Fugitive," in a June number of the Saturday Evening Post, and others in the Associated Sunday Magazines, the People's Home Journal, and the Top-Notch Magazine, cover about the extent of his output thus far, but Mr. Trethewey is looking forward to more and better work in the future. At present he is living in Vancouver.

Gertrude Chandler Warner, whose story, "Miss Anne's 'Things'," appeared in McBride's for October, says she began work at the age of seven. At the age of ten she wrote a complete story in verse, illustrated it, and "privately printed" it. With the idea of being a professional writer always before her, she wrote numbers of stories both in prose and verse, many of which she illustrated by sketches or snapshots, for the edification of her friends, but it was not until she was nineteen, that her first article, a humorous description of a friend's struggle with a rheumatic diet, was accepted by a health magazine. Short humorous verse followed, each acceptance supplying enough momentum for the next effort. Miss Warner has sold many children's stories, but while assured of a steady market for all the children's stories she finds time to write, she leans strongly toward adult writing, although she has written only a few magazine stories as yet. She is just now finishing her first juvenile book. The story, "Miss Anne's 'Things'," was inspired by a visit to a private sale of valuable old furniture, and was written feverishly in less than five hours, the next day.

Alice Woods, who wrote the story, "Dawn," which the American Magazine published in its October issue, is Mrs. Alice Woods Ullman, and has lived for many years in France. She has now returned to this country for the education of her two boys, and lives in Bronxville, N. Y. She is the author of "Edges," "A Gingham Rose," "Fame-Seekers," "The Thicket," and an occasional short story, and she is now at work on a new book.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Hay.—It was John Hay's experience as a man of affairs that gave him the idea for his novel, "The Breadwinners," published anonymously in the Century Magazine. While his father-in-law was abroad Hay looked after his large interests in Cleveland. The air was full of strikes and disruptions and Hay saw the most of it from the inside.

Hay's monumental work was his "Life of Lincoln," written in collaboration with Nicolay. There was much competition for the

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book, but the serial rights were finally purchased by the Century Magazine for $50,000, the highest price paid before or since for a serial by any magazine.

Roswell Smith, the president of the Century Company, first offered $25,000. Hay and Nicolay looked at each other "in wild surmise." Mr. Smith took the exchange of glances to mean dissatisfaction with the price. He left the room, walked up and down outside tearing bits of paper to fragments, then came back and offered $50,000. The offer was at once accepted. I have always believed that the interchange of glances between the authors when $25,000 was offered meant that it was more than they expected. — Jeannette L. Gilder, in the New York Sun.

Williamson. — Mrs. C. N. Williamson, the "A. M." of the famous automobiling Williamsons, was born in Poughkeepsie, but at the age of eighteen she went to London, where she had her first literary success, as a writer of serials — a department of fiction which she has now practically abandoned.

"Shortly after I was married," she began, "Sir A. Harmsworth, now Lord Northcliffe, asked me to write a serial story. 'I can't,' I replied. 'Don't say "can't" to an editor.' 'Then I will.' 'Very well, make it something like "Jane Eyre." I want it as mysterious as possible.'

"So I went home and wrote the serial which I called 'The Strange Case of Anne Garth.' And, oh, was n't it strange! Secret doors, haunted houses, mysterious murders. But what a success! I wrote another, and another, and another, and soon no English weekly was complete without one of my serials. Before long I was writing seven all at once — three to six thousand words a day — 100,000 words a month."

"But" ——

"It's perfectly simple when you know how. I never even had writer's cramp. A stylographic pen is wonderful."

"But" ——

"Oh, you mean plots, of course. Well, my dear, plots just pour in on me. Ever since I was six I've been making them, and the older I get the more easily they come. I walk up and down my lovely southern garden on the French Riviera — I always think best when I'm walking — and the air blows them into my brain. Everybody suggests one."

"You mean you use" ——

"No, that's such an unfair advantage to take of people. I never borrow my plots from life. Now that's not quite true — I did once. There was a girl I had heard of in Monte Carlo — my home is near Monte Carlo. She had been educated in a convent and then became a nun, without ever seeing the outside world. Then somebody left her money and she straightway deserted the order and made, of all places, for Monte Carlo. She was wonderful! I just could n't help it. I made her one of my heroines. Then there was another girl — I did n't exactly put her in my plot, but she supplied material. A London editor wanted a shop-girl serial, and I knew nothing about shop girls. So I had this child come to me for an hour in the evenings, and my 'Mazie Kincaid' is built on her experiences." Mrs. Williamson paused, and I put the question which was puzzling me: —

"How did you manage to write seven serial stories at once and not get the plots entangled?"

"Well, that was my nightmare for the two years and a half that I did all this quick-fire writing. I used to dream that I gave my various heroines the wrong lovers — but I never did, as a matter of fact. You see, I always wrote my instalments with a synopsis of the previous chapters beside me. Then I had always before me a general plan of the story I was working on. Only details were improvised as I went along. You know — this is dreadful, giving away secrets — but I used to sit at my writing table and think. 'Now, how many horrors can I crowd into this instalment?' And did n't I crowd them! My poor heroines! Little old ladies and sentimental shop girls would write me, begging me to rescue those poor heroines, not to expose them to any more tortures. That was always great encouragement. I persecuted them worse than ever.

"When a story made a particular hit like that the editors used to ask me to lengthen it,

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though usually it was 200,000 words already. Once I was writing a serial for the Daily Mail, but was traveling in Austria at the time. Lord Northcliffe wanted it lengthened and sent telegrams to that effect. I replied that I could n't, but sent on the regular instalment, which was to be spun out by some tame London author. The instalment went astray !

"'Telegraph what Consuelo found behind the door !' came a frantic message over the wires. And I could n't remember ! I never did find out, either. The missing instalment eventually turned up, but I never had the courage to read the end of that story.

"That piling up of incidents brought me into other difficulties later, when I wanted to print a story in book form. It was 'The Woman in Grey,' and the publishers said it must be cut to 120,000 words. It was up to 300,000 and I had only a week to do the cutting ! When it came out, there were many threads dropped in that story which no one ever recovered. Blood dripped mysteriously through a ceiling, but no one ever discovered whose. And a hand groped out of the vague, clutching the hair of a man asleep in bed. Whence and why it came was never told. And nobody explained the presence of a dead body which lay unclaimed on a floor for days. Yet I never got any complaints about those gaps in the narrative and Andrew Lang honored this book with a wonderful critique, hailing me as a new Wilkie Collins." — New York World.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

Life's Short-story Contest. — Life's Shortest Short-story Contest closed in accordance with the often-printed rules at noon October 4. At that hour 29,025 contributions had reached the Life office. This makes a total of considerably more than 30,000 stories, as many contributors sent more than one story.

Just how the stories are selected from the vast mass of more than 30,000 manuscripts may interest the contestants. As the stories are received they are sent in allotments of about three hundred each to the members of a corps of specially selected and specially qualified Readers. Each Reader returns his allotment, separating the stories that in his judgment have any claim whatever to consideration, attaching to each of these selections a brief comment on the story. Those that are rejected are sent out again to another Reader who follows the same process. This makes sure that every story submitted in the contest has two readings and eliminates the possibility that any story could be rejected through any personal bias. Every Reader knows that his work will be checked by another Reader, which insures careful consideration by two minds of every story submitted. This first reading means a total expenditure of about eight thousand dollars, which is a fair assurance that Life intends that every contestant shall have fair play.

The stories thus selected are then carefully read by Life's editors. The less meritorious are carefully winnowed out, and those remaining after this process are thoroughly discussed and the best of these selected to be printed. To the authors of the best twelve of these all the stories printed will be submitted for final judgment. From these printed stories the twelve judges will by vote select the best three in the order of their merit, and to these three will be awarded the first, second, and third prizes of $1,000, $500, and $250. It should be remembered that the stories deemed worthy of print are paid for at the rate of ten cents a word for each word that the story falls short of a total of fifteen hundred words. Out of the eligible stories now on their way to final selection there are doubtless many worthy of publication, which will appear in the columns of Life as fast as they are finally passed upon. Before these have all appeared in Life it will be possible to select the twelve judges, whose names will be announced and to whom proofs of the chosen stories will be sent as soon as they have been selected. As soon as possible after that the names of the winners of the prizes will be announced and their stories reprinted. — Life.

Books on the War. — It did not occur to me to estimate the number of books this war is responsible for until I visited the exhibition of war books which the Library Association gathered together at Caxton House. There

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were more than six hundred English books on the war there, but I found this was merely the pick of the bunch.

While looking round I came across F. W. T. Lange, of the St. Bride Foundation Library, who is one of the co-compilers of "Books on the Great War," an extremely useful bibliography of which the third volume (up to the end of July) is nearly ready. He told me that he estimates the war-book product of England, France, and Germany roughly as follows:—

England	1,500
France	1,500
Germany	3,000

The Germans, I am told, contemplate building a special war library to house their output. —"The Bookman," in the London Dispatch.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE SERIO-COMIC PROFESSION. By L. J. de Bekker. 124 pp. Cloth, $1.00, net. Brooklyn: The Writers' Publishing Company, 1915.

As Mr. de Bekker shows in the preface of this book "for writers and for such readers as may be interested in them and their craft," the Serio-Comic Profession can be only that of Letters, "and that title," he says, "is big enough and broad enough to cover a multitude of sins, including authorship, hack writing, journalism." A newspaper man and publisher's hack for twenty-five years himself, he writes entertainingly and instructively about writing, in a style made attractive by the writer's lively sense of humor. An important feature of the book is the New York Evening Post interview with Chester Sanders Lord on his retirement after long service as managing editor of the New York Sun, with the questions asked and answered in writing. It discusses the chief principles of journalism. Other chapter headings are Human Interest Real, Makes Verse to Order, The Critic Confesses, A Joke's Origin Traced, Becoming a Publisher, Literary Goldbricks, Story Weeklies Pass, Under the Black Flag, The Cost of Making Books, and Defects in Copyright.

THE PHOTODRAMA: ITS PLACE AMONG THE FINE ARTS. By William Morgan Hannon. 49 pp. Cloth. New Orleans: The Ruskin Press. 1915.

Mr. Hannon, who is the scenario editor of the Nola Film Company, maintains that the photodrama is an art-form that is worthy of the attention of a screen artist, as definite in some respects in its construction as the sonnet. Literature proper, he points out, lends very little aid, comparatively, to the photodrama. "Indeed," he says, "the literary content of even the best-written photodrama is such a negligible quantity that one might well question its place among the literary forms proper, as, say, the essay or the oration." Speaking of plot formation he says: "A good photodramatic plot should be replete with movement, or rather, a series of movements that grow with cumulative intensity as the plot proceeds. Just as in the drama proper the plot has its Rising action, its Climax, and its Falling action, so also are these elements present in the photodrama—that is, the formally perfect photodrama. Again, in line with the famous definition of drama, the essential element may be said to be the struggle between wills. The element of plot is so accentuated in the photodrama that a complicated plot seems to be the great desideratum."

THE STORY OF OUR BIBLE. How it grew to be what it is. By Harold B. Hunting. Illustrated. 290 pp. Cloth, in box, $1.50, net. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1915.

Every writer should read and study the Bible and become thoroughly familiar with it, if only for the purpose of improving his literary style; and every reader of the Bible should be interested to know how and by whom it was written, or, as Mr. Hunting puts it, "how it grew." "Back of the Bible," Mr. Hunting says, "lies a fascinating story, the story of the men and women who wrote it. . . . Each book was written for a definite purpose, and originally played an important part in some great hero's life-battle for God and for the right. Sometimes the Biblical book itself describes or suggests the circumstances which called it forth and the special purpose for which it was written. Sometimes we must infer the story from references found in other books, and by our knowledge of ancient life and customs. For centuries men have been patiently searching for these facts. As a result of their work it is now possible to tell the story of the Bible as a whole; how its various books came to be written and what results they achieved; and finally how these books were preserved through the centuries and thus handed down to us." This is the story that Mr. Hunting tells, and he tells it in a most attractive way. He has made a valuable book.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

[THE WRITER is pleased to receive for review any books about authors, authorship, language, or literary topics, or any books that would be of real value in a writer's library, such as works of reference, history, biography, or travel. There is no space in the magazine for the review of fiction, poetry, etc. All books received will be acknowledged under this heading. Selections will be made for review in the interest of THE WRITER's readers.]

WAR BABIES. The adventures in the air of Jacque and Jacqueline. By Annie Wood Franchot. Illustrated by Mary Louise Davis. 61 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: William R. Jenkins Company. 1914.

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CIRCE. A dramatic phantasy. By Isaac Flagg. 178 pp. Cloth. East Aurora, N. Y.: The Roycrofters. 1915.

STANDARD OIL OR THE PEOPLE. The cause of "hard times" in America. By Henry H. Klein. Second edition. 134 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Henry H. Klein. 1915.

BANKRUPTING A GREAT CITY. The story of New York. By Henry H. Klein, chief investigator for the aldermanic street cleaning committee (1907), the citizen's police committee (1912), and the state civil service commission (1914). 188 pp. Paper, 40 cents. New York: Henry H. Klein. 1915.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodicals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

DEMOCRACY IN LITERATURE AND LIFE. Henry Mills Alden. Editor's Study, Harper's Magazine for November.

AMERICAN APHORISMS. Brander Matthews. Harper's Magazine for November.

SOLIDIFIED FICTION. W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair. Harper's Magazine for November.

HOW THEY BROKE INTO PRINT. — XI. With portraits of Walter A. Dyer, Robert W. Chambers, Walter Elwood, Stanley Shaw, Rupert Hughes, and Fred Jackson. Francis Arthur Jones. Strand for November.

THE VOGUE OF THE REVUE. Illustrated. Symposium by Arthur Wimperis, C. H. Bovill, Harry Grattan, Albert P. de Courville, Fred Thompson, and Max Pemberton. Strand for November.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Her life story. With portraits. Laura E. Richards and Maude Howe Elliott. Delineator for November.

TALKS ON READING. II. — Muckraking the Dictionary. J. B. Kerfoot. Delineator for November.

A VISIT TO MARGARET DELAND. With portrait. Kathleen Norris. Woman's Home Companion for November.

THE OPEN SEASON FOR AMERICAN NOVELISTS. Meredith Nicholson. Atlantic for October.

DEMOCRACY AND LITERATURE. Charles H. A. Wager. Atlantic for October.

UNION PORTRAITS. VII. — Samuel Bowles. Gamaliel Bradford. Atlantic for October.

WILLIAM BLAKE AND CATHERINE. Margaret Sherwood. North American Review for October.

THE LAST OF THE POETS (W. B. Yeats). Lawrence Gilman. North American Review for October.

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS. II. — The Canons of the Money-grubbers. Illustrated. Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Bookman for October.

ARNOLD BENNETT AS A MELODRAMATIST. George Bronson-Howard. Bookman for October.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA. VIII. — The Converted Corsair. Algernon Tassin. Bookman for October.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. I. — William Lyon Phelps. Bookman for October.

ANATOLE FRANCE'S VALEDICTORY. Pedro Henriquez Ureña. Forum for October.

HERBERT SPENCER'S "THE COMING SLAVERY." With comments by Henry Cabot Lodge. Forum for October.

NIETZSCHE'S JEWISH OBSESSION. Abram Lipsky. Forum for October.

GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ. Illustrated, with frontispiece portrait. Hilda von Markhen. Book News Monthly for October.

AN IMPRESSION OF MRS. LUTZ. Norma Bright Carson. Book News Monthly for October.

ARDEN. The home of Robert Haven Schauffler. Alverda van Tuyll. Book News Monthly for October.

THE NOVEL AND PROHIBITION. Harry E. Maule. Book News Monthly for October.

MADEMOISELLE DE SCUDERY. The precursor of the novelists. Raoul de Beaucrispin. Book News Monthly for October.

ÉMILE CAMMAERT (A Belgian war poet). With portrait. American Review of Reviews for October.

RUPERT BROOKE. With portrait. American Review of Reviews for October.

IBSEN AND MUSIC. D. C. Parker. Reprinted from the London Monthly Musical Record in the Etude for October.

EDWIN MARKHAM. With portraits. Henry Meade Bland. Overland Monthly for October.

THE INFLUENCE OF WAR ON POETRY. Stephen Phillips. Overland Monthly for October.

THE RATIONALE OF PUNCTUATION. Constance M. Rourke. Educational Review for October.

THE ABIDING POWER OF DANTE. Edmund C. Gardner. Catholic World for October.

MAGAZINE POETRY IN THE CLASSROOM. Maurice M. Moe. English Journal for October.

LITERATURE AND LIFE. Harold Garnet Black. Canadian Magazine for October.

WORDSWORTH ON THE REVOLUTION. Professor A. V. Dicey. Nineteenth Century and After for October.

THE POETRY OF GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. Arundel del Re. Nineteenth Century and After for October.

TOLSTOY AND THE DOCTRINE OF PEACE. S. B. Gass. Mid-West Quarterly for October.

THE FUNDAMENTAL ELEMENT IN MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE. Colbert Searles. Mid-West Quarterly for October.

SOME ASPECTS OF LITERARY PRODUCTION. Arthur W. Spencer. Mid-West Quarterly for October.

THE MEANING OF A GREAT LIBRARY. Henry Cabot Lodge. Harvard Graduates' Magazine for September.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. With frontispiece portrait. Barrett Wendell and Henry W. Cunningham. Harvard Graduates' Magazine for September.

SHAKSPERE AND SEA POWER. J. E. G. de Montmorency. Contemporary Review for September.

A WORD ON "THE GENTEEL CRITIC." H. W. Boynton. Dial for October 14.

THE LITERARY STAGNATION IN ENGLAND. J. C. Squire. Dial for October 14.

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"BRYANT AND THE NEW POETRY." Harriet Monroe. Dial for October 14.

SIXTY YEARS OF SHAKSPERE. With portrait of William Winter. Montrose J. Moses. Bellman for October 2.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTEMUS WARD. Clifton Johnson. San Francisco News Letter for October 2.

RILEY AND THE KIDS. With portrait. Edmund H. Eitel. Collier's for October 9.

AGNES REPPLIER. John P. McNichols. America for October 16.

NEWS AND NOTES.

More than four hundred persons attended the birthday banquet tendered to James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis October 7, and among the speakers were George Ade, Colonel George Harvey, Dr. John Huston Finley, William Allen White, and Young E. Allison.

A course in photoplay writing has been added to the program in the extension teaching department of Columbia University for this winter. The course will be given by Dr. Victor O. Freeburg. Professor Algernon Tassin, formerly of the Sothern-Marlowe Company, will conduct a course on advanced playwriting.

H. de Vere Stacpoole says it took him fifteen years to translate one ballade of Villon's. This was the famous "Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis." "And I have failed," says Mr. Stacpoole, "but the exercise was splendid for my patience." This patience works out at two lines a year.

According to the official organ of the American book trade, the Publishers' Weekly, there is a decrease of twenty-five per cent. in the number of new books announced for fall publication.

William Dean Howells's autobiographical volume, "Years of My Youth" (Harper & Bros.), tells the story of his childhood and young manhood up to the time of his welcome into the circle of the Atlantic Magazine and his going abroad as United States Consul.

"Goethe's Life-Poem," by Denton J. Snider, (Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis), is a brief critical biography of the man and writer, the material being drawn both from records of his life and from his works.

"How to Write for the Movies," by Louella O. Parsons, is published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

"The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Graham Balfour (Charles Scribner's Sons), is an abridged one-volume edition, revised and illustrated, of the work published in 1911.

"On the Trail of Stevenson," by Clayton Hamilton (Doubleday, Page, & Co.), follows Stevenson on his journeys to Mentone, Barbizon, the forest of Fontainebleau, through his haunts in the Latin Quarter, the "Inland Voyage" and the "Travels with a Donkey," to New York and Saranac.

"Thomas Carlyle: How to Know Him," by Bliss Perry, and "Robert Browning: How to Know Him," by William Lyon Phelps (Bobbs-Merrill Co.), are volumes in a series of appreciations that is planned to include both English and American writers.

"An Editor Who Edits," by Harold Boice, (W. H. Smith & Son, London), is an appreciation of Perriton Maxwell.

"Benjamin Franklin," by E. L. Dudley, is added to the Macmillan series of "True Stories of Great Americans."

In "Six French Poets," published by the Macmillan Company, Miss Amy Lowell discusses Emile Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Rémy de Gourmont, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes, and Paul Fort.

In "Memories of a Publisher," by George Haven Putnam, the senior member of G. P. Putnam's Sons, the author continues his personal reminiscences from 1865, the date to which had been brought the narrative in his earlier book, "Memories of My Youth."

"The Life and Letters of John Hay," by William Roscoe Thayer, is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The Happy Phrase," a handbook of expression for the enrichment of conversation, writing, and public speaking, compiled by Edwin Hamlin Carr, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Henry Codman Potter, Seventh Bishop of New York," by Dean George Hodges, is published by the Macmillan Company.

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"The Greatest of Literary Problems," a history, review, and critical study of both sides of the Bacon-Shakspere question, by James Phinney Baxter, is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Margaret Deland, in writing her "Old Chester Tales," drew on her early memories of the village of Manchester where her girlhood was spent. Manchester, near Pittsburgh, is the Mercer of her stories.

A prize of $1,000 to be given each year for the best American comedy produced during the season has been announced by May Irwin. The prize will be first awarded September 1 of next year for the best comedy produced before that date. Miss Irwin will select five judges from first-nighters, and the play receiving the most votes will be declared the winner. Plays produced outside of New York will be judged from manuscript. The conditions of the contest are that the play must be the first from the author's pen, that it must be a farce or comedy on an American theme, and that the cast must be made up of American players.

Mayor James H. Preston of Baltimore has offered a prize of $250 in gold for the best original musical setting of the prize poem, "Baltimore," by Folger McKinsey, which won the prize of $250 offered by the city for the best municipal anthem. The competition will close December 1. It is specified that the musical setting "must be a dignified and finished musical production, of a rousing and spirited nature."

Fred C. Robinson, Dubuque, Iowa, grand secretary of the Order of Elks, writes that the action taken by the Order regarding a national anthem was simply to the effect that it would pay $2,500 to the successful author and composer of such an anthem, which should be adopted by Congress. This means that Congress is the sole judge in the matter, and any aspirant for the prize should take the question up with his local Congressman. Until Congress acts nothing will be done by the Order of Elks, which will not receive or examine any manuscript of words or of music.

Poetry (Chicago), which is now four years old, offers a prize of $100 for the best one-act play in verse submitted before February 1. The winning play will be published in Poetry, and will be acted by the Players Producing Company of Chicago.

The American Magazine offers prizes of $20, $15, and $10 for the best letters of about five hundred words upon "My Worst Habit." The magazine will also pay a minimum of five dollars for all letters published in this new department. The contest will close November 15.

Prizes of $300, $100, $50, $30, and $20 are offered for the best designs for a "Safety First" poster, for use throughout the country, that may be submitted to the Safety First Society at the Detroit Board of Commerce before January 1.

The Seven Seas Magazine (New York) solicits photographs of marine views, seascapes, ships, harbors, and all subjects of interest to lovers of the sea and ships, and says that descriptive articles, stories of unusual adventure, sea stories, poems, etc., will be promptly examined, and, if acceptable, paid for at prevailing rates.

American Motherhood (Cooperstown, N. Y.) wants good, wholesome stories, not exceeding 2,500 words, and dealing with home life, or child life, or with the adolescent problem, that is the home and school management of the boy and girl in their teens. Table Talk, which is now under the same editorial management as American Motherhood, will print one good story each month, not exceeding 3,000 words. Both magazines desire articles in their special lines. Sample copies of the magazines will be sent by the editor, Mrs. Della Thompson Lutes, upon request.

The Etude (Philadelphia) solicits contributions on music-teaching and music-study.

Manuscripts offered to the Forum should not exceed 4,000 words.

The Watchman-Examiner, the Baptist weekly, with offices in New York and Boston, says: "No article of any kind will be used as a 'paid article' unless the sender states that remuneration is expected."

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Manager John Craig of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, who desires to make his theatre a producing house, where good and successful American plays are launched, says he does not believe that the moving pictures will supersede the spoken drama, although there is little use in trying to compete with them in scenic effect, and for that reason the great scenic productions and a certain type of melodrama are fast becoming extinct. "But the modern thought play with a deep human interest theme," he says, "has begun to flourish as never before. Plays where the rich and musical voice and an attractive personality add to action and facial expression elements which the moving picture cannot supply are appealing more and more; they will continue to succeed."

Channing Pollock, commenting in the October Green Book upon the repeated charges of plagiarism against the authors of nearly every successful play, tells what the managers are doing to avoid such conflict and litigation. Play-reading bureaus, organized for the benefit of the obscure genius, are being abolished because their founders cannot risk the charge of having appropriated the goods they inspected. One of the last acts of Charles Frohman was the dismissal of his Reader, and David Belasco has announced that he will not receive unsolicited manuscripts. Henry Miller's counsel is preparing a waiver, to be signed by the aspirant who submits a play, and Cohan & Harris have issued instructions that no manuscript shall be opened in their office except by their specific directions.

John Martin's Book (Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.) is a magazine for children from four to twelve years of age, and according to its publishers it is the only magazine that is made worthy of childhood during that critically formative period.

Three printing trade papers, the American Printer of New York, the Printing Trade News of New York, and the Master Printer of Philadelphia, have been consolidated. The consolidated publication will be issued semimonthly in future under the name of the American Printer.

L'Art de la Mode (New York) is reported as "momentarily suspended."

The Popular Science Monthly (New York) hereafter will be devoted to popular science as this term is properly understood. The Scientific Monthly (Garrison, N. Y.) will print, as the Popular Science Monthly has been doing for the last fifteen years, and with the same editor and publisher, articles appealing especially to educated readers, as opposed to purely popular matter intended for the public generally.

One of the issues of the Independent (New York) in January will be planned and edited by the students of journalism in the University of Kansas. The Kansas School of Journalism this year has an enrollment of 216 students from fifteen states.

The October number of the Phœnix contains a biographical and personal study of Elbert Hubbard, written by its editor, Michael Monahan, who was for a time Mr. Hubbard's friend and associate at the Roycroft Shop in East Aurora.

The booklet, "Who Is Julia Page?" issued by Doubleday, Page, & Co. for free distribution, treats of Kathleen Norris and her literary creed.

Mrs. Gertrude Hall died in New York September 24, aged fifty-two.

Alonzo Rothschild died at East Foxboro, Mass., September 29, aged fifty-two.

Luther Orlando Emerson died at Hyde Park, Mass., September 29, aged ninety-five.

Waldorf Henry Phillips ("Henry Waldorf Francis") died at Baltimore October 2, aged sixty-two.

Miss Mary Gay Humphreys died in New York October 10.

Dr. Charles Frederick Holder died at Pasadena, Calif., October 11, aged sixty-four.

Henri Fabre died at Orange, France, October 11, aged ninety-two.

Arthur Pillsbury Dodge died at Freeport, Long Island, October 12, aged sixty-five.

William C. Hudson died at Pearl River, N. Y., October 16, aged seventy-one.

Paul Hervieu died in Paris October 25, aged fifty-eight.

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IN THIS NUMBER: CONTINUATION OF

A DIRECTORY OF PERIODICALS,

SHOWING THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET.

"COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED" . Edward B. Hughes
"OMITTING THE SUPERFLUOUS" . . . . . Eugene Parsons
"Personal Gossip About Authors," "An Appeal to Playwrights," "A Motto for Authors," "The Rate of Postage on Manuscripts," "The Use of Adjectives," "Writing a Novel in Fourteen Days," "Literary Articles in Periodicals," "News and Notes."

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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR LITERARY WORKERS

BOSTON, MASS.:

VOL. XXVII. No. 12. DECEMBER, 1915.

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The Writer's Directory of Periodicals.

The information for this Directory, showing the magazine market, has been gathered directly from the periodicals, and is strictly up to date. The Directory will be continued in THE WRITER, and changes and additions will be made monthly as required. Subscribers for the magazine will thus get this valuable information free of cost. Suggestions from subscribers will be welcome.

Housewives League Magazine (M), $1.00; 10c. 15-17 West 44th st., New York. Mrs. Julian Heath, supervising editor.

Independent (W), 119 West 40th st., New York. $3.00; 10c. Hamilton Holt, editor.

John Martin's Book (a magazine for little children) (M), Garden City, N. Y. $3.00; 25c. John Martin, editor.

Judge (W), Leslie-Judge Co., 225 Fifth ave., New York. $5.00; 10c. James A. Waldron, editor.

Kindergarten Review (M—10 nos.), Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass. $1.25; 15c. May Murray, editor.

Ladies' Home Journal (M), Curtis Publishing Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia. $1.50; 15c. Edward W. Bok, editor; Karl Edwin Harriman, managing editor.

Leslie's Weekly (W), Leslie-Judge Co., 225 Fifth ave., New York. $5.00; 10c. John A. Sleicher, editor.

Life (W), 17 West 31st st., New York. $5.00; 10c. J. A. Mitchell, editor.

Literary Digest (W), Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 Fifth ave., New York. $3.00; 10c. William S. Woods, editor.

Little Folks (M), Salem, Mass. $1.00; 10c. Margherita O. Osborne, editor.

Live Stories (M), Street & Smith, 79 Seventh ave., New York. $1.50; 15c. Charles Agnew MacLean, editor.

Living Church (W), Young Churchman Co., 484 Milwaukee st., Milwaukee, Wis. $2.50; 5c. Rev. Frederick Cook Morehouse, editor.

Lyceum World (M), Indianapolis, Ind. $1.00; 15c. Arthur E. Gringle, editor.

McBride's Magazine (formerly Lippincott's Magazine) (M), 31 East 17th st., New York. $3.00; 25c. Edward Frank Allen, editor.

McClure's Magazine (M), McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York. $1.00; 10c. Frederick L. Collins, editor.

Metropolitan (M), 432 Fourth ave., New York. $1.50; 15c. Carl Hovey, editor.

Modern Methods (M), Hastings and Monroe aves., Detroit, Mich. $1.00; 10c. L. E. Thurston, editor.

Modern Priscilla (M), 85 Broad st., Boston. $1.00; 10c. Isaiah C. Parrott, editor.

Mothers' Magazine (M), David C. Cook Publishing Co., Elgin, Ill. $1.50; 15c. Elizabeth Ansley, editor.

Motor (M), International Magazine Co., 119 West 40th st., New York. $3.00; 25c. C. G. Sinsabaugh, editor.

Motor Boating (M), International Magazine Co., 119 West 40th st., New York. $1.00; 15c. C. G. Sinsabaugh, editor.

Musician (M), Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. $1.50; 15c. W. J. Baltzell, editor.

National Geographic Magazine (M), Hubbard Memorial Hall, Washington, D. C. $2.50; 25c. Gilbert H. Grosvenor, editor.

National Magazine (M), 952 Dorchester ave., Boston. $1.50; 15c. Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor.

Nature-Study Review (M—9 nos.), Comstock Publishing Co., Ithaca, N. Y. $1.00; 15c. Dr. Elliot R. Downing, School of Education, University of Chicago, editor.

New England Magazine (M), 221 Columbus ave., Boston. $1.75; 15c. Frederick W. Burrows, editor.

News Letter (W), 21 Sutter st., San Francisco. $4.00; 10c. O. A. Black, editor.

North American Review (M), 171 Madison ave., New York. $4.00; 35c. George Harvey, editor.

Open Court (M), 122 S. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. $1.00; 10c. Dr. Paul Carus, editor.

Our Dumb Animals (M), 180 Longwood ave., Boston. $1.00; 10c. Guy Richardson, editor.

Our Fourfooted Friends (M), 51 Carver st., Boston. 50c.; 5c. Mrs. Huntington Smith, editor.

Outing Magazine (M), 141 West 36th st., New York. $3.00; 25c. Albert Britt, editor.

Outlook (W), 381 Fourth ave., New York. $3.00; 10c. Lyman Abbott, D.D., editor.

Out West Magazine (M), 546 Los Angeles st., Los Angeles, Calif. $1.50; 15c. George V. Steep, editor.

Pathfinder (W), Washington, D. C. $1.00; 5c. George B. Mitchel, managing editor.

People's Magazine (M), Street & Smith, 79 Seventh ave., New York. $1.50; 15c. John W. de Ruyter, editor.

Phonographic Magazine (M), Cincinnati, Ohio. 50c.; 5c. Jerome B. Howard, editor.

Photo-Era (M), 383 Boylston st., Boston. $1.50; 15c. Wilfred A. French, editor.

Physical Culture (M), 918 Flatiron Building, New York. $1.50; 15c. John Brennan, managing editor.

Pictorial Review (M), 222 West 39th st., New York. $1.50; 15c. Arthur T. Vance, editor.

Popular Magazine (S-M), Street & Smith, 79 Seventh ave., New York. $3.00; 15c. Charles Agnew MacLean, editor.

Popular Mechanics Magazine (M), 6 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. $1.50; 15c. H. H. Windsor, editor.

ADDITIONS AND CHANGES.

Adventure (M), Spring and McDougal sts., New York. $1.50; 15c. Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, editor.

American Church Sunday-School Magazine (M), 907 Delaware ave., South Bethlehem, Penn. $1.50; 15c. Rev. Stewart U. Mitman, Ph.D., editor.

Aquatic Life (M), 542 E. Girard ave., Philadelphia. $1.00; 10c. W. A. Poyser, editor.

Browning's Magazine (M), 16 Cooper Square, New York. 25c.; 2c. Charles Mason Fairbanks, editor.

Correct English (M), Evanston, Ill. $2.00; 20c. Josephine Turck Baker, editor.

Country Gentleman (W), Curtis Publishing Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia. $1.50; 5c. Harry A. Thompson, editor.

Farm Life (combined with Agriculturist Epitomist) (M), Epitomist Publishing Co., Spencer, Indiana. 25c.; 2c. George Weymouth, editor.

Four Seas (M), 68 Pemberton Square, Boston. 50c.; 5c. Edmund Randolph Brown, editor.

Harper's Weekly (W), McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York. $5.00; 10c. Howard D. Wheeler, managing editor.

Hearst's Magazine (M), International Magazine Co., 119 West 40th st., New York. $1.50; 15c. Sewell Haggard, editor.

Hesperian (Q), 7th and Pine sts., St. Louis. 50c.; 15c. Alexander N. De Menil, editor.

(The publication of this Directory was begun in the November WRITER, of which copies can be supplied. To be continued in the January WRITER.)

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THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

VOL. XXVII. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1915. No. 12.

ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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OMITTING THE SUPERFLUOUS.

One of the canons of literary art is, Omit the superfluous. Alas, it is too often forgotten! Poets as well as newspaper men are too careless. There is too much padding in editorials and in reporters' "copy." Writers have a way of putting in too many words and too many sentences.

Browning could condense when he tried, but too often he did not aim at brevity. Tennyson beats him at trimming.

It is a common thing for an editor to begin a paragraph with the word "And." This is one word too many, and were better left out. Take this paragraph from the Rocky Mountain News, "And Mr. Ballard is no less interesting — he is even surprising — in his suggestion of remedies." What the writer starts out with "And" for is a mystery to me, because it is superfluous.

Others besides newspaper people are careless in the use of "and." The other day I was reading an autobiographic confession by a New England schoolma'am who complains of being "a tired machine," yet she wastes nervous energy by writing unnecessary words. Time and again she begins sentences with "And." Nothing is gained by this, as I look at it; there is a loss in crispness.

I cite another instance of a superfluous word. There is an inexcusable redundancy in the question, "What kind of an examination?" I often hear such expressions as "a queer kind of a girl," "a kind of an old song," "the kind of an editor." It would be far better to say, "What kind of examination?"

The economy of effort is one of the things that Herbert Spencer emphasizes in his masterly essay on "Style." Why bother to write a word that can be spared? Among educators it is reckoned an unpardonable sin to add an extra letter in spelling a word, as excel*l*. But why write "afterwards," when "afterward" will do as well? Is there any gain in writing "honor" with a "u" in it, or adding "st" to "among"? I see no use in putting more than one "l" in "enrolment" or "instalment." Time is too precious to be used that way.

It strikes me that the use of the hyphen is overdone. I am satisfied to write "sightseeing" without any break.

It is an infelicity to say "eight hours per day." Why mix up Latinisms in plain English? "Eight hours a day" is shorter and better.

A Denver publication takes as its motto "a bigger and a better Colorado." This could

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be improved if written "a bigger and better Colorado." Even the careful editor of the Christian Science Monitor says: "There is an honest and a strongly pronounced difference of opinion." This "a" is unnecessary.

The expression, "a few days since," is objectionable. Better say "a few days ago." Thus two letters are saved, and the grammar is improved.

Every day in the course of my reading I come across waste of letters in words. Life is too short to put in superfluous things, to say nothing about inflicting extra effort on the part of the reader. Of course, in conversation one is apt to be lavish with words. An interviewer credits Edison, the busy wizard, with saying: "But there remains plenty of land uncultivated in this country, and these people, accustomed to intensive farming, will assist us to increase our crops. And that's what we need—intensive farmers." This is natural in speaking, but why should the editor of a religious weekly write the same way? I quote from the pages of the Western Christian Advocate: "Death is a messenger, who summons us to judgment. Death is not that judgment, and no matter how it may come." Here the habit of speaking with a wealth of words clings to the man in the editorial sanctum. But the habit of putting in "and" too often should be avoided.

One more instance of a superfluous word. In the symposium of essays entitled "America to Japan" is one by Larz Anderson, who calls Japan a "Wonderland" and enthusiastically refers to "the same great national traits that are among the finest which have been granted to mankind, and which flash out now and then, even in these modern material days, in some splendid act of self-sacrifice or heroism." This would read better with "which" omitted after "and." The comma after "mankind," too, is not needed.

Such instances of unnecessary and inelegant expressions might be multiplied. I draw the line here. Give heed to the maxim: Omit the superfluous. *Eugene Parsons.*

DENVER, COLO.

COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED.—XXXVII.

It is better to write "five hundred or six hundred" than "five or six hundred," even though there is small chance of misunderstanding.

Advertisements of railway excursions sometimes read: "The number of tickets will be limited." It is generally understood that this means that the number of tickets sold will be limited to the number the railway company can sell. The number of tickets printed is always limited to the number ordered.

As a rule, "between" is used in speaking of two persons and "among" in speaking of more than two, but the Oregon supreme court has decided in a will case that when the testator bequeathed the residue of her estate to her cousins and progeny, 113 in number, and the two sisters of her deceased husband, "to be divided equally between them, share and share alike," the "between" applied to the cousins collectively on one side and the sisters collectively on the other. There is no question, however, that the use of "between" for "among" in this sentence from Collier's is wrong: "Between a well set-up Englishman who had gone as orderly through the Boer campaign, a reserved Scotchman with a jaw sprung like a trap, and a placid Swede, who somehow attracted her the most, she hesitated."

The question, "Which is correct, 'There *are* a number of reasons' or 'there *is* a number of reasons'?" is well answered by the New York Sun, which says: "Either is correct. But in a great majority of cases the speaker would say 'there are,' because he would be thinking of 'number' as a collection of things, not as an entity."

"Paramount" and "tantamount" are sometimes confused, as, for instance, by the writer

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who said : "This is regarded as paramount to a declaration of war." "Tantamount" means equivalent. "Paramount" means possessing the highest title, superior to all others, supremely controlling.

In spite of its plural form "politics" is singular, so that the sentence, "Politics are getting hot," is wrong. "Politics is" may sound wrong, but it is right.

The French phrase is "à propos de," so that the English phrase should be "apropos of," and not "apropos to."

Sir Edward Gray seems to be in doubt whether the word "government" is singular or plural. Of His Majesty's government he says : "They are unable to admit," but in the next sentence he says : "The government of the United States intimates its readiness." Of course, he does n't mean to intimate that the United States has a one-man government, particularly as in his final paragraph he speaks of "the misapprehension under which I cannot but feel the government of the United States are laboring." The best rule is to regard "government" as singular and to say, "The government is."

The phrases "differ with" and "differ from" are often wrongly used. It is possible for a man to differ with you — that is, to hold an opinion different from yours — and yet not differ from you — that is, be unlike you. When Life in a book review said : "He regards those who differ with him as fools," somebody asked : "Should n't the editor have said 'differ from' ?"

Only ignorant people use "suicide" as a verb. "To commit suicide" is the verbal phrase. "Suicide" as a noun has two meanings, which are illustrated in the sentence, "A suicide is one who commits suicide."

"A hotel" is the proper form in this country, although "an hotel" is preferred in England. The explanation of the English usage may perhaps be found in the common Cockney tendency to drop the "h," but Sir James A. H. Murray's New English Dictionary aspirates the "h" in the words "hotel" and "hospital."

Errors are often made in using the term "per cent.," as, for instance, in the New York Sun headline which read : "U. S. Cuts Radium Cost 300 Per Cent." Obviously, if the cost of anything is cut 100 per cent. it is reduced to nothing and can hardly be cut 200 per cent. more. The headline writer should have said 66 2-3 per cent.

In spite of contention to the contrary, "none" may and often should be used as the subject of a plural verb. Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, in his "Standard of Usage in English," says that the Anglo-Saxon "nan" (a compound of "ne," not, and "an," one) was inflected in both singular and plural, and that the use of its English derivative "none" as a plural "is sustained by the good usage of both the past and the present," and "in many instances is absolutely essential to correctness of expression." Professor Lounsbury quotes passages from the Bible, Shakspere, Bacon, Milton, Pope, and Browning in which "none" is so employed.

The misuse of "gentleman" and "lady" was illustrated, according to a story, in the Strand Theatre when there was a commotion on one side of the house and people on the other side got excited, thinking there was a fire ; but the excitement subsided when an usher announced : "It's all right. Keep your seats. There is nothing wrong — only a gentleman hit a lady."

The paragrapher of the Ohio State Journal declares resolutely : "Some day we are going to find out what the plural of crux of the situation is and get it off a number of times with an effort at easy familiarity." According to the Boston papers, by the way, the voters of Massachusetts at the recent election expressed their will as to three referenda.

"Née" is, of course, the French feminine for "born," and in correct English usage applies only to the surname. It is correct to speak of "Mrs. Jones, née Smith," but not to say "Mrs. Jones, née Marie Walters Smith," since the "Marie Walters" was acquired by Mrs. Jones, and she was not born to it. The reporter who wrote "Mrs. Charles H. Stuart, née Mrs. Olive Grace Peach Fanjoy," would have done better to say "formerly." *Edward B. Hughes.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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THE WRITER.

Published monthly by The Writer Publishing Company, 88 Broad street, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM H. HILLS, . . EDITOR.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, postpaid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. The price of Canadian and foreign subscriptions is $1.12, including postage.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to the Writer Publishing Company. If local checks are sent, ten cents should be added for collection charges.

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*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
88 Broad Street, Room 416,
P. O. Box 1905. Boston, Mass.

VOL. XXVII. DECEMBER, 1915. No. 12.

Short practical articles on topics connected with literary work are always wanted for THE WRITER. Readers of the magazine are invited to join in making it a medium of mutual help, and to contribute to it any ideas that may occur to them. The pages of THE WRITER are always open for any one who has anything helpful and practical to say. Articles should be closely condensed ; the ideal length is about 1,000 words.

* * *

Speaking of Christmas presents, a year's subscription for THE WRITER is a good one for a literary friend.

* * *

An editor of a daily paper writes : "THE WRITER comes to the office every month, and I read it with great enjoyment. Please enter my subscription. I want to keep the magazine on file." Every writer should have in his library a complete file of THE WRITER bound.

* * *

Friends of THE WRITER will do the publishers a favor by informing them, with particulars, when news-dealers say that they cannot supply the magazine.

* * *

A. C. Benson must be a very obliging and amiable man. "Nothing is easier than to slip a manuscript into an envelope and to require an opinion from an author," he says in his latest volume, "Escape and Other Essays." "I will confess that I very seldom refuse these requests. At the moment at which I write I have three printed novels and a printed book of travel, a poem, and two volumes of essays in manuscript upon my table, and I shall make shift to say something in reply, though except for the satisfaction of the authors in question, I believe that my pains will be wholly thrown away, for the simple reason that it is a very lengthy business to teach any one how to write, and also partly because what these authors desire is not criticism but sympathy and admiration."

* * *

An earnest appeal to playwrights is made by Julia Siegel, of Brooklyn, who writes to the New York Times : "Comedy, nothing but comedy, is the essence of the plays that are now being produced. It is undoubtedly a relief to forget one's pains and cares for a while and to laugh and be merry ; but it is just as important to devote a little of our time to serious, profound thought. The gay and happy view of life is presented from the stage. Why not regard the deep and serious questions as well ? I don't mean those plays that aim to move the audience to tears, but the plays that bring forth various problems of life in a pure, clear, and straightforward manner — the plays that make us see and understand matters with greater reason and with a broader mind."

* * *

According to Miss Amy Lowell, Chicago is the city most vitally interested in intellectual

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life in this country today, and she backs up her assertion by saying that it is in Chicago that the magazine Poetry is published. "The establishment of this periodical," says Miss Lowell, "marks the first time that any one has ever considered it worth while to offer money for the encouragement and development of poets." Poetry is endowed, having one hundred guarantors of fifty dollars a year each for five years. And it pays eight dollars a page. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Out of seventeen short stories I have just read in current periodicals, sixteen contained the phrase "in the crook of his arm." I agree with Humpty Dumpty, in "Through the Looking Glass," that when a phrase is worked so hard as this it ought to be paid extra.

PORTCHESTER, N. Y. *G. Dressing.*

Every writer should urge his local congressman to further the movement to get congress to reduce the rate of postage on authors' manuscripts. Authors ought not to be required to pay letter postage on their manuscripts, especially as many editors require typewriting, so that manuscripts submitted to them are really printed. When bulky and heavy printed advertisements of large business concerns can be mailed for one or two cents, why must an author be compelled to pay the letter postage on his manuscripts, which are really only merchandise? It is unjust that an author, often poor but deserving, must first pay perhaps six or seven dollars for typewriting, and then spend five or ten dollars more in sending his manuscript to various editors. Take for example the case mentioned in THE WRITER of Mrs. Norris, who sent a manuscript to twenty-six magazines (imagine the postage!) and then had the strange experience of having her story accepted by the first magazine by which it had been refused — the Atlantic Monthly. This tax on authors' merchandise is unjust and ought to be removed. J. S. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The October WRITER contained a short quoted article headed "Adjectivitis a Popular Disease Among Writers," which has been discussed, and turned over, and discussed again, and found to be a very "inflamed" and aggravated case. The critic needs to get some new glasses like those through which the public is viewing the world's best stories, or such stories as may be found in the best magazines of today. The example the critic takes is this: "She walked across the richly furnished room, pulled aside the heavy curtain, and gazed out into the darkening landscape." All books upon modern short-story writing will tell you to "compress" in the first sentences those things which will give the reader immediate vision and comprehension of the surroundings of characters. That is exactly what the writer did in the sentence quoted, and for the life of me I can see no objection to knowing just what the room was like in which "she" lived, or that the curtain was heavy, or that it was late in the day. Other words would not have expressed the idea more gracefully or have given any more to think about, whether put together in briefer sentences, or in sentences longer drawn out.

SELMA, Ala. *Myrtiline Hall Kirkpatrick.*

THE MANUSCRIPT MARKET.

The Equitable Motion Pictures Corporation says: "We are in the market for the highest-class stories suitable for production as five-reel features, either in synopsis form or as completed scripts. We want only stories that are big, really big in theme and purpose, in drama and situation, rather than conceptions big in masses of men and exploding steamships and such melodramatic plots, which usually pass for big stories. The bigness of the price we will pay will be commensurate with the bigness of the story, and our lowest price will be a hundred dollars a reel, but we want stories that are worth a great deal more than that. We want them from authors of great reputation, from novelists and playwrights, as well as from photo-playwrights. We feel that the trained writer of books, plays, and stories as a plot builder is bound to have something worth doing in more cases than the photo-playwright. Manuscripts

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should be addressed to Russell E. Smith, Scenario Department Equitable Motion Pictures Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth street, New York, and will be given immediate attention."

The Association of Commerce of Grand Rapids, Michigan, offers a prize of fifty dollars for a Grand Rapids civic song of not less than twenty-four and not more than thirty-two lines. The poem must be dignified, singable, expressing a spirit of patriotism, and it must contain an acknowledgment of the Supreme Being. The competition will close January 1.

The National Education Association offers prizes of $750, $250, and $100 for the three best essays on the subject of Thrift — with an outline of a method by which the principles of thrift may be taught in our public schools. Persons intending to compete for these prizes should notify the Secretary of the National Education Association of their intention at once. The essays must be in the possession of the Secretary not later than March 1, 1916. The essays must not exceed five thousand words and six typewritten copies must be presented. Further details will be sent to those indicating their intention to take part in the contest.

Miss Grace George offers a prize of $1,000 to the author of the best play submitted to her by an American college student between now and June 1, 1916. In addition to the prize, Miss George guarantees a New York production for the play at the Playhouse and will pay the usual royalties. The play must be American and modern, and the author must be a bona fide undergraduate in an American college or university up to the time the contest closes.

WRITERS OF THE DAY.

Kate Langley Bosher, whose story, "Horatio," was printed in the October number of Harper's Magazine, is a Virginia woman, and was born and educated in Norfolk. Shortly after graduation from the Norfolk College for Young Ladies — which, she says, sounds as if it was a Cranford college, but it was n't — she married Charles Gideon Bosher, of Richmond, Virginia, and she has made her home in Richmond ever since. Mrs. Bosher finds much to interest her in the way of home, city, and social things which are of especial appeal to the women of today, and as a result of the many demands on her time writing has never come first with her. During the past five years, however, she has had five books published by Harper & Bros., and the same firm will bring out a new book of hers next Spring. The story in the October Harper's was based somewhat on an actual happening, but Mrs. Bosher says she wrote it more from the consciousness that so many nice husbands have a habit of saying they are not going to do certain things and then doing them, and also of thinking their wives are beyond comprehension in some of their actions, and then exceeding said actions by certain ones of their own. She thinks all women know that the first sentence in "Horatio," "All men may not be alike, but all husbands are," is pretty nearly true. The wise and watchful woman knows how to accept these human limitations and get some joy out of them, she says, and she feels that it must be hard on a man to have a wife who does n't understand that her husband is just a boy at times — and must n't be hurried.

Carl Mattison Chapin, who had a story, "Destiny," in the November American Magazine, is associate editor of the Waterbury American. He was born in Waterbury, Conn., in 1879, and received his education in the public schools of that city, at the Taft School at Watertown, Conn., and at Yale University, graduating from Yale in 1904. Mr. Chapin says he was never conscious of any particular urge to write fiction, but that in his junior year at college, under pressure, he turned out enough he-and-she dialogues, verse, nonsense rhymes, and "drools" to secure elections to the editorial boards of the Yale Courant and the Yale Record. In 1910 he wrote a fire department story and sold it to Adventure. He continued writing fire stories until, as R. H.

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Davis of the Munsey staff expressed it, he had "singed all the plots and situations to the core." Besides fire stories, Mr. Chapin has written quite a number of other stories and some novelettes. He says that he does not produce rapidly, but that he has had exceptionally good fortune in selling what he has written. His work has appeared in Adventure, the Cavalier, the New Story Magazine, the Saturday Evening Post, and the American Magazine. Surveying his experience as a whole, Mr. Chapin thinks that manuscript stories for the most part get what they deserve. He finds that if the first magazine of a particular class rejects a story the others are apt to follow suit, and that usually in his case a story has been purchased by the first of the magazines of its class or rejected by them all, barring, of course, stories with peculiar features which might prevent acceptance in any particular case. Editors are human, but Mr. Chapin has found them mighty good fellows, willing to help and patient, and, considering what they have to do in the course of a day's work, he says, they spend a lot of time cheering the young writer along his stony path.

George Edmund Holt, whose serial, "Princess Lorraine—American," is now running in the Modern Priscilla, and who had an article, "Christian 'Trenches' in Morocco," in the Christian Herald for October 27, was born, brought up, educated, and married, he says, in Illinois. From 1900 to 1906 he wrote an eight-page paper there daily. In 1906 Mr. Holt went abroad and for a year visited the British Islands, Spain, and Morocco as correspondent of American trade journals. During the Moroccan revolution in 1907 he contributed to American and European newspapers and trade journals, and also did some writing for the Associated Press. In 1907 he was appointed American vice and deputy consul general at Tangier, and from 1909 to 1911 he served as acting consul general. He also served as an American member of international committees, was elected chief of two Moorish tribes, visited Raisuli, the bandit, and did various other things. Mr. Holt finally resigned and spent some time in Spain. Returning to this country, he took up publicity work, in which he is still engaged. His first stories in Moroccan settings were published in the People's Home Journal and the Associated Sunday Magazines, in 1910. Others came out in Morrison's Chicago weekly in 1911. The publication is dead, and Mr. Holt says his check is still due. He has had stories and articles in various American publications, and in 1914 his book, "Morocco, the Bizarre," was published in the United States and in England. The scene of the "Princess Lorraine" is Morocco, and the local color is real, not imaginary. In fact, Mr. Holt says that if he were to be asked if he knew anything about anything, his answer would have to be confined to the one word: "Morocco."

Kate L. McLaurin, who wrote the story, "The Third Generation," which the Red Book printed in its November number, was born in Mississippi, and spent her early girlhood in Helena, Arkansas, which is the "Ashley" of her story. Her first ambition was to be an actress, and she attained considerable success along that line, supporting such stars as Henrietta Crossman, Robert Edeson, Tully Marshall, Wilton Lackaye, Rose Coghlan, and "The Coburn Players." Throughout this time she wrote many short stories, which were accepted by such magazines as the Pictorial Review, the Smart Set, Adventure, and Ainslee's. Miss McLaurin has now retired from the stage permanently, but her career furnished her with a great mass of material that has served her well in a novel treating with the theatre that is to be published this winter by George Doran & Company.

Edison Marshall, whose story, "The Black Fox," came out in the October Munsey, says that he is only a beginner, and has been attempting magazine work only a year, "The Black Fox" being his fourth sale. His other three sales were to the Frank A. Munsey Company, and two of the stories have already appeared in the Argosy, while the third is as yet unpublished. Mr. Marshall lived in Rensselaer, Indiana, until he was fifteen years old, when he removed to Medford, Oregon, where

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he still lives. Since living in Oregon he has done newspaper work and also attended the University of Oregon, to which institution he intends to go back to get his degree. Mr. Marshall says that he has written and written since he was fifteen — boxes of verse, pounds of drama, a book or so, and everything else that it is possible to write, but he sent little of this to editors. A little more than a year ago he tried short stories and wrote a number before getting his first check. He is going to devote all his time to writing from now on, and as the Alaskan field particularly appeals to him he intends writing Northern stories for some time.

Mary Esther Mitchell, who had a story, "A New England Pippa," in the November Harper's, has spent the greater part of her life in Bath, Maine, although she was born in New York, and for the past ten years has made her home in Arlington, Mass. She has written stories for the Youth's Companion for many years and was for some time on the Contributors' Staff, but she has had no connection with the Companion since Mr. Stanwood resigned the editorship. Miss Mitchell has had occasional articles or stories in St. Nicholas, the New England Magazine, the old Frank Leslie's, the Ladies' Home Journal, and other magazines. Her stories, for the greater part, have a New England flavor, and she herself regards as her best work a short story published in the Atlantic Monthly several years ago, under the title, "For the Honor of the Company."

Odell Shepard, whose poem, "Earth-Born," appeared in the Smart Set for November, and whose "Liberty Enlightening the World" was featured in the Youth's Companion for October 21, is the son of Bishop W. O. Shepard, of the Methodist church. He has lived in the central states and in the far West, and is now resident in Cambridge, Mass. He has studied in Northwestern, Chicago, and Harvard Universities, and has served for five years as professor of English in the University of Southern California. For two years he was organist in one of Chicago's largest churches, and he has composed many songs. He has done newspaper work in Chicago, St. Louis, and Los Angeles, and at the age of nineteen was editor of the Evanston Index, the leading paper of the chief suburb of Chicago. Mr. Shepard received his first check for a poem, an "Ode to Ossian," when he was fifteen. Since then he has grown steadily less ambitious in subject matter and style. In May, 1915, he was awarded by Harvard University a Bowdoin prize of $200 for an essay on "The Cult of Solitude in French Romantic Literature." In W. S. Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915" he is represented by two poems, — "Vistas," from the Smart Set, and "The Adventurer," from the Bellman. The latter poem was chosen by Mr. Braithwaite as one of the thirty best poems in the magazines of the year, and was printed in the Boston Transcript for October 30 as one of the best five. Mr. Shepard has been contributing to the magazines for only a year and a half. In that time he has sold poems, essays, and stories to the Outlook, Munsey's, Sunset, the Independent, Out West, Sports Afield, the International, the Youth's Companion, the Smart Set, the Methodist Review, the Bellman, the Boston Transcript, the Book News Monthly, and the Overland. In 1909 he contributed a poem daily to the Los Angeles Herald.

Elsie Steiner, whose poem, "Love o' You," was printed in the Pictorial Review for November, was born in Baltimore, but received her education in Norfolk, Virginia, where she lived for a time. She now lives in Baltimore. Miss Steiner's first poem, "Our Victory," was published when she was thirteen, and since then she has intermittently submitted verses to different publications, and they have all been accepted. The poem, "Love o' You," is her first poem to be printed in the Pictorial Review, but it will shortly be followed by another poem in the same magazine.

John Seymour Wood, who wrote the queer story, "The Nippon Garden," which appeared in the November Scribner's, and also had a story of New York life in the May number of the same magazine, is a member of the Au-

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thors' League in New York, as well as of the University, Yale, and Columbia clubs of that city. He is the author of several books, including "Gramercy Park," "Yale Yarns," and "College Days." Mr. Wood is at present in Washington, D. C., where he is engaged in writing stories of local color of Kentucky and North Carolina. He is making an effort, backed by the New York Authors' League, to get Congress to reduce the rate of postage on manuscripts.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

Ferber. — When Edna Ferber was asked, "How did you know all about a business woman, a woman 'drummer'? Have you ever been in business?" she replied: "I never was in any business, except the newspaper business. I had no real right to talk about a woman in the business of selling petticoats on the road; I might just as well have written about French law, or the war weapons of the ancient Norsemen; I knew just as much about them as about Emma McChesney's business. It was all due to Ida Tarbell. I wrote one story called 'Representing T. A. Buck,' and sold it to the American Magazine. Then I started another story, about a scrubwoman, I think. But there was a meeting of the editors of the American Magazine and Ida Tarbell said that I had created a new type, so she wrote to me and asked me to write another story about Emma McChesney. I said that I didn't think I could write anything more about her, but I'd try. I did try, and I wrote 'Roast Beef Medium.' Then I wrote many others."

Green. — Anna Katherine Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs), who has been writing detective stories with continued success since her beginning with "The Leavenworth Case" nearly forty years ago, has just published a new volume, "The Golden Slipper, and Other Problems for Violet Strange." Mrs. Rohlfs says that she began writing verse when she was only seven or eight years old, and that her brother, three or four years older, who had a printing press, printed what she wrote. She spent two years in writing "The Leavenworth Case." When it was two-thirds done she showed the copy to her father, who was a

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN.

lawyer, and whose technical criticisms and suggestions were of great value to her. The story when finished exceeded 170,000 words, and the young author had to cut out 20,000 words before the publishers would take it.

CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS.

A Motto for Writers. — A New York stock broker and chemist named Ellwood Hendrick has in the Atlantic Monthly an essay called "Adventures in Philosophy," and this sentence from it (among others) is worth keeping: "Until the facts are in their right order there is no truth." — Collier's Weekly.

Writing a Novel in Fourteen Days. — How quickly can a book be written? Hilaire Belloc's secretary relates that during a Parliamentary recess of two weeks, Belloc, then an M. P., was summoned by his publishers to produce a novel at short order. He immediately began to dictate, and for fourteen days, during the morning hours, his imagina-

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tion and his command of words never flagged, though his afternoons and evenings were occupied in preparing speeches and mapping out his campaign for the coming session. On the fourteenth day the novel was finished. — New York Evening Post.

BOOK REVIEWS.

JOSEPH CONRAD. A short study. By Wilson Follett. 111 pp. Boards. New York : Doubleday, Page, & Co. 1915.

Mr. Follett's book is a concise appreciation of Joseph Conrad and his work, a study by an independent critic of Mr. Conrad's intellectual and emotional attitude in writing and of the most striking characteristics of his novels. The book is not for sale. So long as the edition lasts copies will be supplied gratis to all who ask the publishers to send them.

BOOKS RECEIVED :

[THE WRITER is pleased to receive for review any books about authors, authorship, language, or literary topics, or any books that would be of real value in a writer's library, such as works of reference, history, biography, or travel. There is no space in the magazine for the review of fiction, poetry, etc. All books received will be acknowledged under this heading. Selections will be made for review in the interest of THE WRITER's readers.]

ELIJAH KELLOGG : THE MAN AND HIS WORK. Edited by Wilmot Brookings Mitchell. 424 pp. Cloth, $1.20, net. Boston : Lothrop, Lee, & Shepard Company. 1904.

WRITING AND SELLING A PLAY. Practical suggestions for the beginner. By Fanny Cannon. 321 pp. Cloth, $1.50, net. New York : Henry Holt & Company. 1915.

A QUIET CORNER IN A LIBRARY. By William Henry Hudson. 238 pp. Cloth, $1.25, net. Chicago : Rand, McNally, & Co. 1915.

MY JAPANESE YEAR. By T. H. Sanders. 345 pp. Illustrated. Cloth, $2.50, net. New York : James Pott & Co. 1915.

ADVERTISING : ITS PRINCIPLES, PRACTICE, AND TECHNIQUE. By Daniel Starch, Ph.D. 281 pp. Cloth. Chicago : Scott, Foresman, & Co. 1914.

HOW TO WRITE FOR THE "MOVIES." By Louella O. Parsons. 202 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago : A. C. McClurg & Co. 1915.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies of the periodicals containing the articles mentioned in the following reference list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER.]

WHEN PAYNE WROTE "HOME ! SWEET HOME !" Illustrated. Thatcher T. P. Luquer. Scribner's for December.

CAN PLAY-WRITING BE TAUGHT ? Louis V. De Foe. Green Book for December.

CHARACTERS IN THE SHORT CHRISTMAS STORY. W. D. Howells. Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for December.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE LITERATURE. Henry Mills Alden. Editor's Study, in Harper's Magazine for December.

TALKS ON READING. III. — Watching the Wheels Go Round. J. B. Kerfoot. Delineator for December.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Her life story. Illustrated. Laura E. Richards and Maude Howe Elliott. Delineator for December.

YOUR BOY'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS. Are they the old-time "nickel thrillers" dressed up and sold for fifty cents ? Walter Prichard Eaton. Woman's Home Companion for December.

ON READING A PLAY. Unpopular Review for October-December.

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WRITING AS A SPORT. En Casserole, in Unpopular Review for October-December.

STRICTLY SCIENTIFIC FICTION. En Casserole, in Unpopular Review for October-December.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS. I. — Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With portraits. Gamaliel Bradford. Bookman for November.

THE NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS. III. — The Remnants of Bohemia (In two divisions — Division I). Illustrated. Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Bookman for November.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA. IX. — The "Century," born "Scribner's." Algernon Tassin. Bookman for November.

THE ADVANCE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. II. — William Lyon Phelps. Bookman for November.

YANN NIBOR : "LAUREATE OF THE FLEET" (Albert Robin of France.) With portrait. Edwin L. Mattern. Bookman for November.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S ROMANCE. Illustrated. Ralph Armstrong. Bookman for November.

THE SERBIAN EPIC. Abraham Yarmolinsky. Bookman for November.

PRECOCITY AND GENIUS. Bailey Millard. Bookman for November.

SOME AMERICANISMS. Warren Barton Blake. Book News Monthly for November.

JEFFREY FARNOL AND HIS WORK. Clement K. Shorter. Book News Monthly for November.

MARGARET HILL MCCARTER. With portrait. May Belleville Brown. Book News Monthly for November.

NOVELIST AND RED CROSS NURSE. A study of Marie Van Vorst. With frontispiece portrait. Montrose J. Moses. Book News Monthly for November.

BERNARD KELLERMAN. Elise de Merlier. Book News Monthly for November.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE HUMORISTS. With portraits of George Fitch and Don Marquis. Editor's Table, in American Magazine for November.

DOCTOR HOLMES AND THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF "THE LAST LEAF." The Point of View, in Scribner's for November.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE BEST-SELLER. The Point of View, in Scribner's for November.

A COLLEGE OF POETS. Contributors' Club, in Atlantic for November.

ON AUTHORS. Contributors' Club, in Atlantic for November.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES AND THE DRAMATIC RENASCENCE. Thomas H. Dickinson. North American Review for November.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF VERLAINE. Arthur Symons. North American Review for November.

THE CASE OF DR. NORDAU. James Huneker. Forum for November.

THE CRIME OF COPY. Newton A. Fuessle. Modern Methods for November.

FILING NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS. Margaret A. Pearce. Modern Methods for November.

CONSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND OF THE PRESS. Will W. Ackerly. Case and Comment for November.

WHAT IS LIBERTY OF THE PRESS? Lenn J. Oare. Case and Comment for November.

WORDS ADJUDGED NOT TO BE SLANDEROUS. William W. Brewton. Case and Comment for November.

THE PASSING OF REMY DE GOURMONT: HIS PLACE IN MODERN LITERATURE. Current Opinion for November.

"WHICH, IN YOUR OPINION, ARE THE SIX BEST NOVELS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE?" Current Opinion for November.

EDWARD MACDOWELL. With portraits. Etude for November.

WHAT IS SHORTHAND? Reprinted from the London Phonographic Quarterly Review in the Phonographic Magazine for November.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MOTION PICTURES. Illustrated. H. C. Peterson. Sunset for November.

IDA M. TARBELL AND HER FARM. With portraits. Caroline L. Trambell. Country Life in America for November.

CONGRESS OF AUTHORS AND JOURNALISTS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION. Illustrated. Marian Taylor. Overland Monthly for November.

INA COOLBRITH INVESTED WITH POET'S CROWN. With portrait. Josephine Clifford McCrackin. Overland Monthly for November.

BOOKDOM. P. W. Browne. Catholic World for November.

THE MASTER OF PROSE. Aloysius J. Hogan. Catholic World for November.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE: POET AND PATRIOT. John Markey. Canadian Magazine for November.

WHAT A NEWSPAPER CAREER OFFERS A BOY. Don Seitz (manager, New York World). American Boy for October.

THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM DE MORGAN. M. Sturge Gretton. Contemporary Review for October.

MY VISIT TO HAWARDEN. Mrs. Asquith. Cornhill Magazine for November.

IBSEN'S TREATMENT OF GUILT. P. T. Forsyth. Hibbert Journal for October.

THE PUGNACIOUS STYLE. Percy M. Bicknell. Dial for October 28.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND THE WAR. Theodore Stanton. Dial for October 28.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT BRYANT. John L. Hervey. Dial for October 28.

THE LYRIC LORD. Charles Leonard Moore. Dial for November 11.

THE FILM PERILS OF CYRIL MAUDE. Literary Digest for October 30.

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE — I. James Bryce. With portrait. Youth's Companion for November 4.

HOW TO READ A BOOK. Dallas Lore Sharp. Christian Endeavor World for November 11.

THE ADVANTAGES OF OWNING BOOKS. Rev. John Timothy Stone, D.D. Christian Endeavor World for November 11.

NOVEL-READING THAT IS WORTH WHILE. Rev. Charles F. Thwing. Christian Endeavor World for November 11.

THE JOY OF SERIOUS READING. Nolan R. Best. Christian Endeavor World for November 11.

A WEEK FOR GOOD BOOKS. Outlook for November 3.

MR. DANA AND HIS BOOK (Richard Henry Dana). Outlook for November 3.

A MAKER OF TALES (Robert Louis Stevenson). Outlook for November 10.

ENGLISH FICTION IN WAR TIME. Outlook for November 17.

NEWS AND NOTES.

At the joint meeting in Boston November 18 and 19 of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters William Dean Howells was awarded a gold medal for his distinguished work in fiction. Literary awards have been made in the past to James Ford Rhodes, James Whitcomb Riley, and Augustus Thomas. Among the newly elected members of the Academy of Arts and Letters are Robert Grant, novelist; William Gillette, playwright; Paul E. More, essayist; and George L. Rives, historian. Members elected by the National Institute of Arts and Letters, in the Department of Literature, are: Gamaliel Bradford, historian; Charles R. Miller, writer and journalist; Elihu Root; Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the Atlantic Monthly; and Henry Osborn Taylor, author.

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The Nobel prizes for literature this year have been awarded to Romain Rolland, French ; Hendrik Pontoppidan and Troele Lund, Danes ; and Verner von Heidenstam, a Swede.

John T. Hall, a New York music publisher, has been found guilty of using the mails to defraud 1,500 amateur poets, and has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment at the federal penitentiary in Atlanta. Hall advertised a prize contest for song poems, offering prizes of $250, $150, and $100. Competitors were induced by flattery to pay $10 each for having their poems set by music, so that Hall got about $15,000 by the scheme.

"Rudyard Kipling," by John Palmer, is added to Henry Holt & Company's Writers of the Day Series.

"French Novelists of Today," by Winifred Stephens (John Lane Company), is a second series of papers taking up Marcelle Tinayre, Romain Rolland, Jerome and Jean Tharaud, Rene Boylesve, Pierre Mille, and Jean Aycord.

"Interpretations of Literature," by Lafcadio Hearn (Dodd, Mead, & Co.), is a compilation from Hearn's varied writings on art, literature, and Japanese themes, with excursions into appreciation of Cowper, Coleridge, Byron, Hood, FitzGerald, and many others.

"Reticence in Literature," and Other Papers, by Arthur Waugh (E. P. Dutton & Co.), includes essays on literary aspects and themes, and discussions of the work and art of Crashaw, George Herbert, Charles Kingsley, Christina Rossetti, Robert Buchanan, George Gissing, and George Birkbeck Hill.

"Baudelaire," by Theophile Gautier (Brentano's), contains, besides the life and memoir, a translation of some of Baudelaire's poems in verse and in prose.

"Robert Louis Stevenson," by Amy Cruse (Frederick A. Stokes & Co.), is the latest addition to the Heroes of All Time Series.

"Maurice Mæterlinck : Poet and Philosopher," by Miss Macdonald Clark, a student of Edinburgh University, is to be published in London by George Allen and Unwin.

Scribners announce a critical study of the life and works of William Wordsworth, by Professor George McLean Harper, of Princeton.

Philadelphia is to have a monthly magazine entirely devoted to poetry. It will be called Contemporary Verse, and the first number will appear in January. The editors are Howard S. Graham, Jr., Devereux C. Josephs, and Samuel McCoy.

The Texas Review, edited by Professor Stark Young, is published quarterly at the University of Texas.

The World Outlook (New York), which describes itself as a combination travel, trade, geography, international sociology, and religion magazine, frankly missionary, ends its first year with the December number.

Condé Nast, publisher of Vogue and Vanity Fair, announces the purchase of House and Garden and American Homes and Gardens, and their consolidation under the title House and Garden, which he will publish as a magazine of town and country life and of interior decoration and furnishing.

Good Health (Battle Creek, Michigan) is now issued in a larger size beginning with the November number.

The Observer, Battle Creek, Mich., a magazine for boys, the establishment of which was noted in the May WRITER, has ceased publication.

Rev. Dr. H. M. DuBose has been elected as book editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, to succeed the late Dr. Gross Alexander.

Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York, will send free on request an illustrated booklet on the life and works of the late Henri Fabre.

Frank West Rollins died in Boston October 27, aged fifty-five.

Dr. Sylvanus Stall died at Atlantic City November 6, aged sixty-eight.

Booker T. Washington died at Tuskegee, Alabama, November 14, aged fifty-six.

Miss Susan E. Dickinson died at Scranton, Penn., November 16, aged eighty years.

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RECENT NUMBERS OF "THE WRITER."

"THE WRITER" FOR JANUARY.

THE CREATION OF POTASH AND PERLMUTTER, by Montague Glass. COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED, XXXIII, by Edward B. Hughes. EDITORIAL: Anatole France on the Superornate in Style, Disadvantages of Serial Publication, Tempting a Publisher, The Value of a Name. WRITERS OF THE DAY. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS: Ralph Connor, Hermann Hagedorn, Simeon Strunsky, Albert Payson Terhune. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: The Protection of Copyright, Writing Mystery Stories, Making a "Complete" Book, Rules Governing the Sonnet. BOOK REVIEWS. LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS. NEWS AND NOTES.

"THE WRITER" FOR FEBRUARY.

WRITING TO SELL, by Henry B. Morris. WRITING AS A SIDE LINE, by J. A. Reid. EDITORIAL: Rules for the Girl Who Wants to Write, The Essential Thing in Writing Serials, A Library View of Current Fiction. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS: Irvin S. Cobb, Frank Harris, Alfred Noyes, Edgar Allan Poe. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: Magazines and the War, The Duty of the Novelist, Dissecting a Poem, Terms Used in Film Productions, Sincerity in Story Writing, Effect of Moving Pictures on the Novel, Poets and Palaces, Editing for Publication, Dictating a Novel, The Historian an Artist. LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS, etc.

"THE WRITER" FOR MARCH.

RUDYARD KIPLING, MAKER OF MAGIC, by Hildegarde Hawthorne. COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED, XXXIV, by Edward B. Hughes. EDITORIAL: Collaboration in Writing Plays by a Whole Society of Dramatists. WRITERS OF THE DAY. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS: M. E. Braddon, Anna Warner. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: The Manuscripts Converse, Writing Stories of College Life. BOOK REVIEWS, etc.

"THE WRITER" FOR APRIL.

CONCERNING SHORT STORIES, by Wyndham Martyn, literary editor of Pearson's Magazine. THE SORROWS OF BEING AN AUTHOR, by Margaret Widdemer. THE POWER OF SUGGESTION, by Annie Balcomb Wheeler. COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED, XXXV, by Edward B. Hughes. EDITORIAL: Signing Typewritten Letters, A Lesson for Long-winded Writers, Should Writers Study the Fashion Magazines? WRITERS OF THE DAY. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS: Alice Brown, Frank T. Bullen. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: How to Write Film Scenarios, Where the Photoplays Come From. BOOK REVIEWS, etc.

"THE WRITER" FOR MAY.

SOME MAXIMS OF ART, by William Samuel Johnson. EDITORIAL REVISION NEEDED, by Arthur Fosdick. EDITORIAL: A Tip to the Verbose, English As She Is Written, Postoffice Perspicacity. WRITERS OF THE DAY. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS William Cullen Bryant, Irvin S. Cobb, Robert Louis Stevenson, Booth Tarkington. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: The Inverted Passive Condemned, Seventy Collaborating on a Play, Spring Styles in Fiction. BOOK REVIEWS, etc.

"THE WRITER" FOR JUNE.

WRITING "ROMEO AND JULIET," by Tudor Jenks, LEONARD MERRICK AND THE SHORT STORY, by Kemper Simpson. EIDITORIAL: Vegetarianism for Writers, Economical Efficiency in Letter-writing. WRITERS OF THE DAY. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS: Dr. Lyman Abbott, J. Fenimore Cooper, Montague Glass, Oliver Onions, F. Hopkinson Smith. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: The Bible as Literature, Barry Pain on Short Story Writing, Qualifications of a Journalist, Shorthand and the Newspaper Reporter, Magazine Editing From the Inside, Moving Pictures for Periodicals, Burglar Stories and Plays, How Cowper Wrote John Gilpin. BOOK REVIEWS, etc.

"THE WRITER" FOR JULY.

A WRITER'S MAIL, by Ruth Hall. ORGANIZING A WRITERS' CLUB, by C. J. Colden. EDITORIAL: Writing for Home Papers, Opportunities That Publishers Neglect, Making Fiction True to Fact, A Spelling Test. WRITERS OF THE DAY. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS: Kathleen Norris, Booth Tarkington, John Trevena. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: Ruskin Criticising Browning, The Novel That Preaches, Courts of Honor for Plagiarists, Love Stories Wanted, False Dialect in Fiction. LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS, etc.

"THE WRITER" FOR AUGUST.

PROFITABLE SCRAP-BOOK MAKING, by Deshler Welch. COMMON ERRORS IN WRITING CORRECTED, XXXVI, by Edward B. Hughes. EDITORIAL: A Warning to Writers, An Interesting Critical Personality. THE SCRIBBLERS' CLUB, by Annie O'Neill McGinnis. WRITERS OF THE DAY. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS: Winston Churchill, Eden Philpotts, Mary Roberts Rinehart. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: A Defect in the Copyright Law, Mark Rutherford's Style, Can You Henry-James? Tennyson's Inspiring Diet, The Length of the Sentence, Keats on Poetry, Similarity of Methods in Dickens's Novels, The Mediocrity of Magazine Novels, Answers to Authors. BOOK REVIEWS, etc.

"THE WRITER" FOR SEPTEMBER.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD WRITER, by Annie Balcomb Wheeler. EDUCATING THE VERSE-WRITER, by Frances Barber. EDITORIAL: A New Editor for Scribner's, A Photoplay Opportunity. WRITERS OF THE DAY. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS: Cyrus Townsend Brady, Will Irwin, Harold McGrath, Jean Webster. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: Stories for Boys, The Modern Short Story, What Is a Short Story, Publishers' Devices, A Manuscript Rejected for Fifty Years Wins a $2,500 Prize, A Tip from a Publisher, Poe Seeking a Publisher, The Influence of the Century Magazine. BOOK REVIEWS, etc.

"THE WRITER" FOR OCTOBER.

RILEY BIRTHDAY NUMBER, with personal tributes to James Whitcomb Riley by Lyman Abbott, Oscar Fay Adams, George Ade, H. M. Alden, Amelia E. Barr, John Kendrick Bangs, Witter Bynner, Alice Brown, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Richard Burton, George W. Cable, Joe Mitchell Chapple, Florence Earle Coates, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Hamlin Garland, Theodosia Garrison, Robert Grant, Will N. Harben, Hermann Hagedorn, Robert Underwood Johnson, Percy MacKaye, Edwin Markham, Harriet Monroe, Meredith Nicholson, Agnes Repplier, Amélie Rives, Molly Elliot Seawell, May Riley Smith, Gene Stratton-Porter, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Octave Thanet, Edith M. Thomas, Louis Untermeyer, Carolyn Wells, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Kate Douglas Wiggin. EDITORIAL: The Responsibility of Authors. WRITERS OF THE DAY. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS: Maurice Maeterlinck, James Whitcomb Riley. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: Criticism of Contributions, How "Colonel Carter" Began, Adjectivitis a Popular Disease Among Writers. BOOK REVIEWS, etc.

"THE WRITER" FOR NOVEMBER.

LEGAL PLOTS, by M. L. Hayward. THE REST CURE FOR WRITERS, by William H. Kofoed. SHORT-STORY WRITING, by Sara Goldsmith. EDITORIAL: The Writer's Directory of Periodicals, James Whitcomb Riley, How to Help "The Writer." WRITERS OF THE DAY. PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS: John Hay, Mrs. C. N. Williamson. CURRENT LITERARY TOPICS: Life's Short-story Contest, Books on the War. BOOK REVIEWS, etc.

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